# WINDSOCK

PUBLISHED BY THE FLYING CADETS - CLASS 41H - 41 I

## Air Corps Training Detachment
## Ryan School of Aeronautics

LINDBERGH FIELD, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

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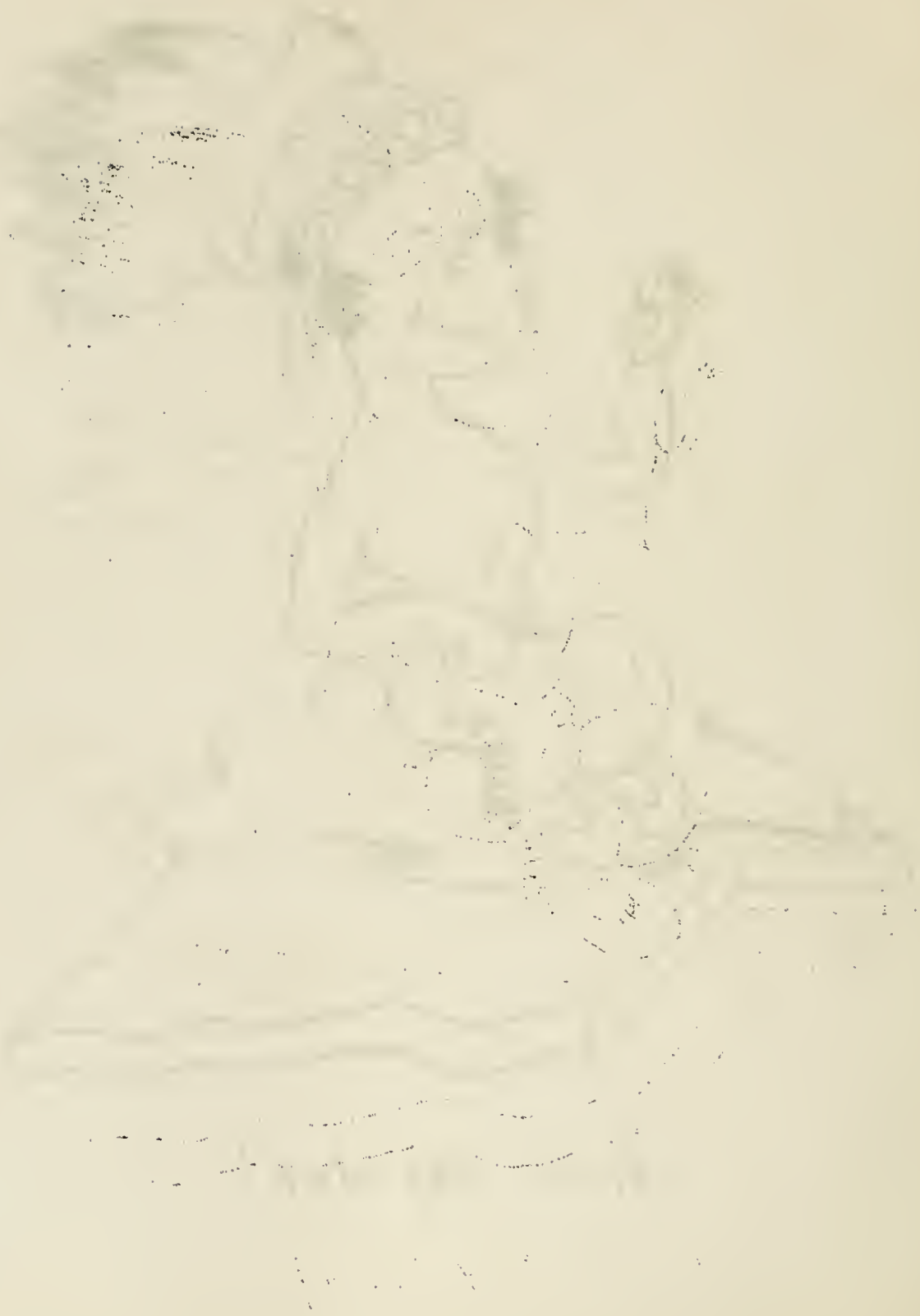
4-H Say How!



OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL
4TH AIR FORCE
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

May 12, 1941.

TO: The Army Air Corps Flying Cadets
Ryan School of Aeronautics
San Diego, California

You have made a serious decision in your lives. You have embarked on a career in the air. You have the determination, the courage, and the ability to succeed in this career. You will overcome all difficulties and will join that glorious fraternity whose members are destined to defend your Country from all attacks in the air.

I congratulate you on your choice of a career, and wish you success in your flying training and a happy comradeship in the tactical unit to which you will belong in the future.

JACOB E. FICKEL
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

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Published by the Flying Cadets

of

Class 41-H

Air Corps Training Detachment

Ryan School of Aeronautics

San Diego, California

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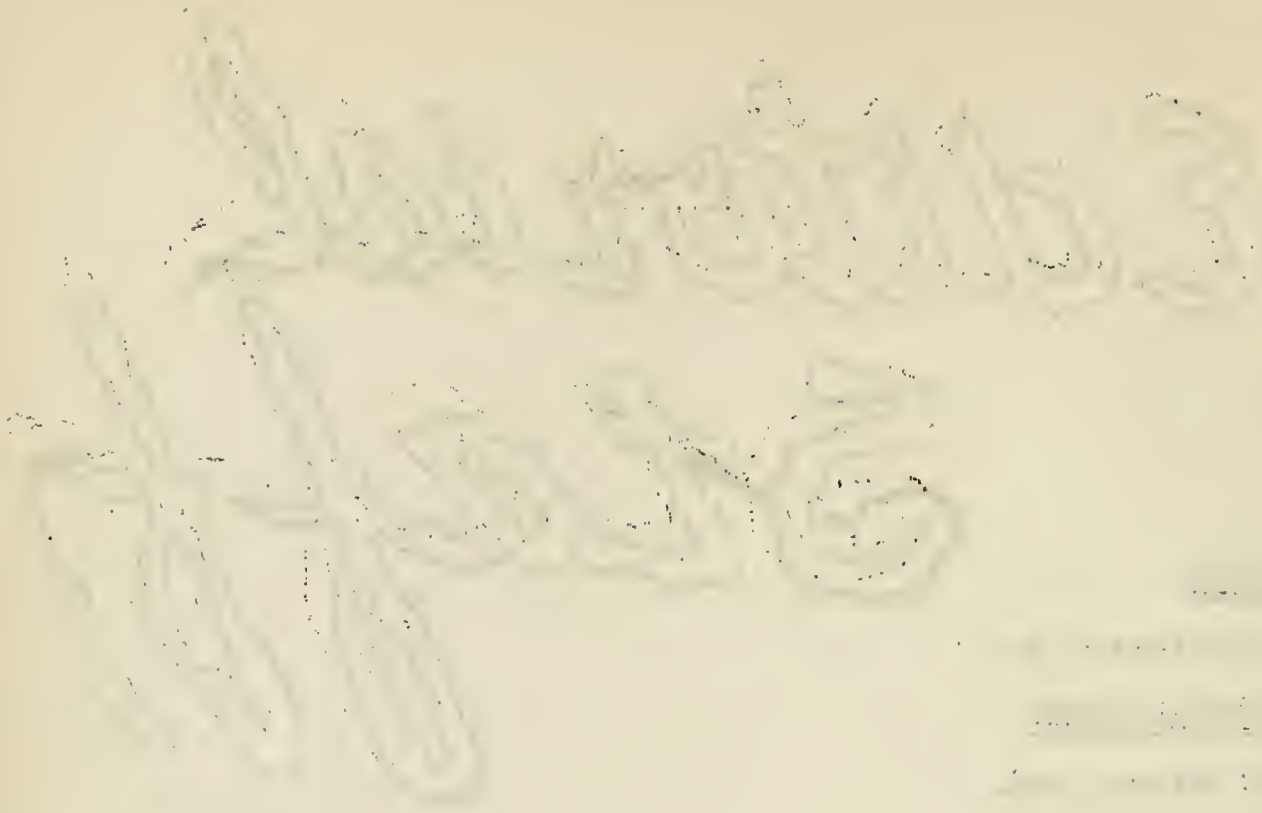


# D E D I C A T I O N

This issue of the Windsock we dedicate to the men who have taught us to fly.

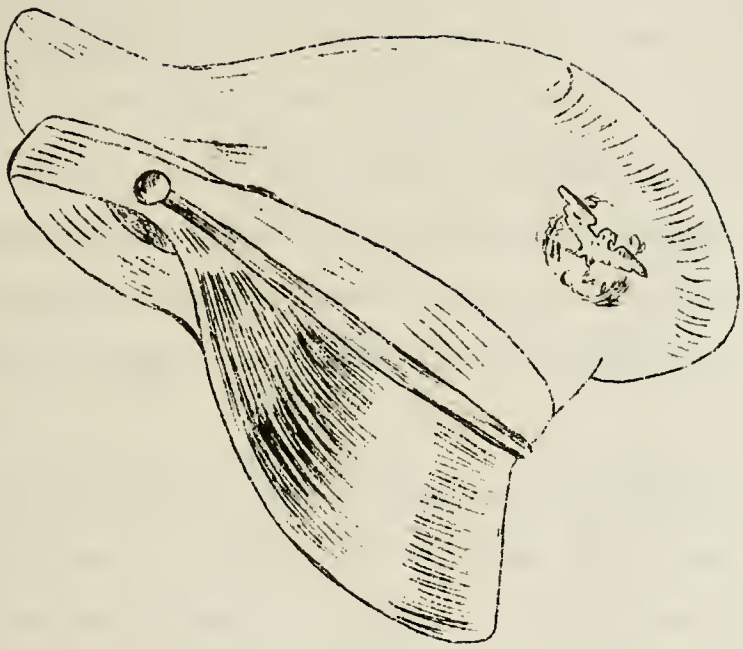
It strikes us this way: instructing sixty simians in coordination, judgment, and control in an aeroplane is a task slightly on the Herculanean side. Why any man in his right mind should undertake such instruction is beyond us. Perhaps, like their pupils, flight instructors are a bit off the beam. Or it could be they actually <u>like</u> to fly. Who knows?

There seems to be a peculiar obstinancy in the cadet fledgling that makes him unique -- sledge hammer hands on the controls, a one track mind and protruding jaw once a maneuver is started, sweet oblivion in the tightest spots, mild hysteria when the plane goes off keel for a moment. Molding such slant-brow material into military pilots, such is the job of the flight instructor. And, Mister, everyone of us could write a volume about how that is done.

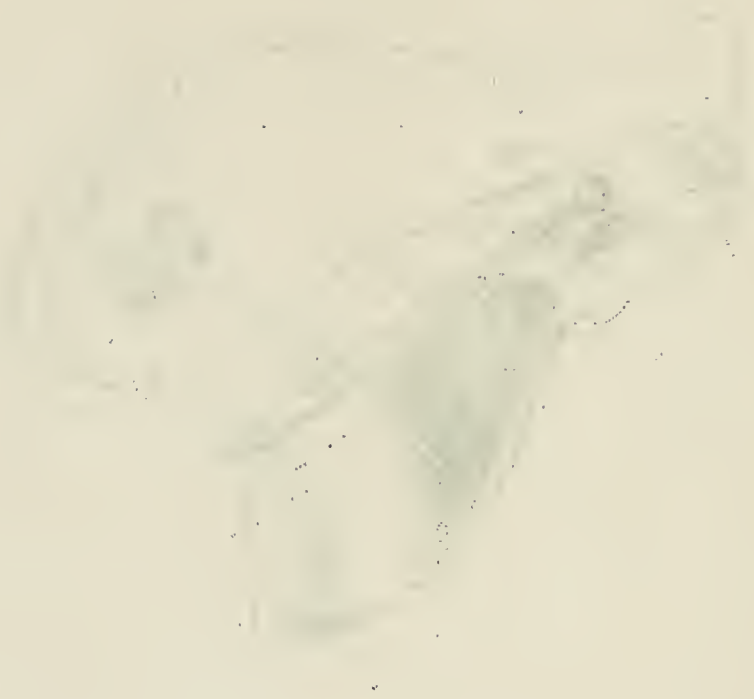
Looking back we view our instructor as a man of infinite patience, a practical and impersonal psychologist, a technician who tries to live up to his own standards of perfection. We realize now, there are easier livelihoods than teaching us to fly.

In true appreciation we salute our flight instructors. They have laid well the foundations of a career for each of us. For that we thank them. We could not have asked more.

- Editor



# OFFICERS



# OUR OFFICERS

It cannot be denied this has been a major step for most of us in 41-H, this move from civilian life into the ways of the Army. Accordingly it has been the difficult duty of the Officers of our particular Air Corps Training Detachment to bridge the gap between the two widely divergent paths. Not by easing the task, nor by playing with us in our respective sand piles. That is not the way of the Army. Rather, the Officers here at Ryan have given us a working demonstration of how an intelligent example presented to a supposedly intelligent group of Cadets can have a far greater effect on the morale of that group than mere dogmatic application of rule-of-line.

The why and wherefores of this new way of life were presented to us in a dignified, a logical way. An appeal to our reason. And behind every new task, however impossible it might have seemed momentarily, stood the really fine example of our officers. That made the particular duty seem the more in focus, more a vital part of our work, and not a gesture.

We have formed a profound respect for our officers here. Their influence has been one which we feel will be abiding. An influence which some day we may be called to pass on to others. In that eventuality, if we present the Army's case half as well as it has been presented to us, we shall have just cause to be proud.

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D.W. Haarman - 1st Lt. A.C.
_Commanding Officer_

O.R. Brown - Major M.C.
_Flight Surgeon_

F.M. Monroe - 1st Lt. A.C.
_Adjutant and
Commandant of Cadets_

M.H. Carleton - 2nd Lt. A.C.
_Operations and
Engineering Officer_

C.E. Danner - 2nd Lt. A.C.
_Assistant Commandant of Cadets_

R.G. Dorenberger - 1st Lt. M.C.
_Assistant to Flight Surgeon_

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!!

You of Classes 41-H and 41-I realize, I am sure, that you are just starting on the extremely difficult road which after many hours of effort will bring you to the goal of that coveted pair of silver wings. These wings will be the symbol of your successful completion of your final Cadet Training.

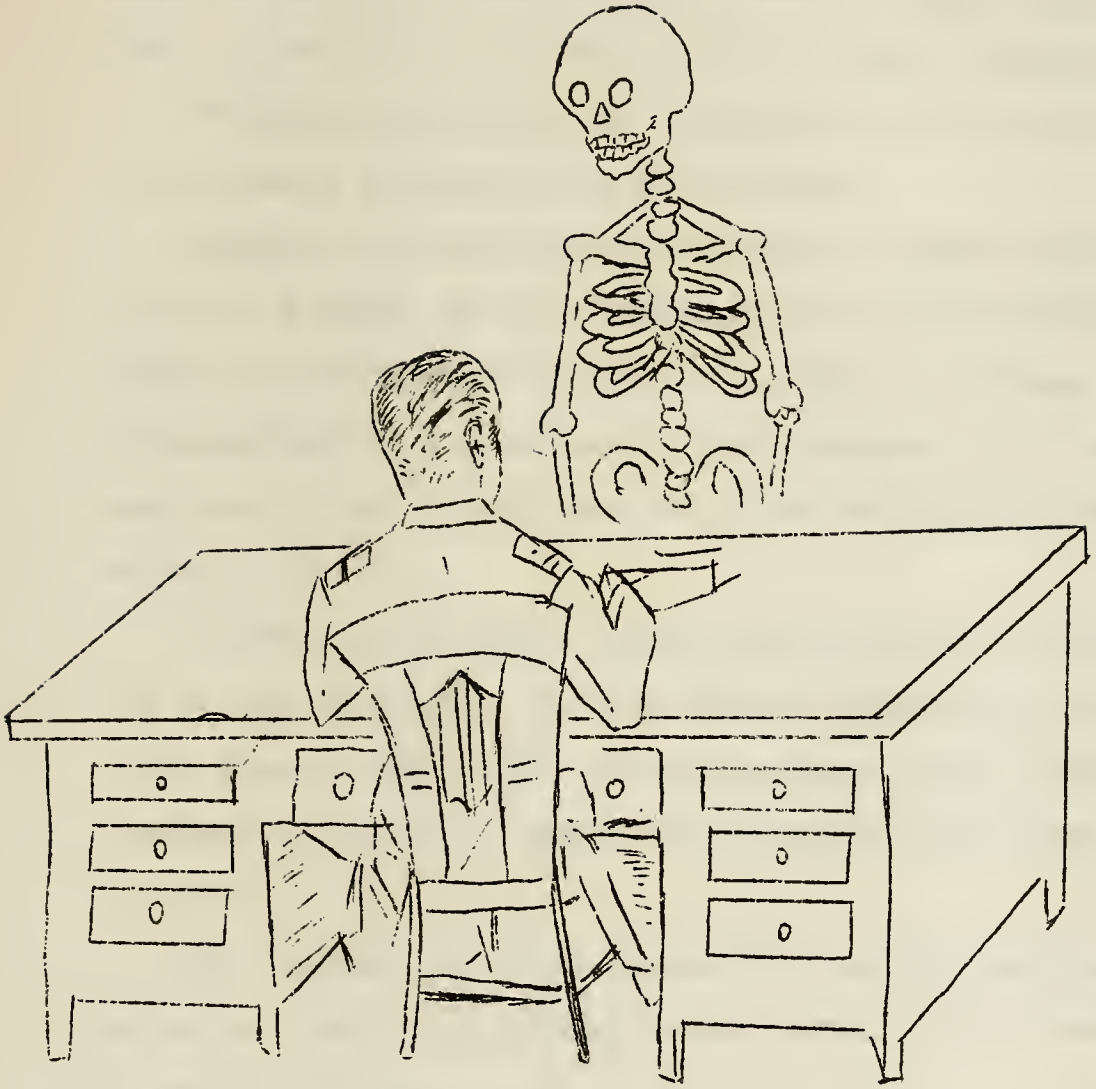
You are now enjoying the opportunities of a scholarship that cannot be weighed in material value alone. Your country is investing a great deal in everyone of you. You should give this opportunity everything you've got not only for yourself, but as a patriotic duty to your country.

It is unfortunate that some of you are found not cut out to be military pilots. Cheer up, for you can be proud that you have tried. We know that you have what it takes to find a high place in some other honorable endeavor.

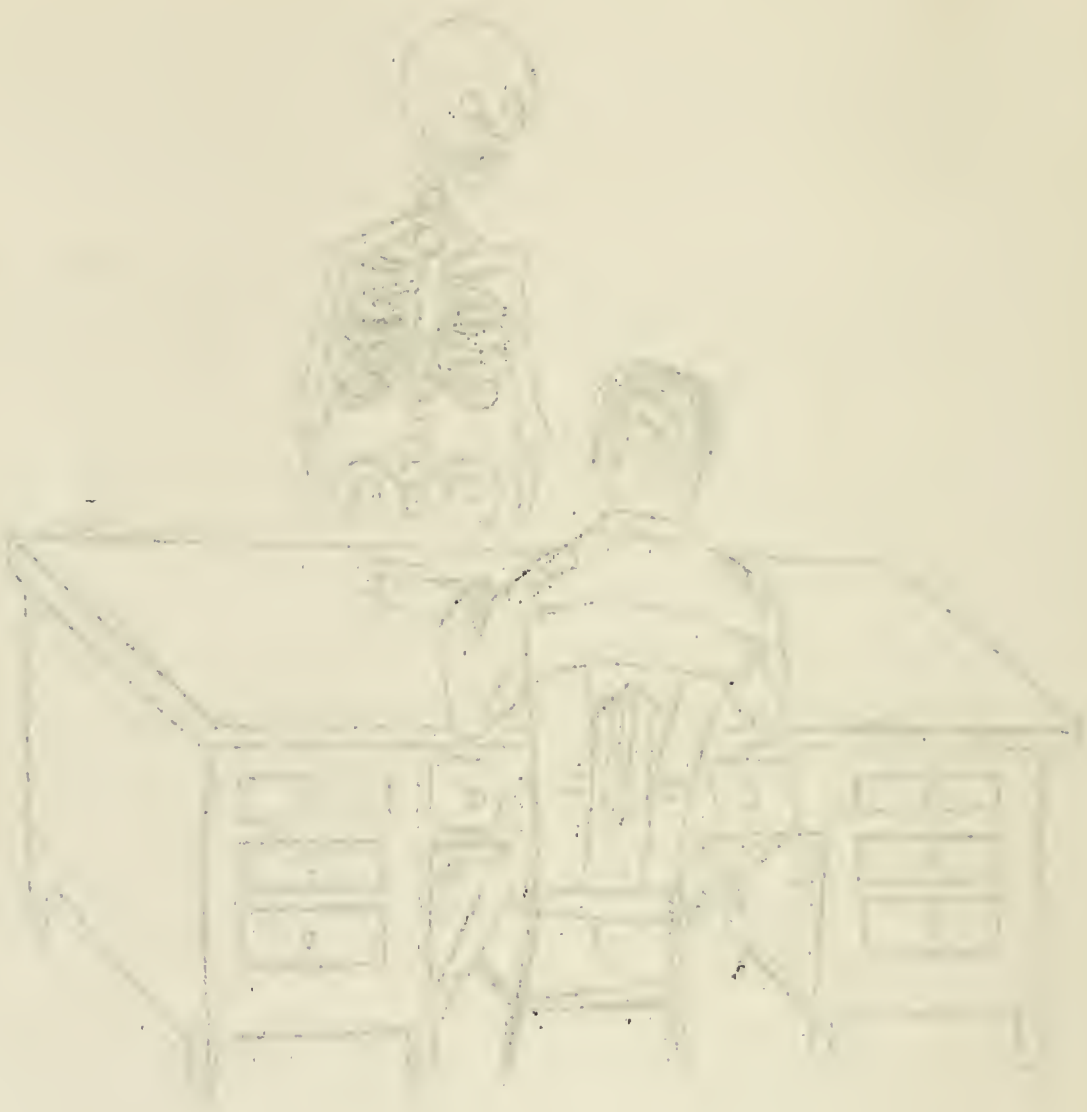
But to those of you who are carrying on at Moffett and at Randolph, let me not only wish you good luck, but let me offer a few words of advice. During the Primary and Basic Stages you are being carefully guided and molded with good habits of safe flying technique. Your power of judgment, orientation, and observation are developed and shargened. Flying is second nature to no one. You do not learn the normal relation of controls and instruments without considerable effort. You must know how to operate the machine smoothly in order to get the best out of it. You must control this machine with extreme vigilance and hold it within the limits that you may be tempted to stretch through carelessness or cockiness.

Always keep in mind that the modern airplane is a very delicate and complicated mechanism; and yet it is a very dependable steed if the human element that leans on the throttle guides it properly. Your main ambition should be to strive in every way to match and master the precision and dependability of the machine you fly.

DONALD W. HAARMAN
First Lieutenant, Air Corps
Commanding



Sir: May I be excused from calisthenics tonight?



# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

You of 41-H now realize that you have entered a life of unremitting discipline. As embryonic pilots, "dodos", you were almost entirely on the receiving end. However, as upperclassmen, here in primary stage, you learned to give as well as take orders.

Fortunate you are, every one of you, to have the privilege and good fortune of continuing on to Moffett Field.

However, do not proceed to Moffett with the mistaken conclusion that it is a country club just because you can see the big cities' lights, some thirty miles away, reflecting from a low ceiling. Such hallucinations will mean ceiling "0" for an otherwise "HP". Never loose sight of your ultimate goal--an officer and gentleman, and a Military Pilot.

To arrive at this goal you must possess initiative, and maintain your physical well-being. You must constantly require of yourself a higher degree of proficiency. The Government has made a substantial investment in each of you, and you are bound by honor to justify this trust.

When the going gets tough, remember that hundreds have gone before you. Buckle down and analyze your mistakes. Be self-critical, the "HP" in the other bunk has a long way to go also.

An attempt has been made in the preceding lines to form a guide for you on Basic Stage. One could write a volume on just this subject - but in all probability you would not bother to read it, and further, if you did, its potential value would be questionable.

So, with the best of wishes, and happy landings, "On to Moffett".

MERRILL H. CARLTON
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Asst. Supervisor.

My heartiest congratulations to you, Cadets of Class 41-H, and may what you have learned here be carried with you throughout your careers as officers and fliers in the United States Army Air Corps, of which you are a vital part.

Flying, like many sports, requires a high degree of precision, coordination, timing, and judgment in order to reach the highest degree of proficiency which is the standard of this training. Patience and practice is necessary in order to obtain this, but it must be intelligent and well directed practice so that good habits are formed.

Set a high standard for yourself, strive conscientiously to reach your goal so that when your flying time and experience increase, your proficiency will do like-wise, and you will take pride in your ability as a pilot and a member of the Air Corps.

Perhaps you have wondered about the strict military discipline installed upon you during your short 10 weeks here, but you must remember that you have to have discipline on the ground before you can have discipline in the air.

Best regards to each and every one of you. And remember that the three most essential things in flying are altitude, air-speed, and a clear head.

CARL E. DANNER
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Asst. Supervisor.

# T O A S T

Here's to all good fellows
In this world and the next
I drink you a toast tonight;
Goodfellowship is my text.

Not the fellow who shakes your hand
In an idling hour, you know,
Not the fellow who slaps your back
As long as the high-balls flow.

But the chap who speaks a kindly word
When the world is running wrong,
The fellow who grips your hand full hard
And tells you life is a song.

What if we know the sucker lies?
What if he knows it too?
There are times in life
When the friend who lies
Is the only friend that's true.

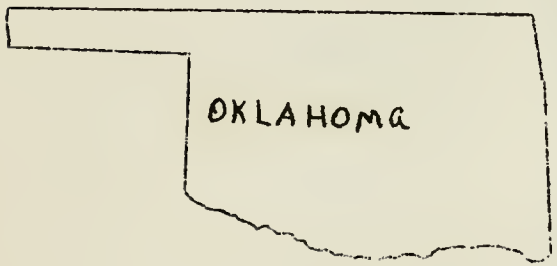
Cavil and rant, you prudes that will
Of the evil of wine and gin,
But somehow the real, true things we feel
Leak out when the wine leaks in.

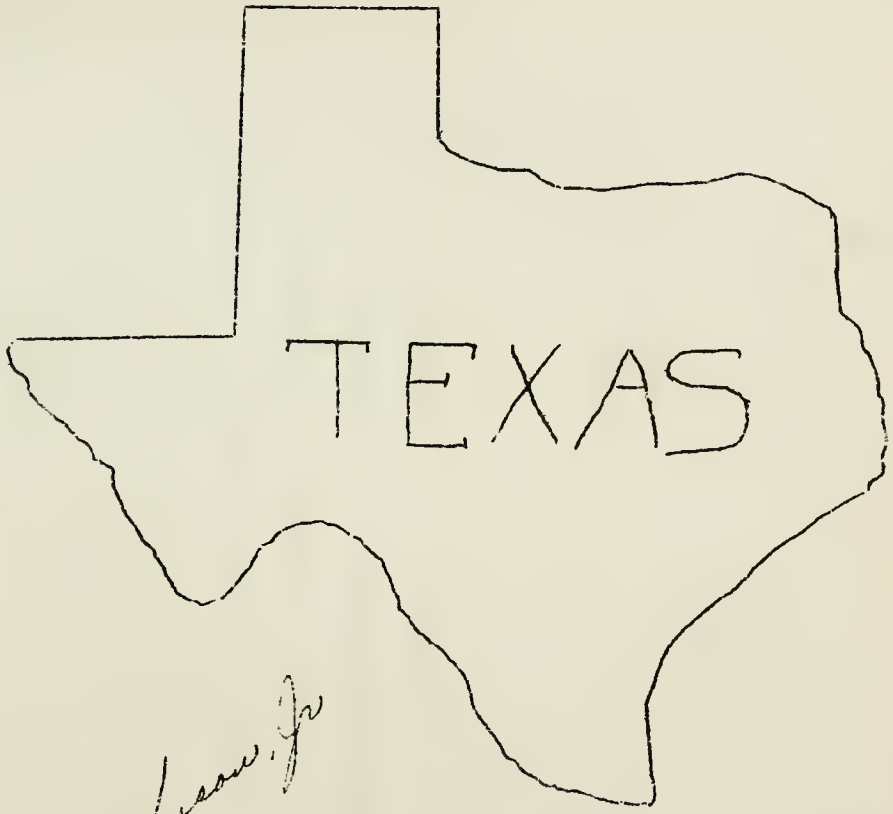
The fool is a fool and the cad is a cad
Or whatever God meant him to be,
But the man that's a man
Won't forget he's a man
Though he's out on an all-out spree.

Let us drink to this toast
From your hearts, my friends, from a heart to a heart let it run.
Here's to good fellows all over the world, Their Health!
And God bless everyone!

- F/C Jack Coleman

# Comparison

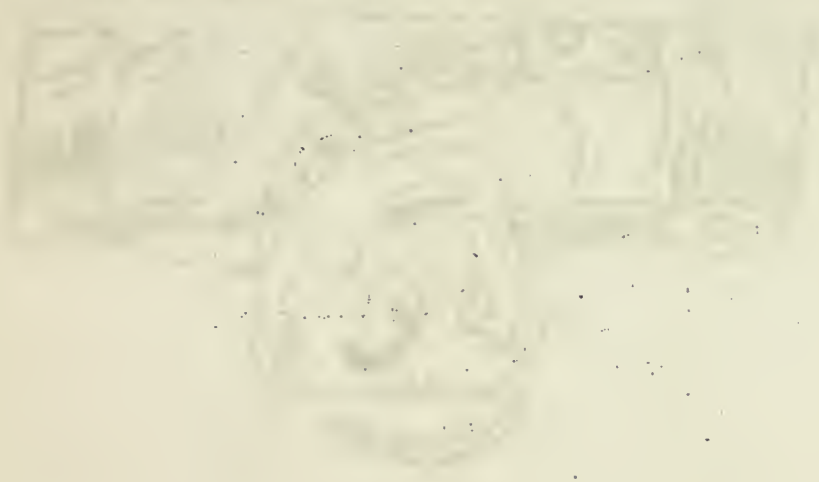


UPPERCLASSMAN

f/c Johnson, Jr

Dodo



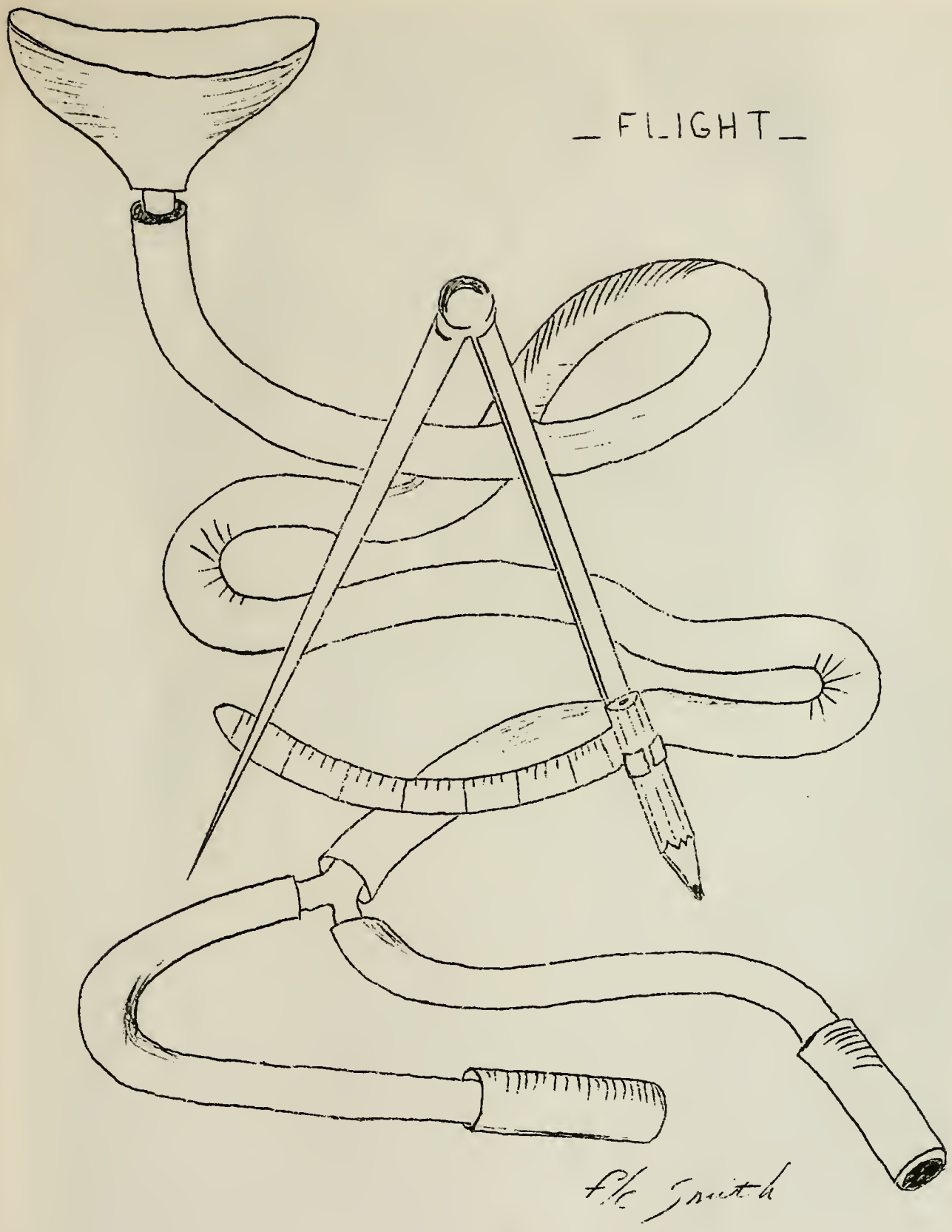
## WELCOME!

Lt. Raymond G. Dornberger, a new officer of the Medical Corps Detachment, started on active duty here April 15, 1941. Before coming to San Diego, had a private practice in Sun Valley, Idaho.

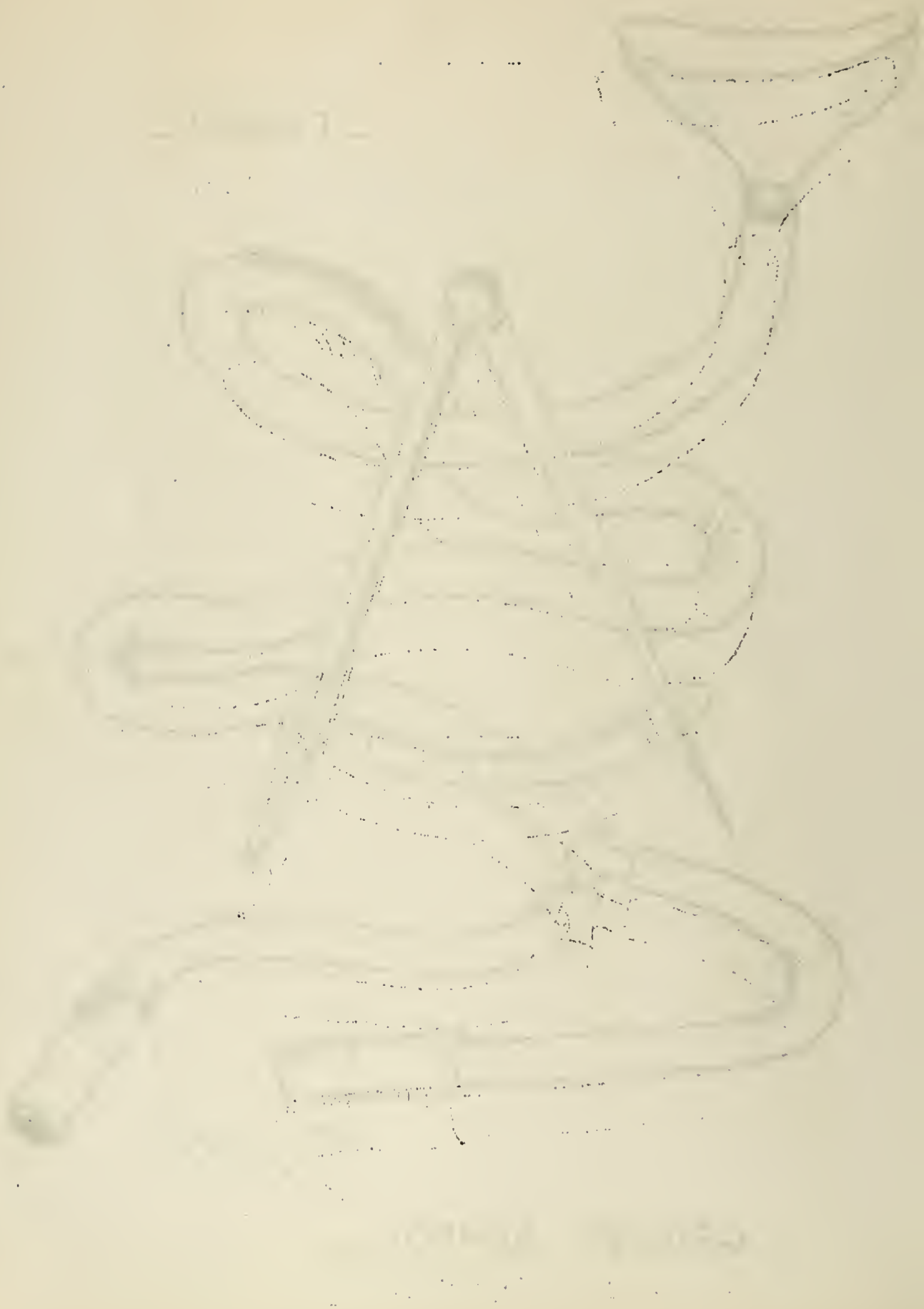
He is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and finished his internship there at the University Hospital in 1938. At the time of his graduation, he received a reserve commission in the Medical Corps. In the near future he expects to be sent to the School of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, the course being a pre-requisite to becoming a qualified Flight Surgeon.

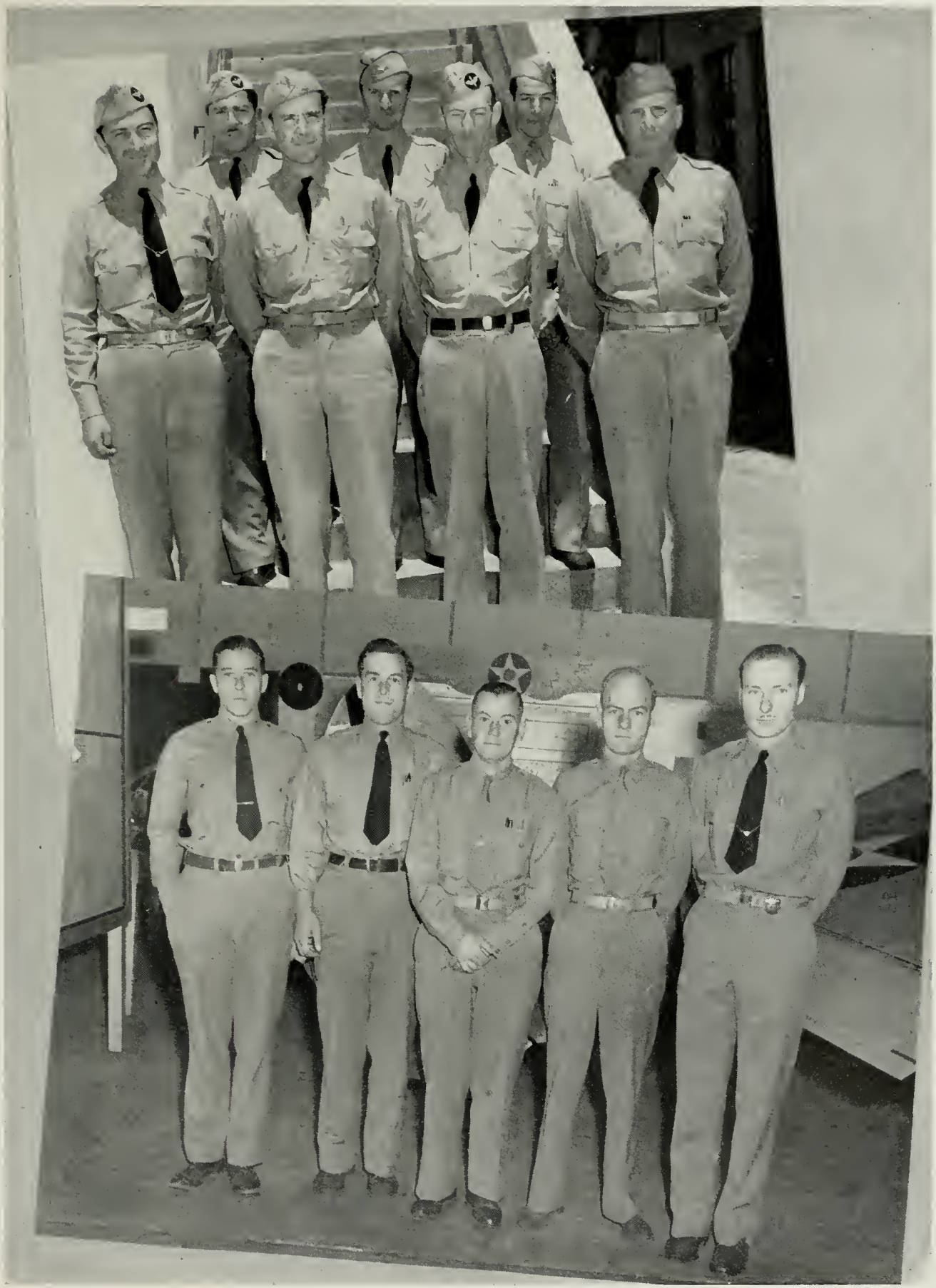
Lt. Dornberger has had the distinction of being awarded a three-year fellowship in surgery by the Mayo Clinic. This honor he plans to accept after he has completed his tour of active duty.

The Windsock expresses the sentiments of the Classes 41-H and 41-I in extending a warm welcome to Lt. Dornberger. We sincerely hope that the stay here will be a pleasant one.




_GROUND SCHOOL_





# THE PROCESS OF PILOT PRODUCTION

The above sucject is complex in composition and broad in scope. Were this entire issue of Windsock devoted to a study of the various stages, phases, sections, and subsections which comprise as a whole the art of learning to fly, only a bare beginning could be made toward complete coverage. Since I have not been gifted with abnormal capabilities in respect to concentration of subject material, this writing will consist of small portions picked at random.

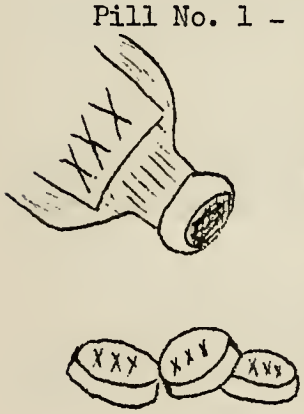
There are two fully acknowledged and proven facts that should be carefully considered. First, it is known that the transition from non-pilot to pilot is a process requiring certain mental and physical adjustments, commencing with the first flight, and continuing for the duration of training in a more or less proportionate rate to the general aptitude of the student. Secondly, the only known method to determine flying ability is to place the student in the airplane, give him competent instruction and see what happens.

I now take the liberty to assume that many of you who are now in the throes of this process of learning to fly, have often wondered why it wouldn't be possible to develop a method or system that would be a bit more simple in its composition, and yet result in a capable pilot at completion. It would seem, with the remarkable and practically unbelievable advancements now being achieved in the realm of science, that some outstanding development or discovery would be forthcoming in this particular field. For instance, there are certain vitamin and gland concentrates, especially compounded to do everything from the correction of various physical deficiencies to rehabilitation of brain cell types.

Now, with such potent possibilities before us let us suggest as food for thought, a complement of spherical pills that could be taken in proper sequence during this first phase of flight training, with induced properties that would eliminate everything but the sublime.

Before our train of thought can be disrupted, a listing (in proper sequence) of the pill process is now made.

Pill No. 1 - The container would be labeled thusly: To relieve the pangs of tenseness and apprehension. Acts as a confidence builder-upper and at the same time activates the neck muscles producing a swivel effect (All of this in turn produces a beautiful, healthful, beaming expression on the instructors countenance) DOSAGE: One before mess call-breakfast WARNING: Take only one at a time, since two may produce such a relaxed condition that even mild clinching of the stick would not be possible.




Pill No. 2 - Would be labeled in this manner - Concentrated COORDINATION Vitamin PDQ Produces coordination or else. Also contains Vitamin ZZ, essential to the display of superlative judgment,

smoothness of control pressure changes and the ability to fully comprehend and master a maneuver after the first demonstration. (Note: By this time, do not be disturbed should your instructor be showing signs of instability or insanity. That will be caused by growing doubts of his own flying ability due to your superb performance)
DOSAGE: One after morning mess, take two in acute cases.

Pill No. 3 - The Master Pill.
For unusually stubborn cases that have not yielded to prior treatment. This pill should be taken with extreme caution and in absolute privacy, since the results will either be extremely good or extremely bad. Frankly speaking, it will either blow the top of your head off (from the neck up), or you will be one of the world's finest pilots.
DOSAGE: Due to super-concentration this is strictly confidential.

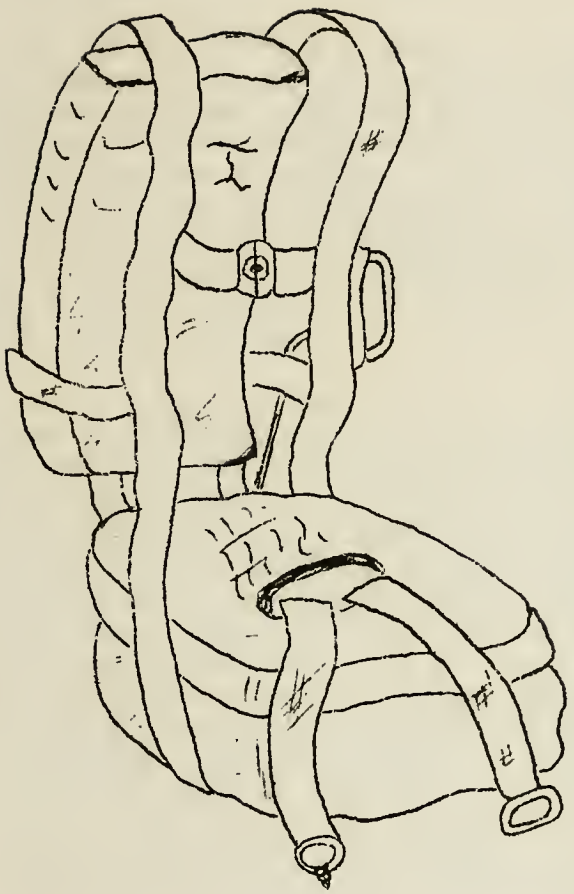
Now after a brief pause for relaxation of the various brain cells (the last few paragraphs overworked them) I continue with an analyzation of the preceding process.

The gist of an old proverb gives us the understanding that anything easily gained is easily lost, and no true basic value can ever be established by such practice. Likewise, effort must be expended in order that the product can produce.

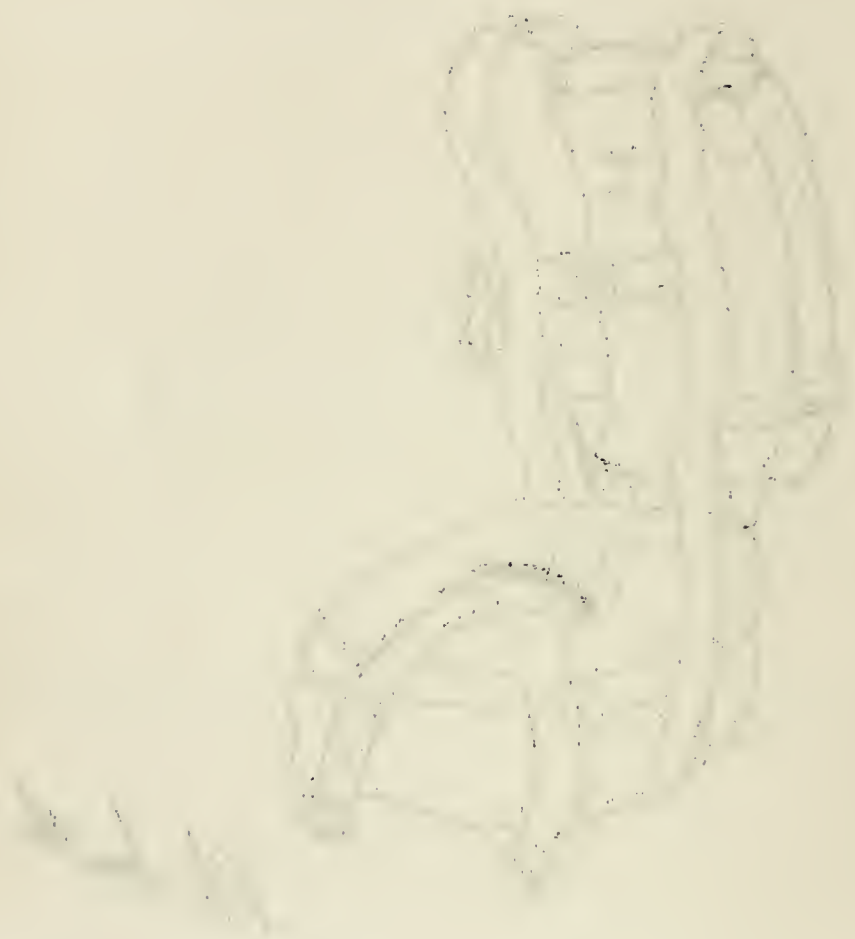
And so it is in flying — the production of a fully trained capable pilot is only possible by the assimilation of hour upon hour of competent instruction and practice plus full application on the part of the recipient. This in turn produces EXPERIENCE which is a basic essential for a military pilot.

In closing, may I extend to each of you, the sincere wish that you become capable military pilots, with the full satisfaction of knowing that the commission was earned by "all out" effort and application (and not by taking pills).

R. J. Kerlinger
Director of Flying

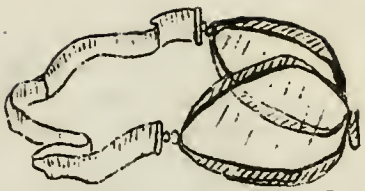


What The Well-Dressed Pilot
Will wear This Summer



# INTERESTING PERSONALITIES

- Harold Karr



Looking back over the years in the flying game there are, of course, many faces which come into my mind, faces of many who have made their "last landing" but they all are as bright in memory as if I had been talking to them only yesterday.

I will mention these people by their first name only as you readers would not be interested in their last names anyway and this will allow me more freedom in my word pictures.

Starting the list off will be Ted — one of the squarest shooters it was ever my privilege to know and who perhaps taught me more about flying than all the rest of them put together. This was back in 1911 and 1912 when we were all just getting started and everyone had to help everyone else. Ted had one fault — judged by some standards -- how that man could curse!! It was often said at the field that he could cuss for 30 minutes straight without ever repeating himself and I surely believe it. Now there was a man who certainly meant no disrespect to the Deity whatever — I don't suppose he ever once thought what the terrible words meant which flowed from his lips in such a smooth unbroken stream.

One day he was in my hangar helping me do some engine work and as the hangar was only a tent it certainly was far from soundproof! He was compressing a valve spring to slip a pushrod into the rocker-arm when his screwdriver slipped off and caught his finger! Talk about the air getting blue -- the heat of his oratory ignited the oxygen in the air and wave after wave of flame rolled back from where he was working. He was very methodical in his cussing -- he started with the valve spring which was holding his finger and after warping it like a curled up pancake from the intense heat he progressed to the rocker arm and after adequate handling of its part in pinching his finger he went on to the engine as a whole — then airplanes in general and how dumb anyone would be to want to ever leave the ground in such a contraption. By this time he had reached my part in the disaster for ever owning the plane in the first place and then in particular for not being instantly ready with another screwdriver to release him. Since I had been standing on my head in the cockpit, tightening up a rudder turnbuckle, I had started with all speed to disentangle myself from cables and brace wires to get out and go to his aid.

When I finally did get there with a pry of some sort he was just about run down — as near as I ever saw him to this point of exhaustion of his vocabulary — in fact, I think he had actually started repeating before I got him loose. A party of feminine visitors happened to be passing the front of the hangar just as he reached the heart of his fire and were held spellbound, whether in awe of his ability, or fear that a volcano was about to start eruption right in front of their eyes or sheer amazement that one man could say so many words and such long words (for Ted took pride in his technique and never used a two syllable word when he could find a six cylinder word to mean the same thing!!!)

His apology to the visitors was a masterpiece of all time — holding his pinched finger with the other hand he walked over to the group and bowed politely and said, "I beg your pardon, ladies, for not seeing you here, but it's blankety blank unusual to have any women around and besides — if you had had <u>your</u> finger caught by such a blankety blank###########blankety blank ### blank valve spring like I did, you would cut loose too." He turned around and walked back to the engine and started working again as if nothing had ever happened. The incident was closed!!

Interesting Personalities - (Continued)

"Dick" was an interesting fellow I knew in the aerial photography section of the French Army. He was an American and as jolly as they come. Nothing ever ruffled his good humor when we were off duty in Paris and his greatest joy was shooting craps. He was the luckiest man I ever knew in my life and as straight as a string in his play too -- he must have been the man they coined the phrase about -- "so lucky he couldn't lose for winning" for it certainly fit him. He had been a sportsman pilot before the war and when he couldn't get in the French air service he took a field unit while he was waiting and had been in several major engagements before he was able to talk his way into the air arm.

When transferred to the unit with which I was flying, he brought the former regiment pay roll with him, over 60,000 francs, and proceeded to show the rest of us how to live. He took a large apartment on a fashionable street, got a corps of servants, stocked his cellar and put out the "WELCOME" sign to the rest of us. We usually had two days of duty cut of six and while we were in town Dick saw to it that there was never a dull moment. There was always a gang out at his place and since there was a grand piano in the saloon you can imagine the "barber shop harmony" we used to manufacture by the hour!!

Such an establishment cost a fortune to run and as his pay was only about 7 francs a day his bank roll began to imitate a snowball on a hot stove. One off duty period his place was dark and everyone wondered where Dick had gone, but the day we were due to go back to the lines, there was Dick, clean and sober and ready to go. He wouldn't say where he had gone but did say he had some business out of the city. About three weeks later it happened again and this time I met him the evening before our duty day, coming out of a railway station and I was so curious to know where he had gone and kept after him until he broke down and told me that he had been down to Tours where there was an American detachment of engineers running the French railway and he had gone down to find a "little" crap game to bolster up his diminishing finances -- and had to the tune of 8,000 francs!

The next time he took a "trip" I went with him just to see the fun and it was uncanny the way that man could win where I would have lost my shirt. I never got in the game -- just looked on but that was better than a circus. The best crap shooters of the division met him with their own pet dice and the first thing he asked was the game to be on the square - of course they all emphatically said it was so he sent out for a bucket of water. When they handed him a pair of dice to shoot with he would drop them three times in the water -- if they were loaded, the same numbers would come up every time -- this threw several pet pairs of dice out of the game. If they stood the water test he checked them for taper -- if they were tapered the odds were against the wrong numbers coming up.

When he finally got a square pair of dice they went into action, he seemed to know, every time he had built up a stake in the middle of the blanket, just when to reduce his stake - or - if he felt extra lucky I have seem him double his stake in the center and I never once saw him lose after such a dou doubling. He thoroughly enjoyed the game and kept his good humor all the time even when he struck a losing streak - never a cuss word or a wiping off of his smile. I once saw him throw the dice over his shoulder, the full length of the barracks because some loser complained that the game was not honest and when everyone went up to look at the dice, where they had fallen, Dick was the winner.

Interesting Personalities - (Continued)

One thing about any military service that gives one such a rich stock of memories to brighten the days when you are "over the hump" and active duty is over is the album of faces of friends you have made down through the years and remembering the good times you used to have with them all.

My Dad used to say that the only safe and sure fund you could build up as you went through life was the number of happy memories of the places you had been, the things you had done and the true friends you had made. These, he said, would brighten the declining days far beyond all the money in the world.

- Harold Karr

*****

OH MY!

Why must I always have to work
When everyone is playing?
Why must I always make the F
When everyone is A-ing?

When every day I rave and rant
And worry, sob and sigh
I ask you teacher, darling dear,
Oh why?

When every day I go to class
And my instructor calls me
I open up my dreamy eyes
And look around about me.

He looks at me with much disgust
A look that makes me fry.
I missed that question once again.
Oh my!

F/C Curtis Watson

****

LE CARTE DINER

L'ECOLE RYAN AERONAUTIC

15 MAI, 1941.

SALADES

Un Salade de barbe de capucin
Un Salade de concombres

POISSONS

Une sole aux fines herbes
Des gougons frits

ENTREE

Une Cotelette de porc frais
Un perdreau aux truffles
Un ris de veau a la chicoree

LEGUMES

Des petits pois au sucre
Des pommes de terre sautees
Des espinards au jus

DESSERT

Des Fruits de primeur
Une Compote de peches

Vins

Champagnes
Piper Heidsick, 1929.
Mums, Cordon Rouge, 1929.
Du vin de Burgogne
Du vin blanc, Reisling, 1928.
Leibfraumilch, 1926.

La Boisson

Du lait

Du cafe a l'eau

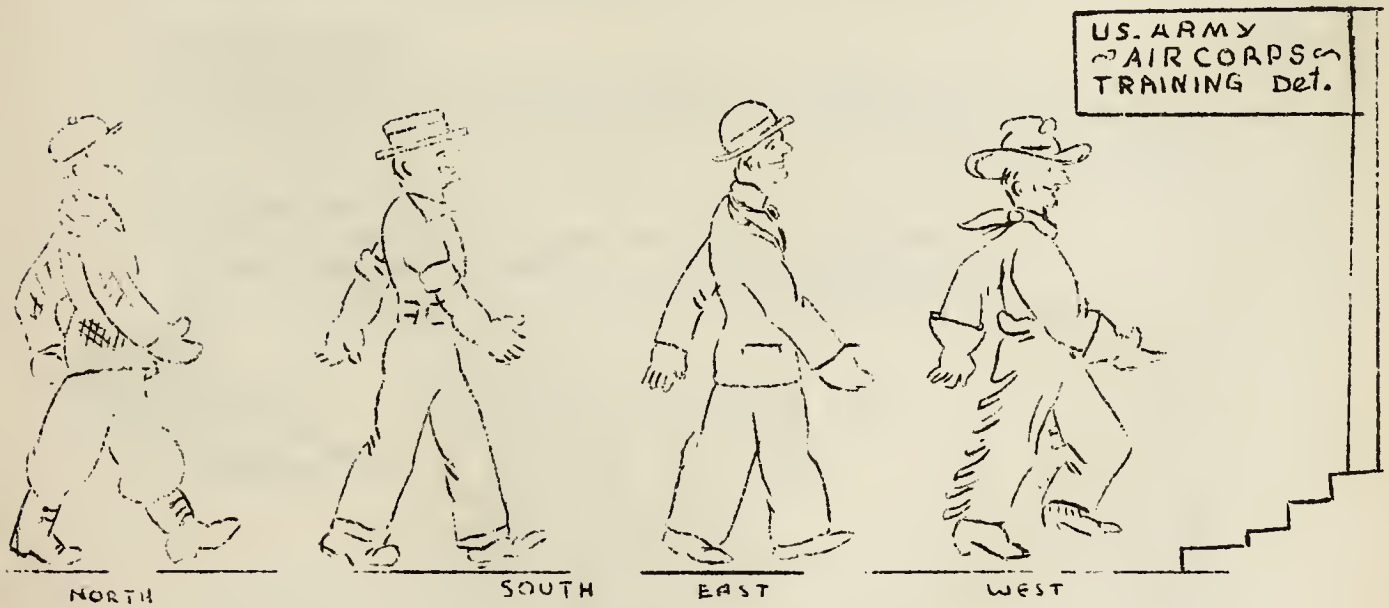
TEN WEEKS AGO

Remember that day ten weeks ago when we asked how many agriculture majors and how many journalism majors, and physical education, and psychology and economics and engineering majors were represented in the class of 41-H? At that time it seemed to us that each of you considered himself an embryo economist, or teacher, or journalist, or engineer. But suppose we now ask any member of the class "What are you?" What would the answer be?

This flying game has changed a great many aspirations, and we enjoy a lot of satisfaction in having helped to open new horizons to you. "Happy Landings, 41-H!"

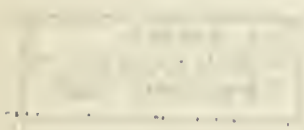
Stewart Matson

*****




PATH OF THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG MAN

J.C.



# THE SEA GULL AND THE AIR FOIL

The sun, the sun, (the sun) was bright
The Wind blew lustily.
The mildly misty, mildewed moon
Had sunk beneath the sea
As the sea gull goil
And the suave air foil,
Much to our regret
Met.

CHORUS:
Oh, it's feathers, feathers, feathers
Pretty feathers for my bed.

Upon the day of which we speak
The lonely sea gull flew
High up above ten thousand feet,
Where sea gulls fly but few.

The air foil, too, was flying high
As usual quite attached
To stuff and things and that is why
His sweep could not be matched.

This air foil was indeed a rounder
Yet a gentleman of degree
And though phlegmatic as a flounder
Had a fetching physiognomy.

The she gull had a certain beauty
As beauty goes with a sea gull she,
But Patruska's Russian blood made moody
Messes of her manner constantly.

CHORUS:
Oh, it's feathers, feathers, feathers,
Pretty feathers for my bed.

"I can see," shrilled the gull,
"You've forgot your C.A.A.
You're approaching from the left,
So I'll take the right of way.
Simply change your course a trifle,
A bit more right, I pray."

Replied the foil:
"I regret the imposition of my angle of attack,
But you see my ribs, curvaceous, make it 'that way' with my back.
In fact, though I'd like to, I cannot change my track."

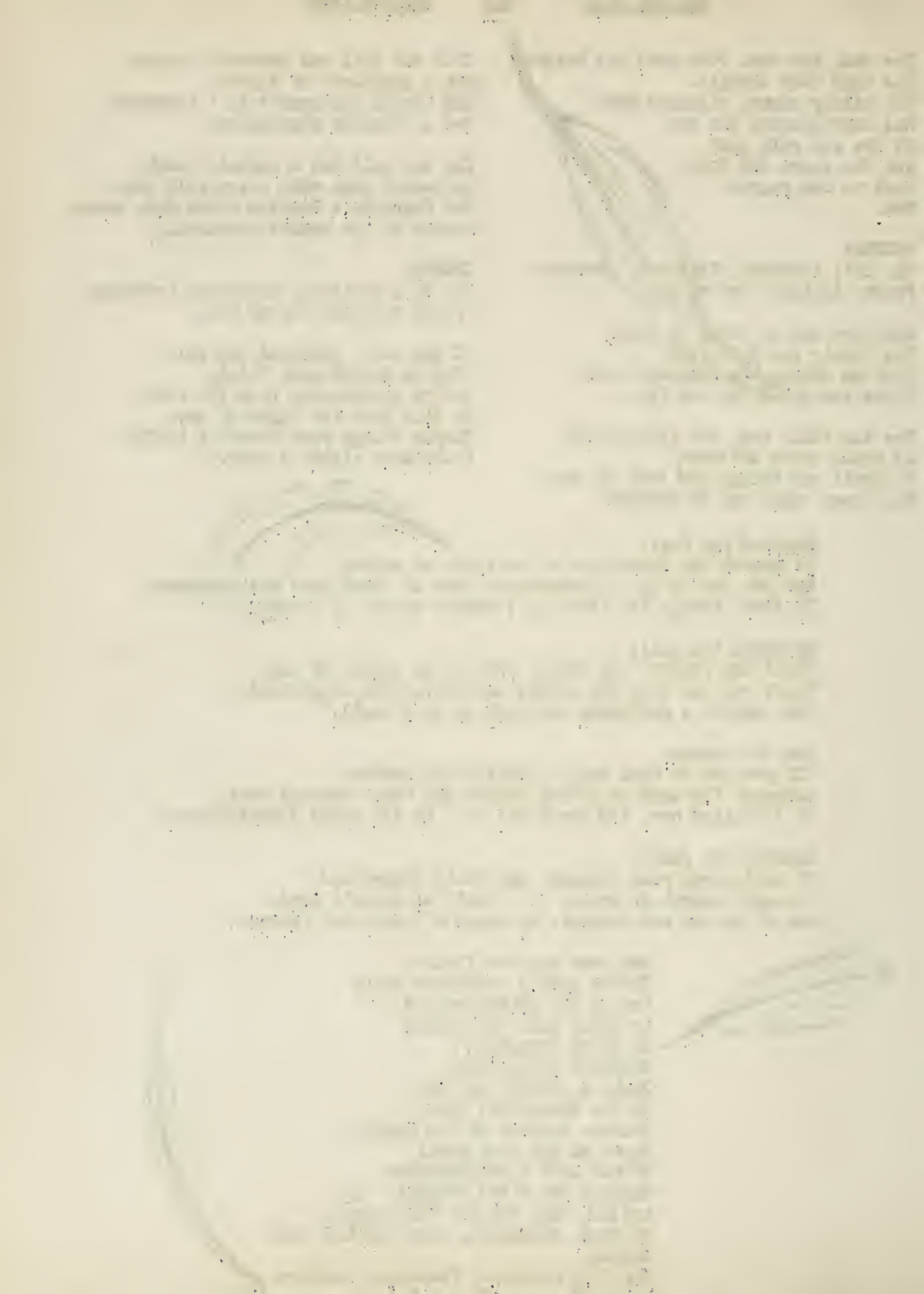
Shrieked the gull:
"Well now really, old thing, that is no excuse at all.
Can't you see that I'm a lady and behind the eight-ball?
Come now be a gentleman and pull up in a stall."

And the answer:
"If you put it that way, I simply must refuse,
Although I'm used to giving ladies all their dubious dues,
If I stalled now, I'd break all up. My air speed I would lose."

Sneered the gull:
"I notice now your stagger, and fully comprehend.
I should expect no better of a lowly bi-plane's wind.
Out of my way you bounder, my doped & T-stitched friend."

And such was the finale
To the gull's audacious sally
For as the paths crossed
La Belle gull was tossed
In every direction -
Complete vivisection.
Quote a picture in toto
In the immaculate Roto -
Gravure section of the Herald
Where at the very peril
Of his life a photographer
Snapped the wierd details, sir,
And all time the air foil hummed,
Swished, staggered, even burbled some,
Saying:
Oh, it's feathers, feathers, feathers
Pretty feathers for my bed.

F/C Ellington



# THE NEW RYAN PT-21 TRAINER

Sunday, May 18, the opening day of Flying Cadet week, gave the Air Corps Cadets their first opportunity to inspect the new Ryan trainer which is officially known as the PT-21. Rumors and speculations have been mounting during recent weeks as it became apparent the factory of the Ryan Aeronautical Company, working behind closed doors on the opposite side of Lindbergh Field was ready to begin deliveries on this latest version of the Ryan series which introduced low-winged trainers to the primary flying program of the Army.

The Cadets in classes 41-H and 41-I at the Ryan School of Aeronautics at San Diego will undoubtedly be first users of these new ships. For that reason The Windsock carries the following description of the plane so that the cadets will be generally familiar with its numerous improvements when these ships are placed at their disposal in the near future.

The first impression that will be obtained is that the entire plane is larger and roomier than its predecessors, PT-16's and PT-20's. The fuselage is 14 inches longer and three inches wider than in previous models, assuring roomy cockpits for student and instructor with ample leg room to pedals and brakes. Wide Army-type adjustable seats are now installed.

The entire treadle-type landing gear unit has been changed, and allows several wheel and brake combinations. The tread has been increased by more than a foot by using knuckle-type wheel mountings instead of the fork previously used. Wheels are also set further forward as an added safety factor in preventing possible nose-overs.

The familiar Ryan streamlined wire-braced wings are used, but they now have a 4 degree 10' sweepback. Windshields have been changed to the three-section military type. The rudder design has also been slightly altered to include the tail cone fairing as an integral part of the surface. A baggage compartment, accessible from the exterior and located in the section of the fuselage immediately behind the rear cockpit is another added feature of the new PT-21.

Throughout the entire structure, insofar as possible, machined castings and forgings have replaced welded members, and built up aluminum alloy structures have replaced numerous welded steel tube units.

## DETAILED DESCRIPTION

ENGINES The Ryan Army trainers are to be available with two different engine installations. These include for the PT-21, a Kinner B-54 five cylinder, air cooled engine producing 132 horsepower at 1975 revolutions per minute at sea level. On later deliveries a similar model R-54 Kinner engine for the PT-22 producing 160 horsepower at 1850 revolutions per minute will be installed.

LANDING GEAR The landing gear is of the treadle type and provides for brakes hydraulically operated. A long stroke oleo universally supported strut is employed for taxiing and landing loads.

The oleo cylinder is so designed as to require a minimum of maintenance. The landing gear wheel tread is 78 3/4 inches, which with the low center of gravity of the entire airplane, makes the PT-21 very stable on the ground.

The eight-inch smooth contour steerable tail wheel is mounted on an oleo spring shock absorber and is controlled from the pilots' cockpits. It makes ground looping virtually impossible by assuring a straight roll on landing, and also relieves wear on brakes when taxiing cross wind. For maneuvering on the ground or in storing the plane in the hangar the tail wheel becomes full swiveling after the steering angles have been passed.

TAIL SURFACES The tail surfaces are built up from aluminum alloy tubes and stamped 24ST aluminum alloy ribs. Covering is fabric. Large ball bearing hinges are employed. The entire tail surfaces are wire braced. A trimming tab for directional balance is provided on the rudder and is adjustable on the ground. Elevator tabs are provided for longitudinal balance and are operated from either cockpit by means of a hand wheel. An indicator shows the position of the tabs at all times. The adjustment is positive and any setting desired may be obtained. The tabs make possible a strong, rigid mounting of the stabilizer.

CONTROLS Complete dual controls, with dual brakes, are standard equipment. A torque tube mounted on ball bearings connects the two sticks for aileron control and a push-pull tube inside the torque tube provides the elevator connection. Army-type brake pedals, toe operated, are mounted on the rudder pedals which are suspended from a cross-tube and are adjustable for length. A parking brake is located in the rear cockpit.

FUEL AND OIL SYSTEMS The fuel system consists of a 24 gallon welded aluminum tank mounted in the fuselage behind the firewall. The tank is accessible and easily removable from the front cockpit. The gas gauge is mounted in the top of this tank and is visible from either cockpit. Fuel feed is by gravity to the carburetor. A fuel cock for the main and reserve lines is provided and leads to the strainer before delivery to the carburetor. All fuel lines are tubing incorporating flexible hose connections.

The oil tank is of three gallon capacity with additional foaming space provided. It is fabricated by welding two stamped halves together and is mounted integral with the engine so that the tank is removed with the engine at overhaul periods. Aluminum tubes 5/8" in diameter with flexible hose connections lead to the engine pump.

ENGINE INSTALLATION The complete power plant installation can be readily changed due to the simplicity of the fuel, oil and engine control systems. The welded steel tube engine mount is secured to the fuselage with large size tension bolts, and may be readily removed if desired. A stainless steel firewall separates the engine compartment from the fuselage. Rubber engine mountings which effectively dampen engine vibration are used.

PT-21 TRAINER - (Continued)

WINGS The wings of the Ryan PT-21 are non-tapered, using NACA 2412 airfoil. They are rigged at 4°10' sweepback, 3° incidence and 4°30' dihedral. Wings are constructed in four units for ease of repair, maintenance and replacement. The stub wings on either side of the fuselage are of riveted aluminum alloy construction with cantilever rear spar and are entirely metal covered. Spruce spars and aluminum alloy ribs are used in the outer wing panels. The outer panels, including flaps and ailerons, are fabric covered.

Ribs are stamped from 24ST Alclad. The entire nose of the wing is covered with 24ST Alclad carried well back of the front spar, assuring a true contour of the airfoil.

Streamline tie rods are used for the external bracing. Double flying wires and single landing wires are used. Streamlined fairings are fitted around the external brace wires at point of connection to the wing. Walkways are provided on both the left and right wing stubs, extending the full length of the wing chord.

AILERONS The aileron structure incorporates an aluminum alloy tube spar to which are riveted the aluminum alloy ribs. Fabric covering is used. The leading edge is faired with sheet aluminum alloy. Ailerons are balanced statically and dynamically. Heavy aluminum alloy brackets bolted to the wing at the drag struts carry the ball bearing hinges for the ailerons. Differential aileron action is used, and is actuated with a short push-pull tube to a bell crank located opposite the center hinge and with flexible control cable to the control sticks.

FLAPS The flaps, which cover approximately half of the wing span, are constructed in a manner similar to that of the ailerons, also incorporating ball bearing hinges. The flaps are operated from either cockpit by means of a direct-action lever conveniently located on the left side of the cockpit. The maximum lowered angle is 30° with provision made for locking the flaps in any intermediate position. Landing flaps are very effective and make possible a steep approach glide. The effective flap action and brake control result in a ground run that is very short.

FUSELAGE The fuselage is of all-metal, monocoque, stressed skin type, being 39 inches high and 29 inches wide at the cockpit stations. It is elliptical in section and consists of nine aluminum alloy bulkheads and six pieces of 24 ST Alclad skin that do not require forming. The skin employed is of .032 gauge which assures a minimum possibility of damage due to rough or careless handling. It has proven to be extremely rugged in service and is simple to fabricate and maintain since the skin is entirely of flat unformed sheet.

Ample reinforcement at the cockpit cut-outs is obtained with stamped hat section aluminum alloy exterior longerons. Heavy floor members are employed for the attachment of seats and controls. Adequate crew protection in case of turn-over is provided by a steel nose-over post forward of the front cockpit.

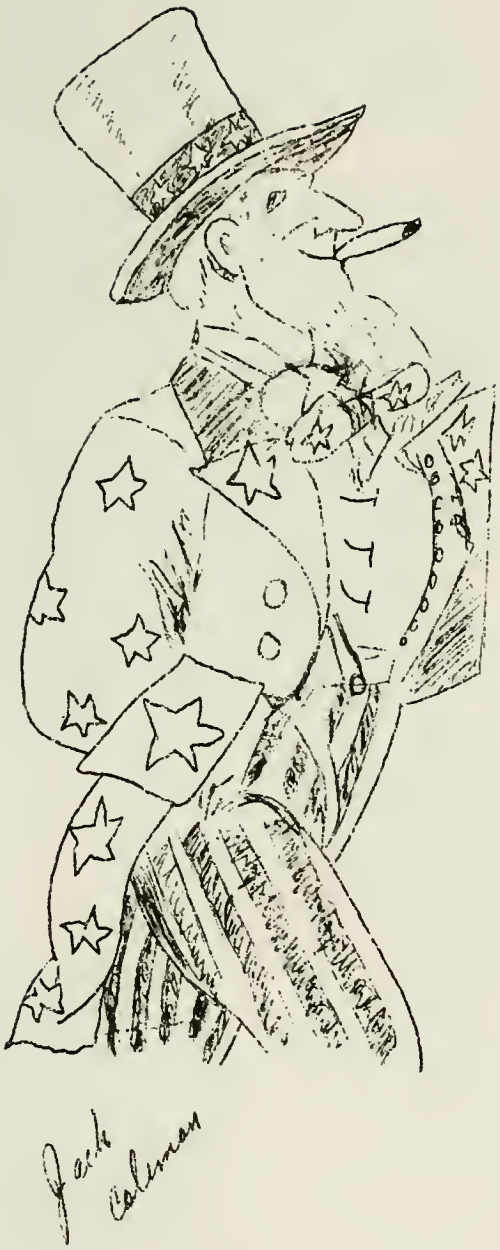
PT-21 TRAINER - (Continued)

The Kinner engine cowling, in back of the propeller and spinner, is readily removable for inspection of the power plant. It is provided with quick detachable fasteners and divided into sections for general inspection or entire removal if necessary. Cut-outs in the cowling are provided for the air cleaner which can be removed for service without disturbing the cowling. Ample room has been provided for maintenance and adjustment of all engine and accessory parts.

COCKPITS Seating arrangement is in wide, open tandem cockpits, and due to the oval shape of the fuselage, vision from either seat is exceptionally good. The narrow chord, streamlined wire-braced wing gives excellent vision at all angles and straight down from the student's seat behind the wing. The windshield design and construction of the cockpits are such as to make the crew's compartments quite free from objectionable air blasts. Both seats are designed for use of the standard Army-type parachutes and are fully adjustable to assure comfort for different pilot personnel.

The standard dual instrument group (with luminous dials) includes the following instruments in each cockpit; Altimeter, Oil Temperature Gauge, Oil Pressure Gauge, Tachometer, Air Speed Indicator and Compass.

EARL D. PRUDDEN
Vice-President




It's great to ride a broncho
Away on th' western plains
And stick in the critter's saddle
And prove who has the brains!
And it's swell to drive
A smart new car
That covers the ground
With ne'er a jar -
But oh, for one of Sammy's
Cavortin' beasts of power -
A humming, diving streak
A tough guy, we might say!
For here's my dream,
I might as well to frank,
To be an Air Corps Cowboy
With Lieutenants rank.

## CHECK FLIGHT

We all have ups and downs of luck, business, or life in general. The student flyer has his own particular brand. In "check" flights at stated intervals, he must demonstrate his proficiency and progress before advancing to the next stage of training. An up check - the raised fist with extended thumb pointing upward, means a good flight; the thumb pointing down means failure.

The Army needs good fliers, and a few students lacking in aptitude must be dropped from the course. The rare student who sails through with all "ups" is the envy of his fellows, who dubb him Ace, and refer to him as an HP (hot pilot). The average student will have one or more "downs", but under a careful system of extra time, additional instruction and practice, and re-examination check flights, he is given every opportunity to correct faults, to attain his achievement in aviation. Small wonder he looks with eager hope for that sign of a good flight for it is through such check flights he must pass to reach his ultimate goal - the silver wings.

F/C W. E. McIntosh, Jr.

********

## TRIO

Here's to the trio
Wine, women and song.
Who puts them asunder
Does mankind a wrong.

Man, till he reaches
Manhood's decline,
To tolerate women
Needs plenty of wine.

So here's to the trio
Wine, women and song!
Let's have them together
The way they belong.

- F/C Jack Coleman

********

## QUESTIONS A DODO MIGHT ASK

"Sir, when it rains does the ground school get muddy?"

"Sir, is a gig a horse drawn vehicle?"

"Sir, does "pop to" mean do I have any children?"

"Sir, is a 30 hour check negotiable if it is properly endorsed?"

"Sir, if the flight line is made from manila hemp, is the gig line made from Texas cotton?"

"Sir, if we wash out on Monday, do we iron on Tuesday?"

-F/C H. R. March

*******

The Navy says no!
The Army says no!
Cadets cannot marry,
And girls cannot go,

Up in the planes -
No thumbing allowed.
Against regulations
To park in a cloud.

- Helen Perry

*******

Dodo: Must I eat this egg, sir?

U. C: Yes! (Silence)

Dodo: Beals and all?

*****

New Flying Cadet: "Hey quick! The plane's dropping - what do I do now?"

2nd Passenger: (Aghast) "Gosh, aren't you the instructor? I just came up for the ride!"

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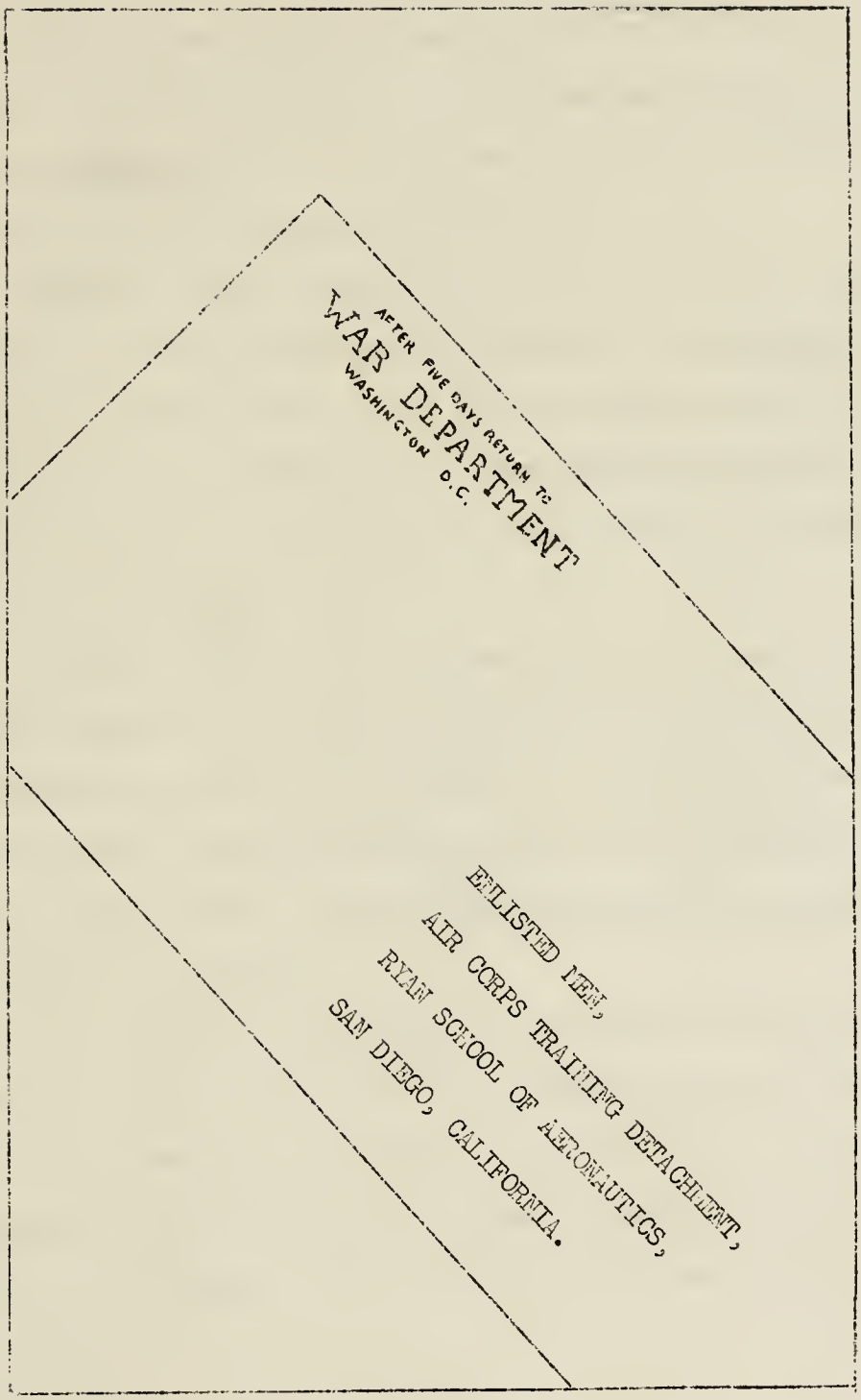
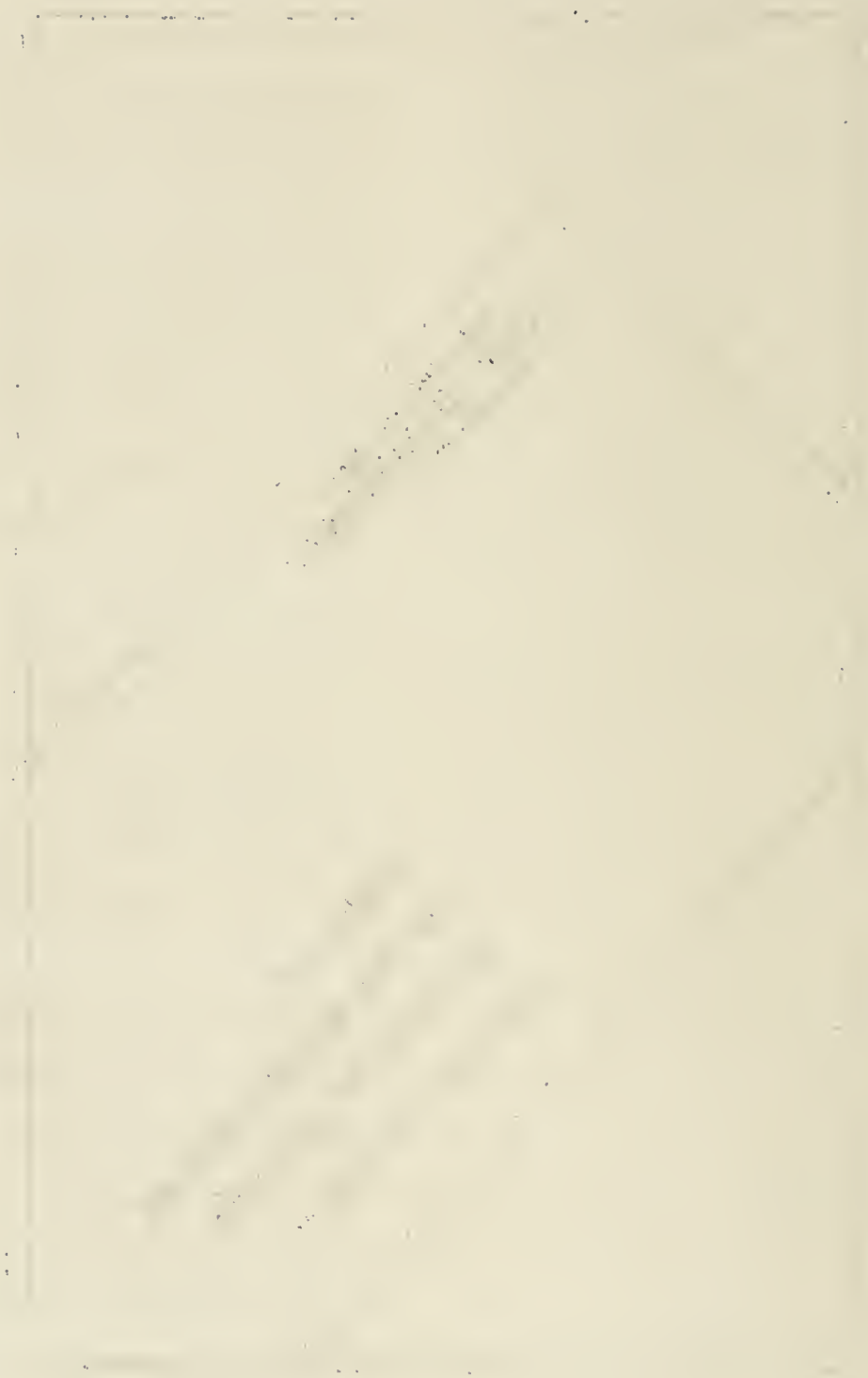



ENLISTED MEN,
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT,
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS,
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.



# LEST WE FORGET

Here, at long last, is a happy moment, one in which we pause to consider the case of the forgotten man of this Air Corps Training Detachment. We have reference, sirs, to none other than the enlisted men, and the office personnel.

Too late, we now suggest you might have visited the Orderly Room on some pretex other than a shriek about that annoyance upon which you stubbed your toe. Had you done so, you might have been curious about the steady hum you heard emanating from there, which was nothing more nor less than the sound effects of efficiency. The office staff was at work.

Across the hall in the dispensary, too, there was plenty of know behind all the joviality dished out along with remedies for hangnails, and other trivial ailments. These men comprehend their jobs, and fill them expertly without any blare of trumpets to keep the cadets aware. That probably accounts for a good many oversights on our part.

At any rate, let this stand as a peace pipe -- not that you demand it -- and perhaps a bit of realization on our part what we've sadly overlooked. Without you enlisted men, you office personnel, this organization would not function as smoothly as it now does. Fact is, (don't tell anyone) it wouldn't run at all.

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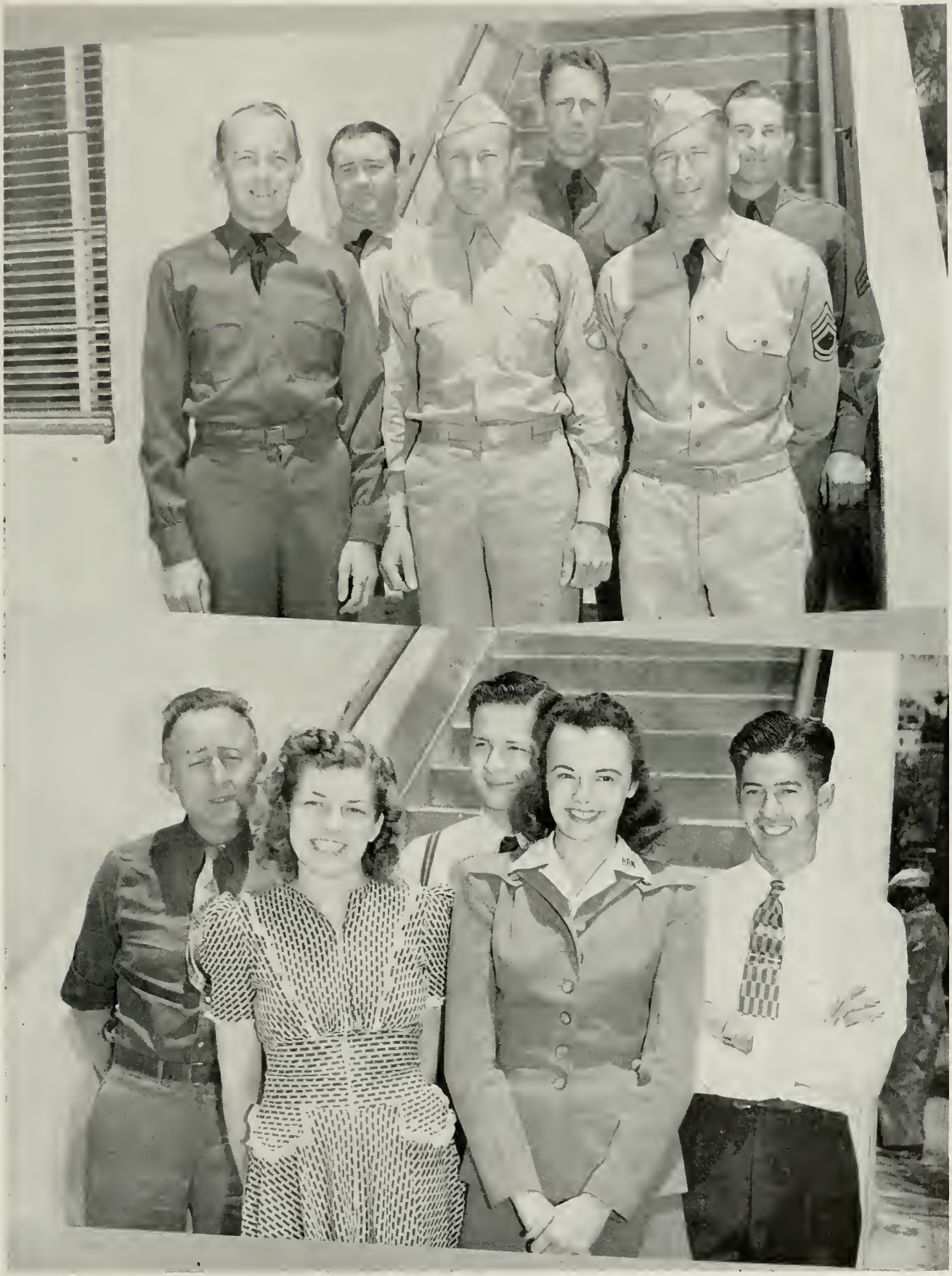


## SPARK-PLUGS

Sergeant H. T. Mosher is a "charter member" of the Ryan Air Corps Training Detachment. Coming to Lindbergh Field in June, 1939, as a line sergeant, he helped in the opening of the school. Since then he has received promotion to the grade of staff sergeant and next to the grade of technical sergeant, which is his present non-commissioned rank.

After failing to receive an appointment as a Flying Cadet by reason of failure of physical qualifications, his expressed like for the air corps caused him to enlist in 1930. All of his service has been at training centers.

He is an alumni of Washington State University and holds a Second Lieutenant Commission in the Air Corps Reserve as a non-flying Material and Supply officer.

*********

Sergeant Boid Lehman enlisted at Ft. Missoula, Montana in July, 1939. With no previous military training and after only ten months of service, his rapid promotions are an indication of his genuine ability and genial personality.

He served seven mohths at Moffett Field as a Supply man before being transferred to Ryan. His present capacity is that of an administrative clerk in the Army Orderly Office.

F/C Wood, D. B. M.

We, the enlisted personnel of the Air Corps Training Detachment, have watched with interest the progress of many Flying Cadets from the time of enlistment on through the Training Center to graduation and Commission as Second Lieutenants Air Corps. Not only has this been true here at San Diego, but also in former years while we were stationed at Randolph and Kelly.

It was the cadets assigned to our own particular flight at Randolph and Kelly that held our interest. Here it is somewhat different as all of the Ryan Flying Cadets come under the heading of "our own dodos", and it is with interest and pride that we watch the progress of each and every one of you.

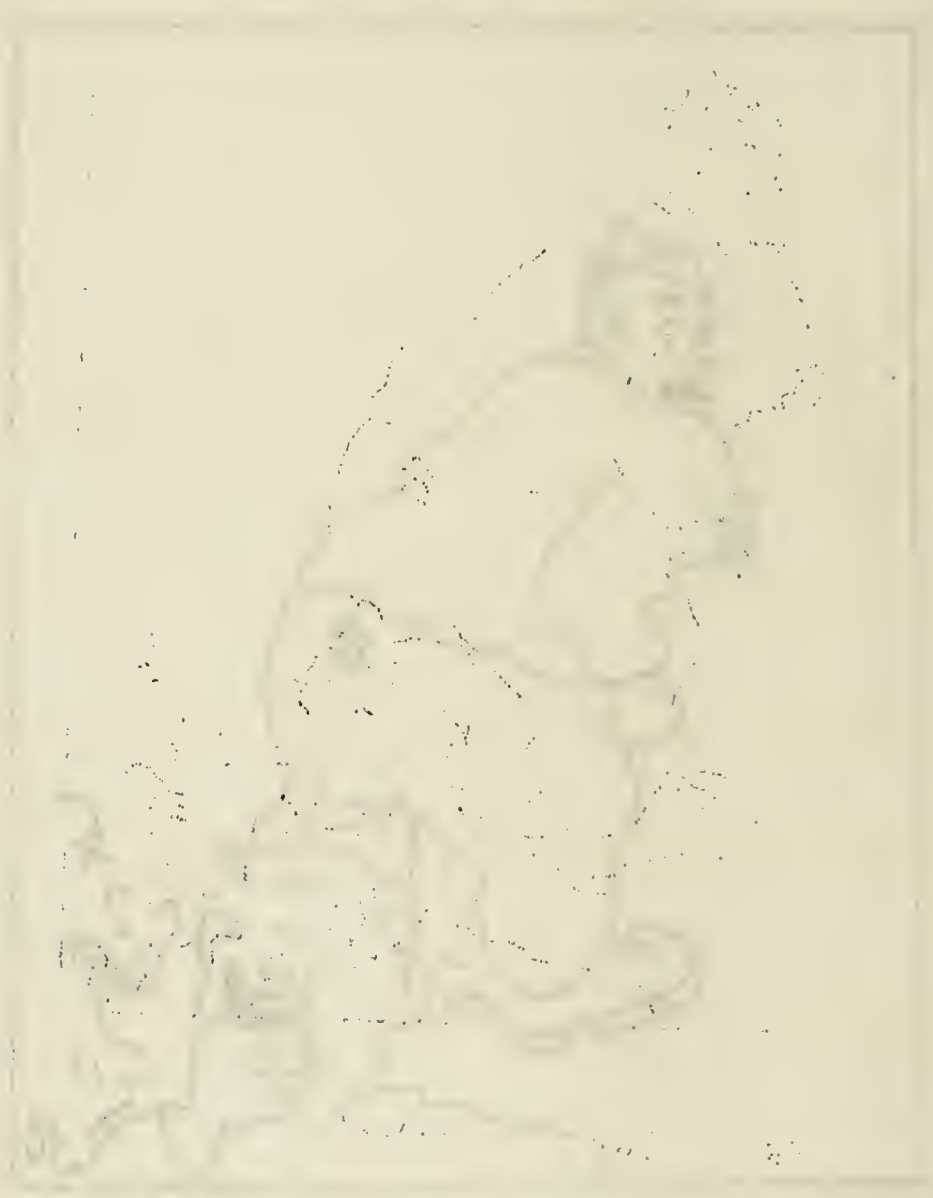
Why all this interest? Perhaps it is a selfish one, for some day in the not too distant future we may be assigned to units under your command, and the impression you, as Flying Cadets, make upon us will not be forgotten. Aside from this, the Ryan School is just as much ours as it is yours, and we take just pride in the record and accomplishments of any one connected with this detachment, whether he be officer, flying cadet, instructor, enlisted man, or whatever.

Remember, all of you, that while you may cause us many headaches, and we may appear at times to be rather hardboiled and heartless, we have a personal interest in each and every one of you, and that it is here at "Ryan" that you start to gain that respect of all with whom you serve, that is so important to your success as an officer and leader.

On to Moffett, you of 41-H, and may your conduct and accomplishments be such that our pride in the "Ryan" Flying Cadets will ever increase and never fade.

H. T. MOSHER
Sgt. Major

"No One told him Better"



RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

May 12, 1941

TO THE FLYING CADETS: CLASS OF 41-H

Now that the parting of the ways is here and you are about to make the next step to bigger and better flying, you might happen on a suspicion of sorrow and melancholia in the eye of your favorite "mech" (if you have one!). Yeh! that's right! down inside our dirty work shirts we have a sentimental soft spot for all you boys that we have watched and worried about since your Dodo Days.

There is a great deal of satisfaction for us in watching your progress in flying and knowing that those are our planes up there, responding to your increasing skill.

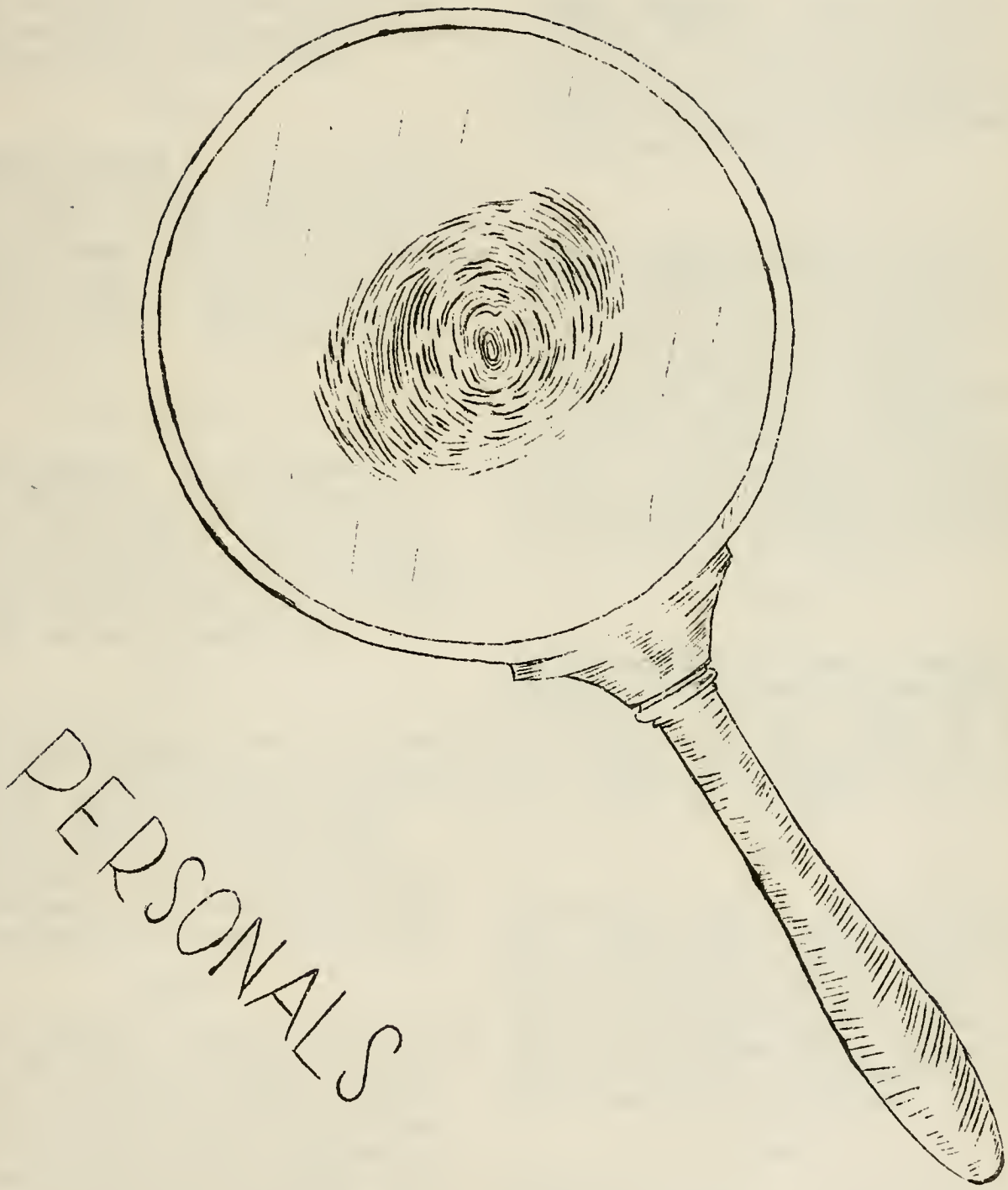
We can look back tenderly now on your first week of ground loops...and then the satisfaction of those first good 3-point landings.

The climax of the maintenance man's work is the good flying that is done when he has perfected the mechanism of the plane to the best of his ability and a good pilot takes over.

We thank the class of 41-H for their thoughtfulness in making articulate the respect and friendship that exists between the cadets and maintenance crew. And to all of you, we wish the best of luck, and

Happy Landings,

THE MAINTENANCE CREW


PERSONALS

# PERSONALS

ALLEN, JACK E. Born 1915 in Lawton, Okla. Graduated from Cameron Aggies and after a attending Oklahoma A. & M. for a short period, worked for the Moth Equipment Co., which may explain his flitting from cloud to cloud so gracefully. He obtained his private license thru the C.A.A. and then joined up with Uncle Sam's cloud-busters. He is also known as the boogie woogie bugle boy of 41-H, and for doing snap rolls when snap rolls are not in order.

******

ARMSTRONG, PATRICK M. - Born Fort Worth, Texas, 1920. Lived in Sequin, Texas, where he went to High School and Lutheran College. Summers spent in the oil business until the yen to fly took him into the Air Corps. Measles changed his brand from 41-G to 41-I. Glad to have you with us, Mr. A!

*******

BASTAIN, EARL L. - Born in Scranton, Pa., 1920. Put in a stretch at Roosevelt Aviation School and bailed out with an A & E mechanic rating. After learning that the "crates they come in" won't fly, he joined the Air Corps the intellectual way, via the mental exam route.

*******

CHRIST, CHARLES MILTON - Born in Cleveland, Ohio, 1918. The University of Tulsa gave him a B.S. in Petroleum Engineering to get rid of him during a "cleaner campus" campaign. Member of Pi Kappa Alpha, Kappa Psi and A.I.M.M.E. and University of Tulsa Band. Left position with Gulf Refining Company to become Flying Cadet.

*******

CLAUNTS, HUBERT B. - Born in Warner, Okla. 1919. Educated in the higher realms of knowledge on the campus (day and night) of Oklahoma Baptist University. A boon to the California belles, a problem to the Instructors, a Dodos delight. He still thinks Oklahoma is the "Garden Spot of America". N'est Pas, Boots?

*******

COLEMAN, JACK - Born in Waurika, Okla. in 1919. Attended Oklahoma Military Academy and was a member of their crack cavalry unit. Says he prefers to ride his 125 horse Ryan interceptor.

*******

CONNER, PATRICK E. - Born Pawhuska, Oklahoma, 1915. Schooled at Vinita High School, and the University of Oklahoma. Three years at the University. Major in Geology. Schooling pleasantly interrupted by flying.

*******

CORNISH, FRANCIS COLEMAN - Born in Saginaw, Michigan, 1916. Graduated from Elkhart, Indiana, High School. Stationed in Hawaiian Islands with the Army's "Buzzard Busters" (C.A.C.). Spent pay and winnings from poker games for flight instructions. Decided to reverse the situation and join the Air Corps. Went to University of New Mexico where he completed Primary C.A.A. Likes the combination of aviation and military life, especially the week-ends.

*******

CRISWELL, JAMES B. - Born in Bradley, Oklahoma, 1917. Graduated from Norman High School, then made a couple of laps at Oklahoma University and Oklahoma A. & M. Having utter disregard for life and limb joined the Air Corps.

*******

DAVIS, D. W. - Born in Marlow, Oklahoma, 1916. Stuck around Cameron College until he had enough hours to make a pass at the "Bird-like League of Flying Cadets". Was sent up and tagged #18050470. Been yearning to Oklahoma through goggles ever since. Evidently a chow-hound from his weight increase while at Ryan.

*******

DEARDORFF, CLINTON H. - Born in McPherson, Kansas, 1920. Raced his motor at Central College in McPherson 1938-40. Adopts basketball as his favorite sport, which may account for the "dribble and pivot" effects of those landings.

*******

"DUE TO TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES
BEYOND OUR CONTROL....."

f/c Smith

DILLESHAW, LEWIS, C. - Born Tulsa, Okla. 1916. Schooled at Bridge Creek H. S., Central State J. C. at Edmond, Okla. and Oklahoma University. Received a B.S. in Chemistry and Pharmacy at the University. Worked as a Pharmacist until he took to the air.

*******

DOBKINS, WADE "LEE" - Born in Marlow, Okla. 1919. Majored in Agriculture at Oklahoma A. & M. (We have straight from Mr. Dobbins that plowing doesn't prepare one for flying.) As to likes and that homey atmosphere, those interested will find it amusing to make personal inquiry. (Ed. hint: envolves Bermuda grass).

*******

DOYLE, J. G. - Born in Holdenville, Okla. 1916. Attended Eastern Oklahoma A. & M. and Oklahoman A. & M. An Alpha Kappa Psi offically. Worked for the A.A.A. which is something about farming or something and for a petroleum machine company which is something about machinery or something; now in the Air Corps, which is really something.

*******

DRACKERT, HAL. R. - Born in Cherryvale, Kansas, 1920. Graduated from Joplin High School and from Independence Junior College. Understood that Flying Cadets were the glamour boys of the Army so he ended up at Ryan and is rapidly being glamourized.

*******

DUSKIN, D. D. - Born in Guthrie, Oklahoma 1918. With goggles about his neck, he spun through Oklahoma University, where our gay young blade took away an Aeronautical Engineering Degree. Thusly equipped to right the world's wrongs, he joined the Air Corps and he even wants a permanent commission. Our Hero.

*******

EGGLESTON, DONALD ERSKING - Born in Pataskala, Ohio, 1919. Even a thumbnail account of "Eggs" meanderings would fill another "Havard Classics". Kicked little girls and broke windows in Marion, Ohio. Threw spit balls at the Profs of Ohio State University, where he nursed cows as a Dairy Chemistry major. Then to the tune of "Blow Yo'Whistle, Freight Train" he hit high spots in Mexico and Guatemala. Didn't get to be a gaucho on some Argentina pampas, which is life's ambition. Having to have wings about him, he bought a chicken hatchery when he returned to Kingfisher, Okla. Here he hatched "Cheeps Sticks Ryans in mud and predicts a future in formation flying and dog fighting in the Cajon vicinity.

*******

ELLINGTON, G. P.- Born 1917 Shreveport, La. Raised in that Chamber of Commerce paradise, Southern California. Schools: Stanford University (A.B.); Columbia University (M.S.). Travel in Europe until the war broke out. Radio work in Ft. Smith, Ark. before heeding the call to Ryan.

*******

FISHBURN, J. B. - Born in Moscow, Idaho, 1916. Slept in classrooms of schools in Idaho, Wyoming, Wisconsin, Virginia and Oklahoma. Was dealt a hand of Civil Engineering at Oklahoma University. Sailed on one of the U. S. Navy yachts for four years. Discharged as Salty and bebarnacled as any Yoeman Third Class could be. He's a hard man, Mr. Fishburn is.

*******

FITTER, PHILIP A. - Born in Altus, Oklahoma in 1919. Attended Altus High School and Altus College. Must belong to the Altus Chamber or Commerce. Later attended Oklahoma City University and was interested in Geology before the urge to fly thru the air came over him. Although Mr. Fitter never says much about his flying he is one of the real aces in the outfit and will bear watching.

***********

FLINT, CHARLES JR. - Born December 13, 1916. Attended Oklahoma Military Academy in Claremont, Oklahoma before joining the Air Corps. Best known for his sunny disposition and for never getting mad.

*******

GARRETT, REX A. - Born Orlando, Oklahoma 1918. Attended Oklahoma University, Conner Aggie Jr. College, and Oklahoma City University. Majored in Mathematics. Three months, too, in the Citizens Military Training Camp, Ft. Sill, Okla.

*******

GRAMMAS, GEORGE T. - Born in Stillwater, Oklahoma in 1915. Attended college at Oklahoma A. & M. where he was a Sigma Nu. Worked in a Ladies Millinery Shop before sprouting wings. Why Mr. Grammas, why didn't you tell us about this? As to go to press, Mr. Grammas is in need of a few new roommates. Do you snore, Mr. Grammas?

*******

GRIFFIN, JOE E. - Born in Pauls Valley, Oklahoma in 1918. Attended the University of Oklahoma where he gave the Mechanical Engineers a run for their money before he finally decided that his heart belonged to the Army Air Corps. When you see him peeking around a corner don't be alarmed. He's just a candid camera fiend.

*******

GRIMWOOD, MILFORD D. - Born in Alva, Okla. in 1918. Attended Northwestern State College at Alva where he was active in dramatics, and played on the tennis team. He likes the Air Corps but says his heart belongs in Oklahoma.

*******

HANVEY, BERNIE - Born Tuttle, Oklahoma, 1916. Went to school at Washita H. S. in Tishominga, Okla. and to the Murray School of Agriculture, Tishominga for two years. Received a diploma in Agriculture from the latter.

HICKS, BENJAMIN R.- Born in Durant, Oklahoma in 1914. Attended Murray State School of Agriculture and Southeastern State College. Taught school for 5 years as Athletic Coach and History instructor, but when they assigned him a class as music instructor he quit the teaching profession and is now as much at home in the air as he was in the classroom.

*******

HOLBROOK, DAVID E. - Born in Ardmore, Oklahoma in 1917. Attended Murray State College and was working for the Lonhorn Oil Co. when he signed up with Uncle Sam. Is conceded to be the best tobacco-chewer in the outfit.

*******

HUFFINE, FREEMAN E. - Born near Cement, Oklahoma in 1917. Attended Central State College at Edmond. Seems to have more trouble with his marching than he does with his flying. Famous for marching off six hours of gigs at one time. For this feat of endurance, we salute you, Mr. Huffine.

*******

JACKSON, ELDON L. - Born in Kingfisher, Oklahoma in 1916. Was valedictorian of his class in high school and attended Oklahoma A. & M. where he graduated later with a masters degree. Won national fame as a member of Oklahoma's national wrestling team.

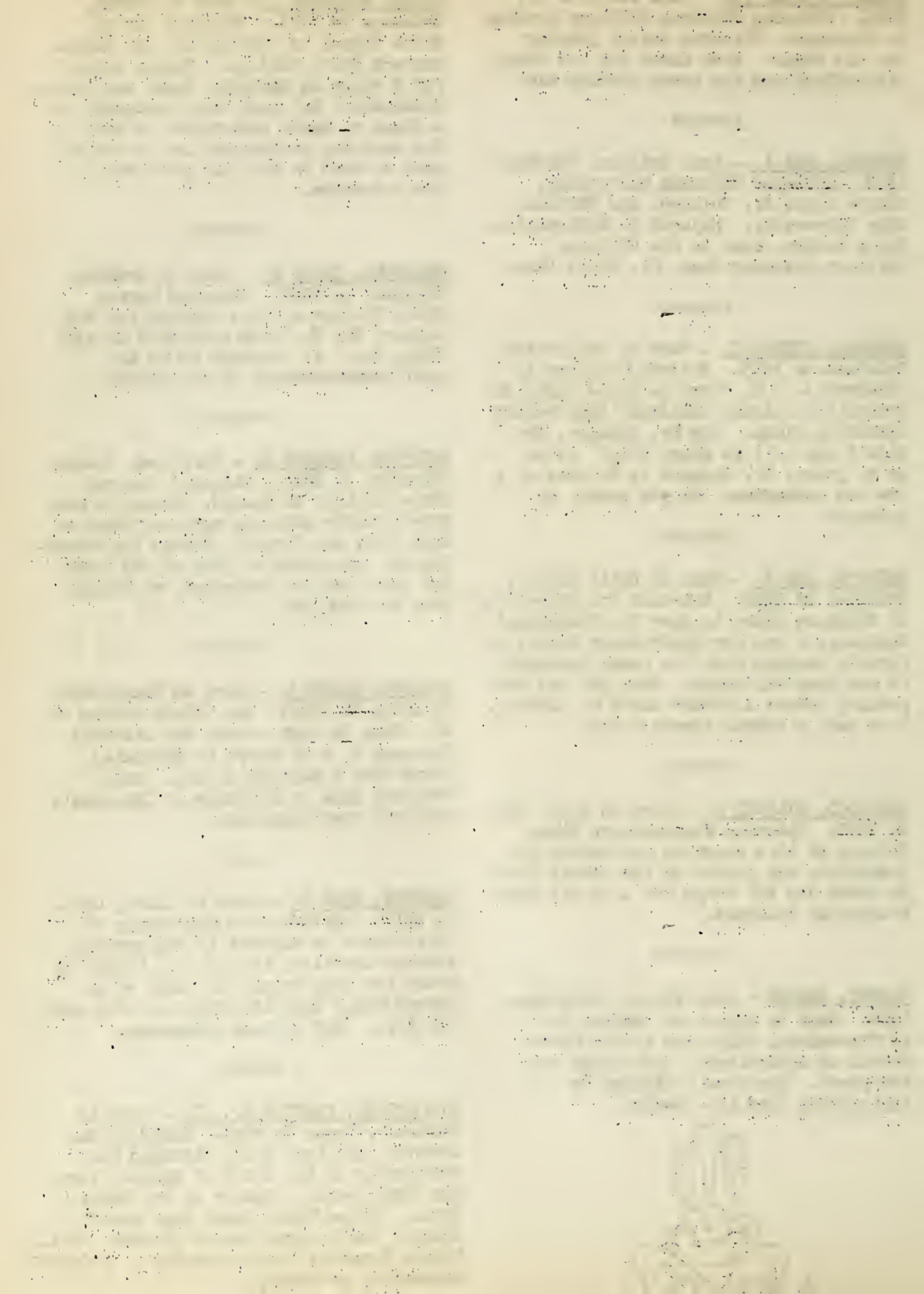
*****

JACKSON, JEAN D. - Born in Tulsa, Okla. in 1919. Attended the University of Tulsa where he majored in Engineering. Another wrestler, this J. D. Claims he broke too many hearts in Tulsa so he joined Uncle Sams Air Corps to live and let live. But we hear otherwise.

*******

KILPATRICK, CHESTER B., JR. - Born in Beaumont, Texas in 1920. Moved to San Antonio, and from there attended the University of the South at Swanee, Tenn. for three years. Member of Phi Delta Theta. Likes blind dates that aren't Yankees and is crazy about picnics. Still thinks Texas is "God's Country". A fifth columnist, no doubt.

*******



T/e Jack Coleman

KINKADE, CLAIRE W. - Born in Bigheart, Oklahoma in 1916. Lived on Indian Reservation most of his life. Better known as the "man with the pipe". Likes collie dogs and rocking chairs - mostly rocking chairs.

*****

KITCHENS, GUS, JR. - Born in Yeager, Okla. in 1919. Moved to Purcell, Okla. in 1921. Better known as the "Purcell Pursuit". A tough guy when it comes to marching off gigs, but a more square guy would be hard to find. One of our best liked men. Power to you, Gussie baby.

*******

KISSELBURGH, JIM - Born Ashland, Wisconsin September 4, 1919. Have lived in Los Angeles, California for past 10 years. Attended Ventura Junior College and Oregon State College. Played three years Varsity Football at O.S.C. All American second team, 1940.

*******

KRAKER, EDWIN, C. - Born in Okmulgee, Oklahoma in 1918. Graduated from the University of Oklahoma with a Petroleum Engineering degree and straight into the arms or rather wings of the Army Air Corps.

*******

KRIEGER, JOSEPH JR. - Born in Arcadia, Kansas in 1918. Moved to Tulsa, Okla. in 1920. Attended school in New York & Colorado School of Mines. Is doing very well for himself in this man's Air Corps, yes indeed, very well.

********

LEESER, HOWARD A. - Born in Oklahoma City in 1918. Got his Bachelor of Science at Oklahoma City University and picked up an A. & E. Mechanics license somewhere along the way. Seems his heart is in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

*******

LEWIS, ROYAL P. - Born in Kingston, Oklahoma in 1916. Member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at Oklahoma A. & M. and was an instructor in shop work in Dewey, Oklahoma before hitching his star to a Ryan PT-20.

*******

MATTHEWS, THOMAS - Born 1918 in Honey Grove, Texas. Moved to Altus, Oklahoma at the tender age of two and has been happy ever since. Altus Junior College. Worked as bookkeeper in Traders Compress Company. Took C.A.A. course. Still wants to know what that sign about "Nothing" on Consolidated means.

*******

MONNETT, JAMES D. - Born 1914, Osceola, Missouri. (Foreigner) Grade school and high school at Yale, Okla. Three years at Oklahoma University. Working for the Magnolia Petroleum Company at Wewoka, Okla. when he signed on the dotted line for the Air Corps.

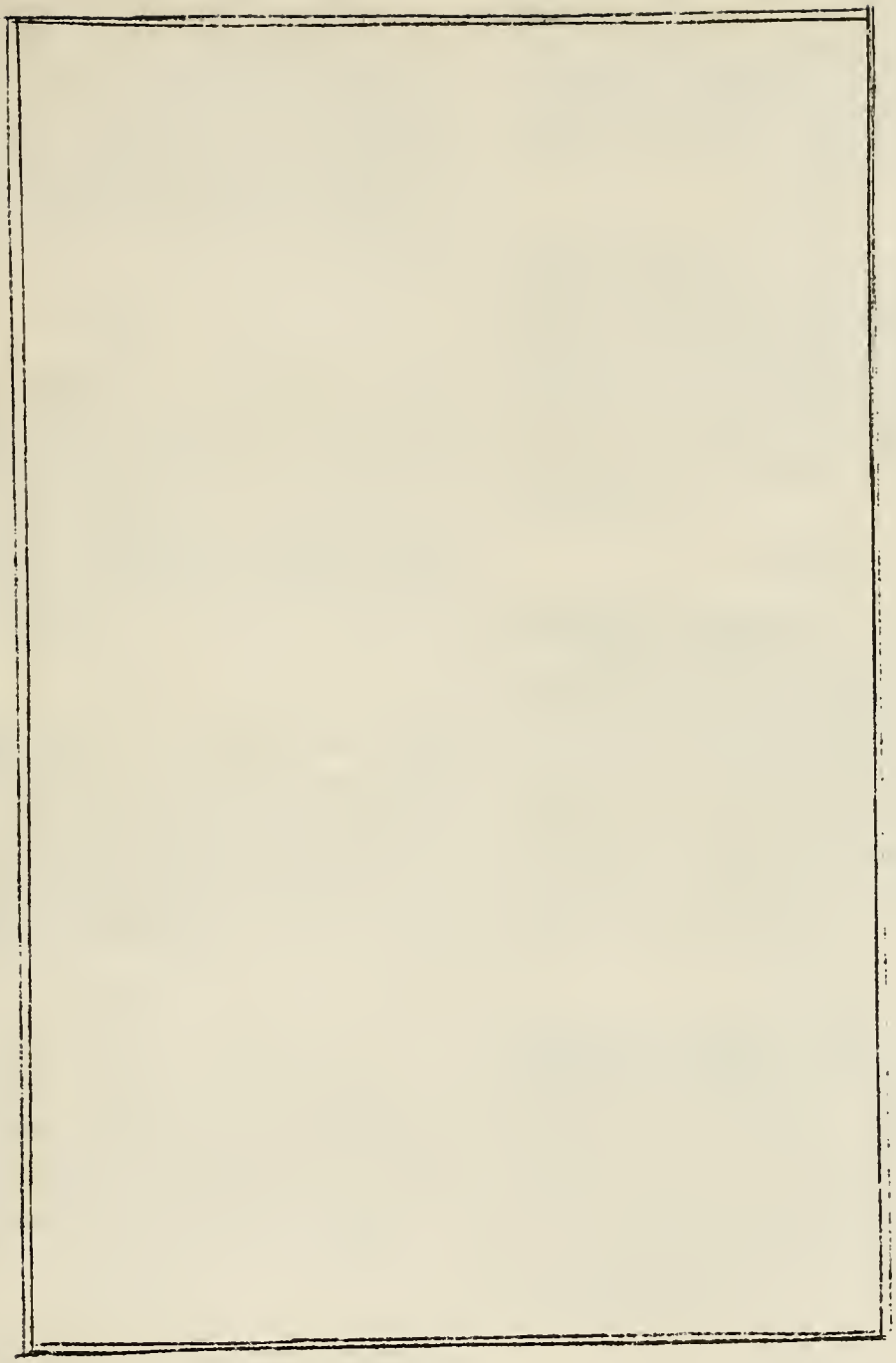
*******

MOODY, ROGER - Born 1914, Putnam, Okla. Covered the country in his educational ventures, attending the University of Oklahoma, Southwestern State College, and Fresno State Teachers College, Fresno, California. Majored in accounting, and still passed the 20/20 eye test for the Air Corps! Was working for Remington-Rand, on the give-end of a bookkeeping machine, when the yen to fly took hold.

*******

MORAN, C. K. - Born 1918, Coleman, Okla. High school at Coleman, followed by a diesel engine course in Wichita, Kansas. Two seasons of work for the Choctow Gin Co., then in 1938 he moved in on M.S.S.A. and pursued an engineering course. Hard at work in this line when the Air Corps placed a higher bid.

*******



Gaiety at 4-H's
Recognition Dance

MORSE, JOHN E. - Born, 1914, Carlenirlle, Illinois. Graduated from Blackburn University in 1936. Enlisted and served for four years in the Marine Corps as a radioman. Spent most of "cruise" in San Diego where he helped Army engineers sound San Diego Bay, in preparation for dredging operations. Made maneuvers at Lahaina Roads in 1938; San Clemente in 1940. Paid off as Corporal in November 1940. Seeing the airplanes overhead each day in San Diego was too much for him, it seems, and that's why he's in the Air Corps now.

*******

MC CULLOUGH, CECIL G. - Born March 1920, Collinsville, Okla. Ancestry involves a bit of chiseling in by Dutch progenitors on solid Scotch-Irish stock. Two years at Northeastern Oklahoma Jr. College, Miami, Oklahoma. (Engineer major, by the way.) H.P. McCullough, gentlemen, when it comes to flying.

*******

MCGUGIN, DOYLE C. - Born 1915, Enid, Okla. Grade and high schools in hometown. Higher education at the University of Okla. Manager of his college eating place, but took time off from nibbling to tour twenty-two states with 700 school teachers. Ask him about it sometime.

*******

MCINTOSH, WALDO E., JR. - Born 1915, Checotah, Okla. Two years at Northeastern Oklahoma Junior College, where he (we quote him) "Jive, insurance, jive, auditing, jive, sweetwater chemistry." Even interspaces jive with flying nowadays.

*******

NORRIS, J. R. - Born 1920, Cleveland, Okla. Studied accounting and commerce at the University of Oklahoma for three years. Two years R.O.T.C. Field Artillery at the University. Then Air Corps.

*******

NORTON, JOHN W. - Born, Petty, Texas, 1919. Schooled at Paris Jr. College, and University of Texas. Regrets leaving Texas. Would not have left for anything on this earth except the Air Corps. Add measles to his name and you have 41-H instead of the former 41-G. (Ed. Note - you cannot catch measles in Texas.)

*******

PARKIN, CHARLES A. JR. - Born in Tulsa, Okla. Grade and high schools there. Later attended Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. Affiliated there with Beta Theta Pi, Omicron Delta Kappa, and Skull and Bones. After which formidable array of Greek letters he left, finally, to lend his support to the oil game back home. Did the Betas at Vanderbilt have a lawn, Mr. Parkin?

*******

STALDER, FRED C. - Born 1920, Okeene, Okla. Schooling at Colgate. Entered the University of Oklahoma in 1938, and spent three years studying Geology; affiliated with Delta Phi and Kappa Kappa Psi. Swears by Oklahoma all the way. Plays the piano, as he says, "for my own amazement."

*******

THOMPSON, WILLIAM D. - Born 1917, Nevada, Mo. Somehow got to Oklahoma for his education which culminated with a degree in Chemical Engineering from Oklahoma A. & M. in 1940. Received upon graduating, a reserve officers commission in engineering. Worked for the Gulf Oil Co. as a Junior Production Engineer for a short time, then grew air minded enough to join the Air Corps.

*******

THREADGILL, RONALD ELMO - Born 1917, Franklin, Texas. But he lived anyway and moved to Oklahoma. High school at Mangum, Oklahoma, Junior College at the same place for two years. The following two years were spent at Southwestern where he was affiliated with The Bulls, and Alpha Phi Sigma. You must bellow for us sometime, Mr. T.

*******

TRAVIS, BUEL ASTOR - Born 1918 near Indianola, Okla. Attended grade and high school there. Colleges attended include Southeastern State, and Oklahoma University. Degree in Education from the University in June 1940.

*******

"Ah hopes They Lowers The
Entrance Requirements"

r/c Smith

WALKER, WM. REGINAL - Born 1914, Stillwater Okla. Attended High School, McAlester, Okla. Received a degree in Architecture from Oklahoma A. & M. in 1941. Worked for a time as a drafting architect in Texas City, Texas, where he frightened even himself with some of his conceptions. Hence the Air Corps.

*******

WATSON, CURTIS G. - Born 1914, LaMamar, Colorado. Attended Central State College in Edmond Oklahoma and showing promise as a C.A.A. flyer, decided to throw in his hand with Uncle Sam's birdmen. Chief machine gunner in the outfit he has 105 sea gulls and 5 navy planes to his credit.

*******

WHITE, EDGAR H. - Born 1914, Weaverville, California. Attended San Jose State College for three years and Law School for two and one half years. Forsook his law books to study the intricacies of our Ryan PT-20's. One of the three men who seem pleased about going to Moffett.

*******

WOOD, RICHARD M. - Born 1917, Glenpool, Oklahoma. Attended Northeastern State College and then became a math instructor in the Tahlequah Schools. The "professor" is known for his poker face and ready wit. Thinks he would like to navigate the big ships some day.

*******

WOODRING, DUGAN V. - Born 1918, Noble, Oklahoma. Attended the University of Oklahoma for four years as a Freshman and finally gave up and joined the Ryan Aces. Is one crackin' good pilot.

*******

YEAGER, SAM L. - Born in Vinita, Oklahoma in 1918. Lived around oil fields all his life and was formerly a welding inspector for Phillips Oil Co. Attended Oklahoma A. & M. until he got the call and signed up with the do or die boys.

*******

ZAVITZ, LEMUEL A. - Born 1919, Rapid City, South Dakota. Attended Tulsa University and Oklahoma University. Worked in the Tulsa National Bank for two years and after seeing too many picture shows on bank robberies, joined the Air Corps.

*******

WARMACK, ROSS W. - Born in Ada, Okla. in 1920. Attended Oklahoma A. & M. until he saw the pretty girl on the Army poster and decided to see what this flying cadet business was all about. Claims he has put more gray hairs in his instructor's head than any previous student.

*******

## A DODO'S LAMENT

I thought that I would never be,
A dodo lowly as a flea,
A dodo who when day is done,
Regrets that he ever heard of an
Upperclassman.

Pop-to, sound-off, do this, do that,
Who does he think he is, the rat,
Give class custom one, two, three or four.
It's worse than that for there are
Some more.

It teaches to be on the alert, they say
But everyone knows it's a heck of a way,
I'd rather lead a normal healthy life
Than go through all this misery and
Strife.

No open post for life to enjoy
Tears down ones spirits, his mind
Destroy,
Get up at five and clean the room,
With mop, dust cloth, polish and broom.

Keep your clothes both clean and neat,
Wear black and shiny shoes upon your
Feet,
Slick your hair in place to stay.

There is more that I could tell,
But it sounds too much like living in H
I say to you both friend and foe,
This is the life of a "never-happy"
Dodo.

- F/C W.F. Pfennig.

********

FLYING CADET DETACHMENT
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
Lindbergh Field, San Diego, California

April 17, 1941

GENERAL ORDERS )
NUMBER 19 )

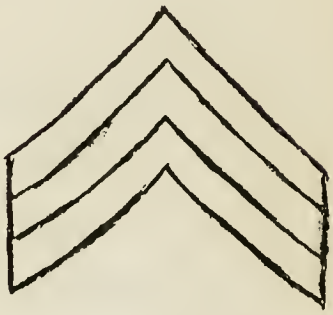
1. The following announcement of Flying Cadet Officers and non-commissioned officers of the Class of 41-H will become effective at 12 Noon, April 19, 1941:

TO BE FLYING CADET CAPTAIN

Flying Cadet Alexander J. Kisselburgh

TO BE FLYING CADET LIEUTENANTS

Flying Cadet Edgar H. White (Adjutant)
Flying Cadet Earl L. Bastian
Flying Cadet James B. Fishburn



TO BE FLYING CADET FIRST SERGEANT

Flying Cadet Gus Kitchens, Jr.

TO BE FLYING CADET SUPPLY SERGEANT

Flying Cadet George P. Ellington
* Flying Cadet Delmar D. Duskin

TO BE FLYING CADET PLATOON SERGEANTS

Flying Cadet Francis O. Cornish
Flying Cadet William D. Thompson
Flying Cadet Chester B. Kilpatrick, Jr.

TO BE FLYING CADET SERGEANTS

Flying Cadet James D. Monnett
Flying Cadet Jack Coleman
Flying Cadet Jean D. Jackson

TO BE FLYING CADET CORPORALS

Flying Cadet John E. Morse
Flying Cadet Don M. Grimwood
Flying Cadet George T. Grammas
Flying Cadet Fred C. Stalder
Flying Cadet Herbert B. Claunts
Flying Cadet Doyle C. Mc Gugin
Flying Cadet James B. Criswell
** Flying Cadet Lemuel R. Zavitz
Flying Cadet Wade E. Dobkins

Flying Cadet Officers and non-commissioned officers will rank in the order listed above.

* To replace F/C Howard A. Leeser
** To replace F/C Herbert B. Claunts

FORD M. MONROE
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets.

# W I N G S

When man first cast a curious eye at a bird in flight and began to aspire to similar freedom from earth, it was the graceful wing that caught his attention. With the passage of time and the conquering of the elements by man, winged insignia have become to the embryo pilot what the knightly spur was to the squire, a symbol of his hopes, the grail of his profession.

From the corners of this nation, students of flight have gathered to earn the right to wear these self same metallic feathers, symbolic of the brotherhood of the air. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, clerks, musicians, a very cross section of the opportunity of America, all with the same goal before their eyes, wings.

From the day the cadet enters training until the day he leaves, the vision of wings is never absent. In his daily life it constantly reappears. The line of man made wings is ever in the air; the splash of sun on golden wings in the sky; the word itself edging into every conversation, "When I get my wings..."

His training finished, the flyer receives the accolade of those silver wings. His goal attained, it is then left to him to justify possession of the token, to uphold the symbolism behind the wings as something real, vital, personal in his life. The true values of an aviator's life are then symbolized in the wings he wears. An aviator's credo? His Wings.

F/C W. E. McIntosh, Jr.

COURAGE

It's easy to laugh
When the battle's fought
And you know the victory's won;
Yes, easy to laugh
When the prize you sought
Is yours when the race is run;
But here's to the man
Who can laugh when the blast
of Adversity blows;
He will conquer at last.
For the hardest man
In the world to beat
Is the man who can laugh
In the face of defeat!

- F/C Jack Coleman

******

Dodo #1: "Say, this military has gone to Mr. Bastion's head."

Dodo #2: "How'dja mean?"

Dodo #1: "Caught him in the art gallery the other day presenting arms to Venus De Milo."

******

United

From border to border
From coast to coast,
The Flying Cadet takes
His post.

Anglo-Saxon, the Celt,
Nordic, Latin and Jew
Have answered the call
Of the Red, White and Blue.

Bloods of the World
That make up our nation
All sworn to defend
Our civilization.

Standing on guard
In this land of the free
Ready to train
For Democracy.

- F/C D. E. Eggleston

*******

Check-itis

It's lots of fun to sign your check
And that's as far as it goes.
Just where it went I'm still in doubt
I guess nobody knows.

It must have been for suits and socks
And all that insurance too.
It could have gone most anywhere
But anyway, it's through.

I remember when I first arrived
What the upperclass said.
"It's easy to get just what you want
But watch - - don't lose your head."

"Merely pick out the things you want
And this is what you say
I'm a flying cadet at Ryan School
Just take it out of my pay."

Now the upperclassmen were surely right
When they said don't lose your head
For the time goes fast
And your dough won't last.
Good advice. I'm going to bed.

- F/C E. L. Jackson

********

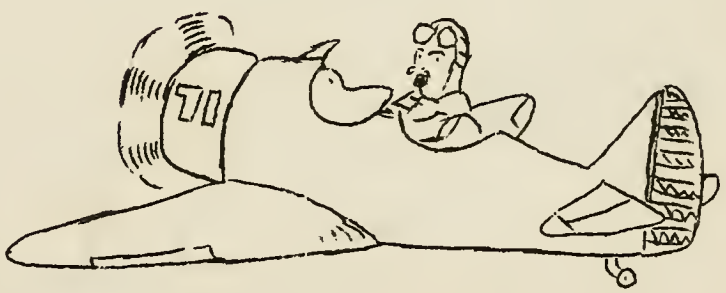
Then there's the time bugler Allen was reprimanded by the Captain. He was asked to play Taps, but he made a Mess of it.

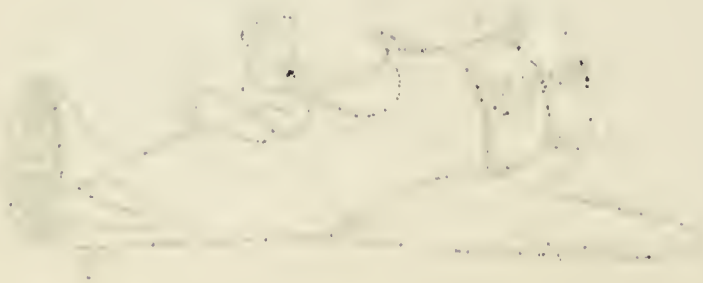
********

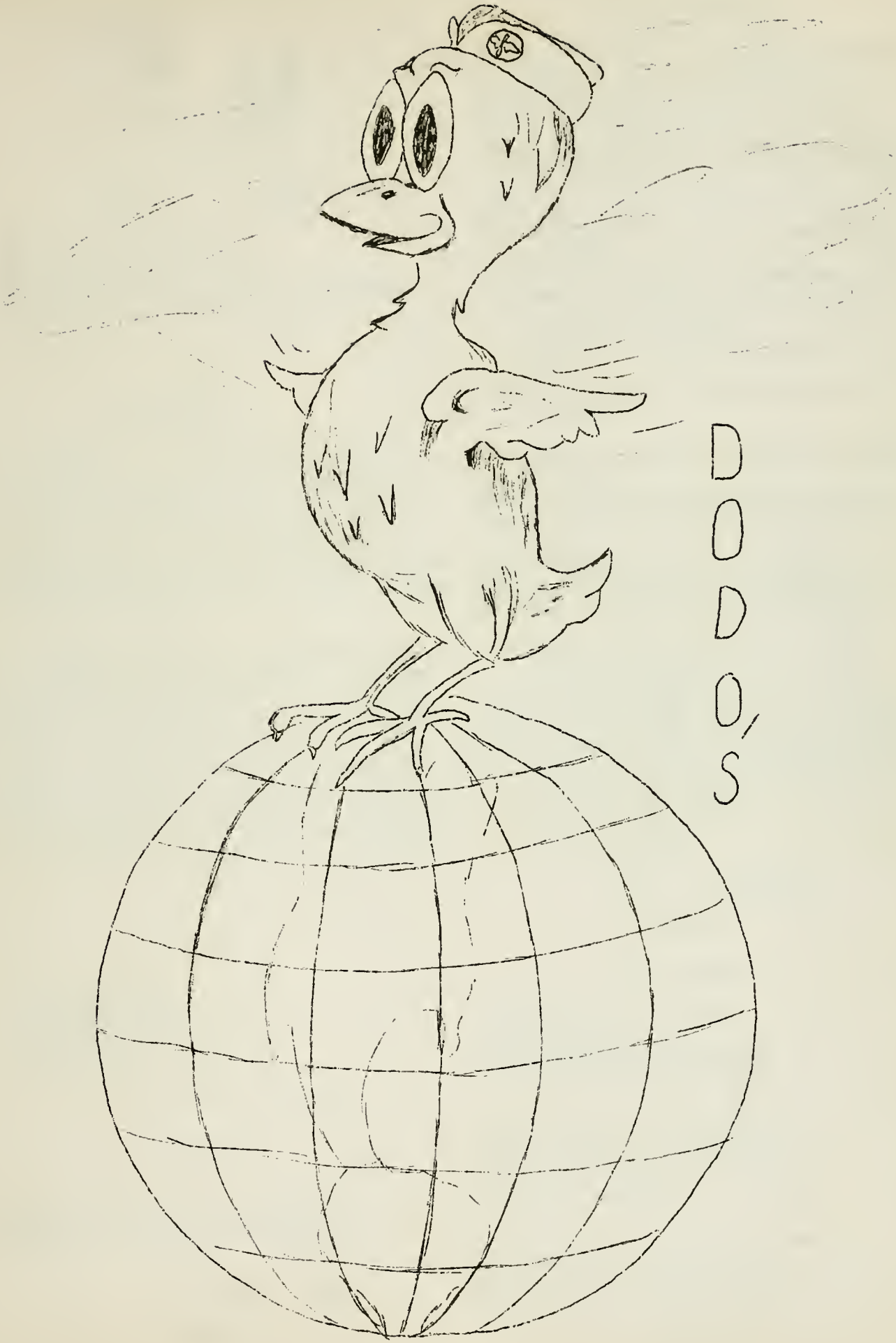
Raunchy: "Say what's this in my soup?"

Another: "Don't ask me. I don't know one insect from another."

********






DODO'S

Way out in California,
Out on the Pacific Coast
They make aeroplanes by the thousands
And train flyers by the gross.

*******

Here's Why

Sir, I am a flying cadet commonly referred to as an undignified Dodo. I have been popped-to so many times that I now have twelve chins, I have been stuck for shoes, sox, uniforms and dog tax; I have bought second-hand shoes, pants, Liberty Bonds, Baby Bonds and the bonds of matrimony.

I have drilled like the devil and have been drilled even harder, have been gigged and caused others to be gigged; lost all I had because I won't spend or lend all I earn and go beg, borrow or steal. I have been cussed and discussed, boycotted, talked to and talked about, held up, held down and almost ruined; and the only reason I am sticking around now is to see if I'll ever get to solo.

- F/C H. W. Potter

*******

See the happy Dodo
He doesn't give a d---
I wish I were a Dodo
Gosh, that's what I am!

-F/C H. W. Potter

*******

And then there was the Dodo who thought time bombs were bought on the cuff....

(Ed. Note - Sorry)

*******

The Laughing Dodo

I've lived a life of hardship and woe,
But now I'm just a laughing Dodo.
I can laugh, holler, sing, and play,
While the upper classman are away,
But when they return my play must end,
Because my duties as a Dodo begin again.

Once these upper classmen were busy men,
Yes, laughing Dodos if you don't under-
Stand,
Who liked to laugh, hum, sing and holler
To those great Texas men before them,
And now we follow.
They know that Texans will achieve their
Aim,
Because they have a heart, and oh yes,
A brain.

This bunch of upper classmen are trying
To be
Good, kind hearted gentlemen, you see.
They've tried so hard to achieve their
Aim
I hate to give them all the blame,
But they have made me write this verse
To avoid admitting that awful curse.

Now Uncle Sam gets credit for always
Coming through,
And I have to admit that this is true,
But the ending would not be so pleasant
If it weren't for those Oklahoma peasants.
Now gentlemen, of the lower class, I
Leave it up to you
This verse is very silly, but the words
Are very true.

- F/C C.C.Vaughan

*********

Life At Ryan

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly fish and a saurian
And holes where Dodos dwell.

A haze on the far horizon
And the infinite, tender sky;
The ripe, rich roar of the Ryans
As they go sailing by.

While above the crescent sea-beach
When the fog is low and thin
Into our hearts high yearnings to fly
Come swelling and surging in.

- F/C E. D. Tibbets

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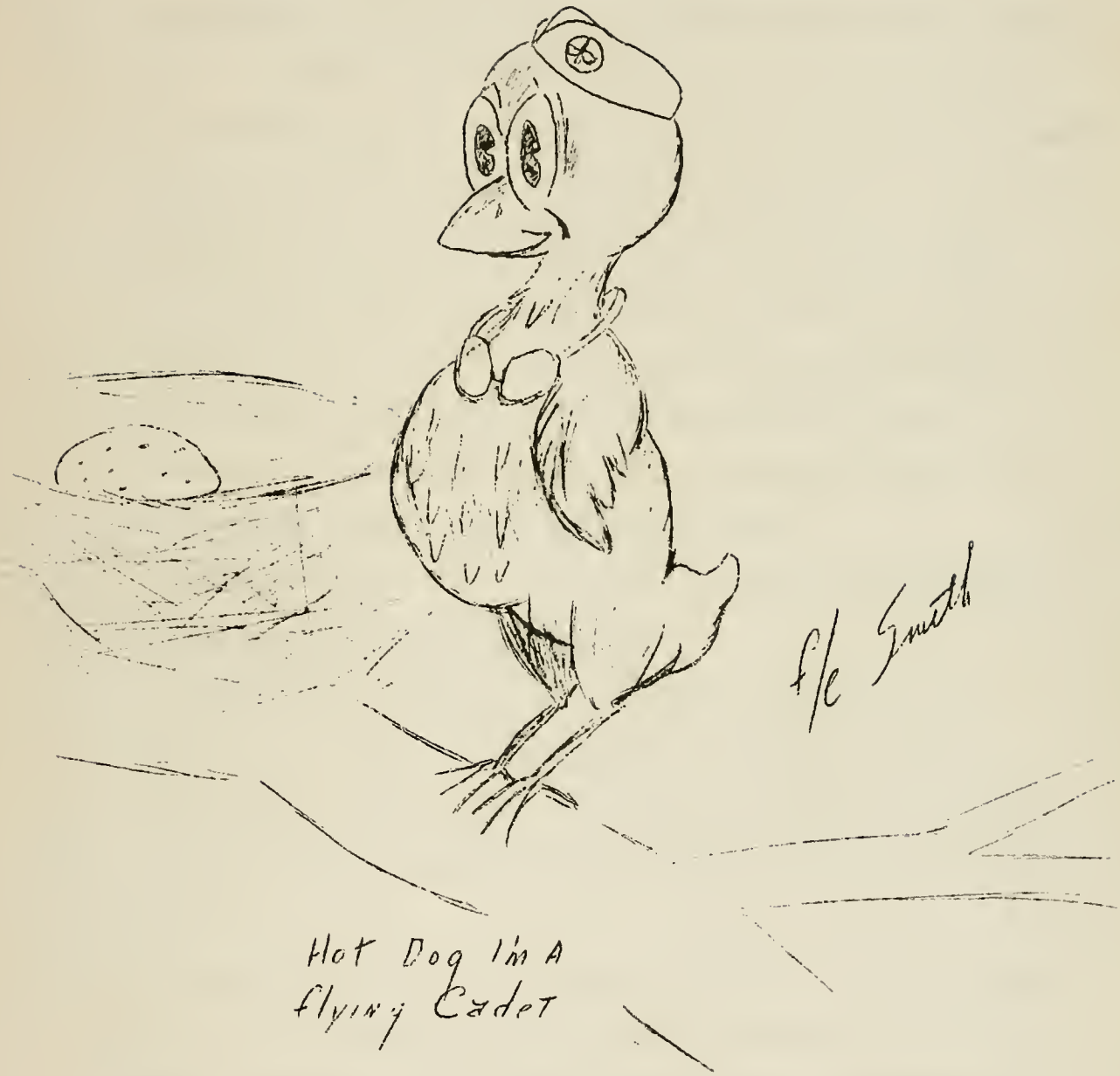
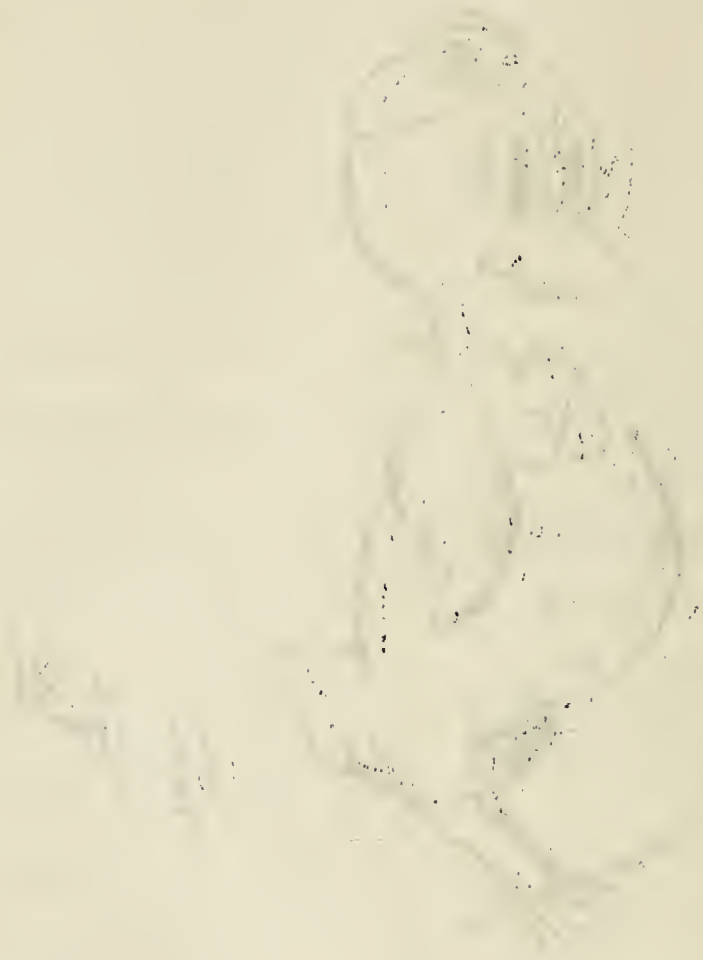



## APPOINTMENT



# OPEN POST

Fond memories already. Del Mar, that Shangrila of the cadet's imagination. La Jolla, with its blue Mediterranean coves. Tiajuana with the roulette wheels whirling, and perhaps El Toro going down in a cloud of dust, the sword hilt jutting from between his shoulders. Or did you see the bull fight? Perhaps Los Angeles for a week end of gawking at walking polo shirts and streamlined Hollywood women.

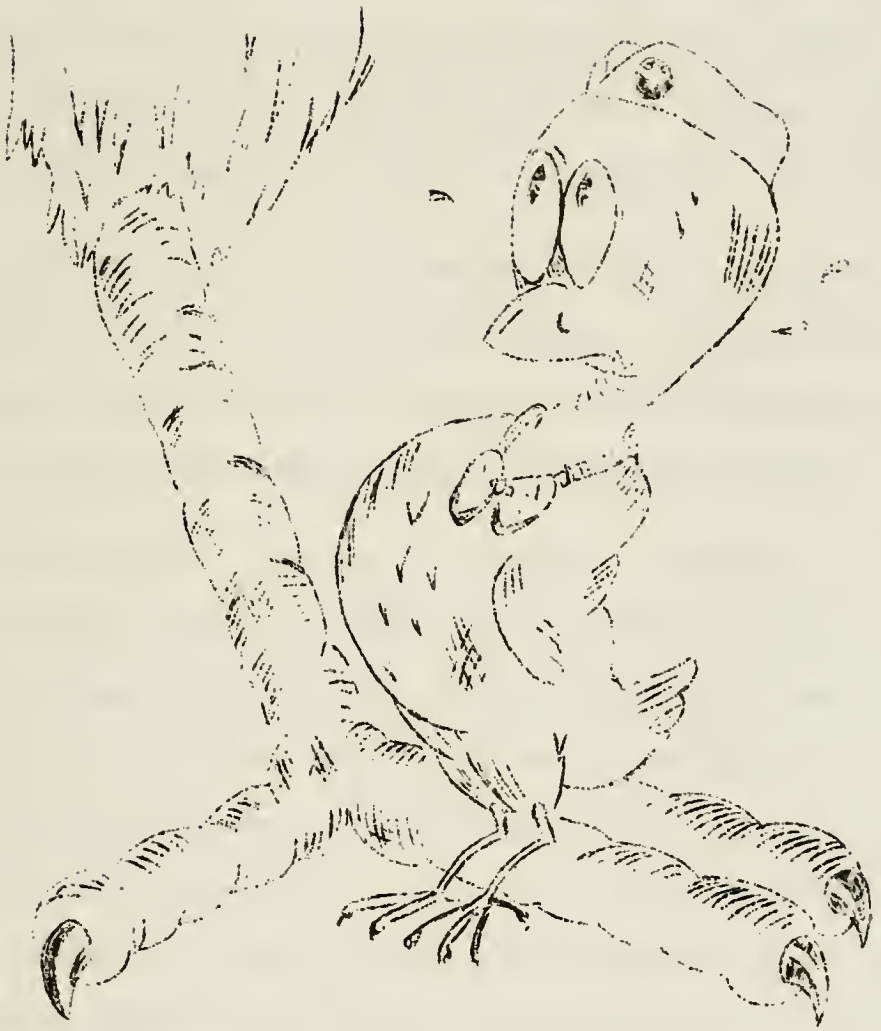
And then there's the unforgetable Sans Souchi Grill at the San Diego Club. Mecca for the Ryan Cadets. The Saturday night meeting place. Dark corners, Beer-Garden mugs on the walls; photographs of lynchings, famous actors, desparadoes of the past, Army Generals of the present, and handball teams.

Bradley's, too, down on the Plaza. Where all the navy rolled in with that blue water walk, and talk.

Movies, many of them, bowling -"and you gotta get 30 men signed up or you all can have open post. Lieutenant's orders." Dancing perhaps at the El Cortez Don Room. Romancing at Coronado. Or did yo go over? A week-end at Palm Springs before the season closed.

Maybe you actually went fishing off the Coast. That big blue fin tuna that got away... and the little sea bass you sold for a nickle. Badminton with the local belles. Parties on North Island. Were you in with the Navy crowd? Beach barbecues, too, at night. Hushed Pacific, low tide, waves murmuring, Spring night.

Do you remember?



Realization

E/a Smith

## - IN PARTING -

We have buried much of our old personalities here at Ryan. We carry on in a different role, now, that of a stranger to the somewhat bewildered person who arrived covered with Oklahoma dust three short months ago. Whether we go back to civilian life, or on to Moffett, the mark of change is strangely with each of us.

Here has been an episode from life not to be forgotten. Colorful, dynamic, uncompromising, demanding, different. So different that we all look at previous standards somewhat askance. For standards have changed, and we have changed with them.

Three months: Individuals, with all the quirks and peculiarities of individuality at the beginning, and now -- though we'll not say it <u>was</u> a miracle -- miraculously we all have a broader concept of how to live. We of 41-H, having been thrown so closely together, having shared the same disappointments, the pleasures so intimately, realize now the feeling of a common bond between us. That, surely, is a vital adjunct to the esprit de corps so much a reality in the Army Air Corps. We have liked it here at Ryan; we shan't forget it. Not one of us.

Ugh! go Moffet Now.

37 96

# Windsock

JULY 1941 • • SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

Windsock
41-I
Ryan School of
Aeronautics.....
San Diego, California

# WINDSOCK

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WINDSOCK

# INTRODUCTION

Perhaps you remember, you of 41-I, the day you arrived here at Ryan....to the folks and fellows back home, you practically had your wings already....to the cold and clammy doubts that rested like a tangible weight upon your stomach you bid begone in your sternest manner.

Some of us knew we knew how to fly; others of us knew we didn't know the first principles about it. The past ten weeks have served as a great leveler to both, and now from a common status we, all of us, realize we have a mission which we have only begun to fulfill. Each of us realized the infinite excellence of a unit and a tradition of which we hope and shall endeavor to become a part, and that our training here is but a small step, but in the right direction.

And perhaps you remember the first open post, when orientation was just begun....and that military haircut....and the blitzcloth....and you remember the pop-to, and the ice-cream poems....La Jolla and Mission Beach....and the drilling.

And that Saturday each Upperclassman came through the ranks with a firm and friendly handshake....and perhaps your eyes too were hazy with a moist film as he wished you "Happy Landings"....in your heart was a vow which caused you to mumble almost inaudibly, "I'll do my best, sir." Recognition Day. And we were upperclassmen.

And when the Dodos arrived....and the thirty hour checks and snaprolls....??

Yes, we remember those ten weeks.

It makes interesting and poignant revelry. Retrospect is like that. We will remember, but in remembering we will not forget that our greatest task and the fulfilling of our greatest trust lies ahead, not behind us. In basic and beyond, ours is a determination to

KEEP 'EM FLYING!!

July 1, 1941

To classes 41-I and 42-A:

Current and past classes of Army Air Corps cadets who have trained at the Ryan School have represented the majority of states west of the Mississippi River. These men, whether they hail from metropolitan areas or rural districts, come here with a natural feeling of pride in the community they call "home".

It is interesting to occasionally overhear the cadet discussions regarding the outstanding merits of Texas, Oklahoma, or some other state. The individual interest in these communities is not dependent upon the size of the town, its industrial capacity, or the parking congestion on Main Street. Home and enthusiastic devotion to it is represented by the friends one has left behind. It is only natural that each cadet should argue long and lustily for the merits of the community which has befriended him for a period of years.

These cadets spend approximately ten weeks in training with us in San Diego or Hemet. We hope when they leave that they will carry with them through future years a warm remembrance and a feeling of loyal interest in California, San Diego, and the Ryan School of Aeronautics.

These cadets who train under our direction either at San Diego or at Hemet are forevermore in our estimation members of the Ryan School family. Their future progress, their successes, and their tribulations, if any, will be of concern to us and to the instructors who have had the responsibility of guiding their destinies during this important ten week period.

Earl D. Prudden
Vice President

# PERSONNEL IN AVIATION

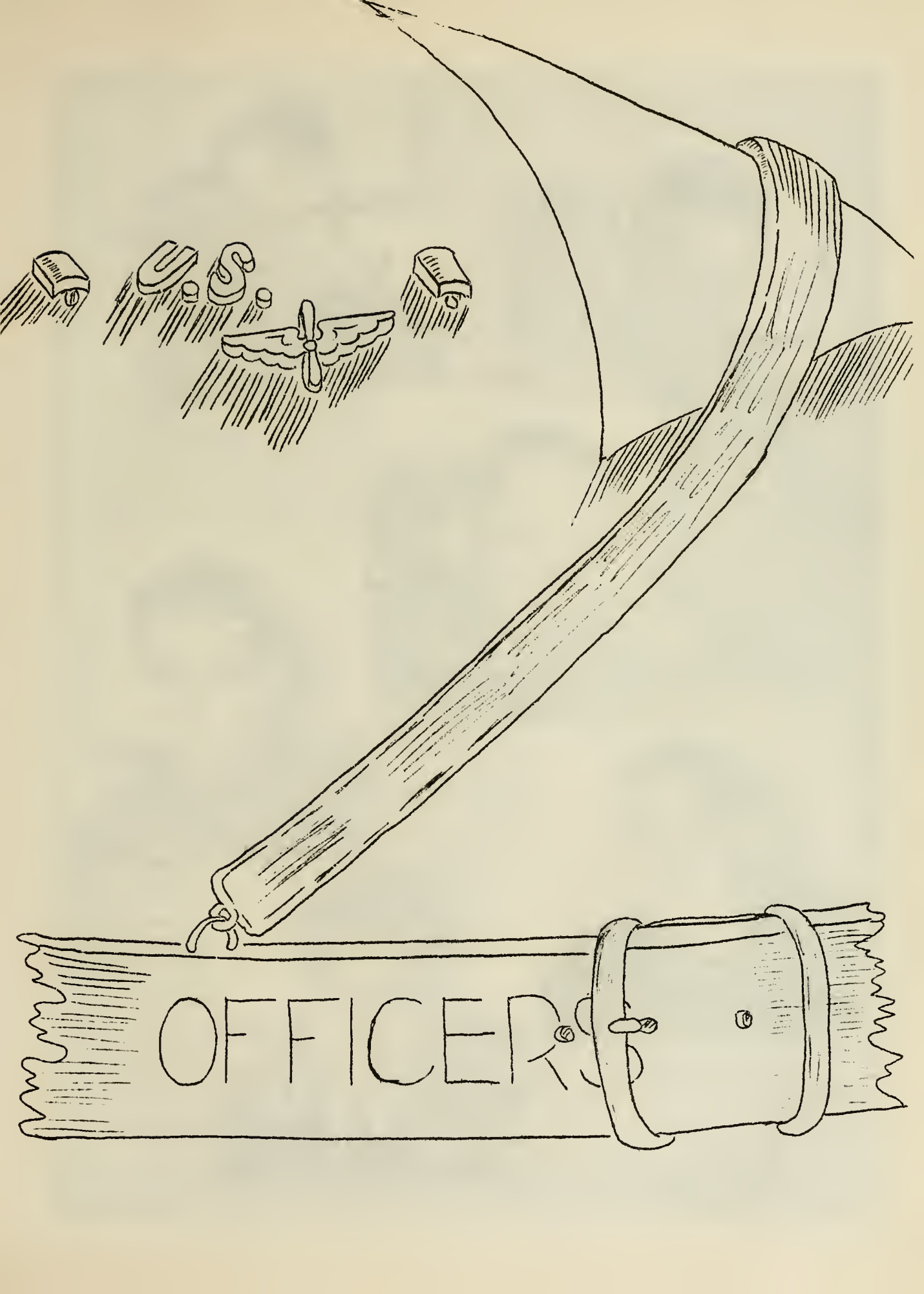
Since 1922, when T. Claude Ryan founded the original Ryan Flying School, the function of the Ryan School of Aeronautics has been to furnish the aviation industry with highly qualified trained personnel. Two decades ago, when pilots were classified as daring, death-defying and sometimes foolhardy by the public, Ryan training was concentrated on producing safe pilots.

Today, with the development of aircraft and operating technique to previously unattainable standards, we find even greater need for more exacting training to accomplish our ends. The aircraft from the standpoint of actual flying, is simpler due to more reliable response to the controls. The engine, on the other hand, has become more complicated in view of the higher specific horsepower developed and the greater total horsepower available. Operating economy, scarcely a thought twenty years ago, is a matter of considerable concern both for military and commercial pilots. The development of meteorology is allowing safe flights to proceed under conditions that formerly were considered foolhardy and dangerous. The pilot is assisted in this by more accurate and thorough navigation procedure in part made possible by the development and extension of radio aids.

The important part that the Ryan School of Aeronautics has been privileged to play in this development of technique is evidenced by the choice of the Army Air Corps by including this school in the original group selected for extension of the Primary Training Program. Of equal significance was the selection of the Ryan ST as the first low wing monoplane used by the Army Air Corps for primary training.

The success of the Ryan School of Aeronautics in meeting modern conditions and developments would be impossible without the earnest application and interest of commercial students and Army Flight Cadets alike. The class of 41-I is to be congratulated on the successful completion of this important primary training in which the Ryan School of Aeronautics is proud to play a part. You will find as your career progresses, that the prescribed training, both technical and flight, developed under the guidance of the Army Air Corps will become more valuable and serve to make your attainments more substantial. May we look forward to meeting you on future visits to San Diego for the opportunity of sharing your attainments. Your success is the fulfillment of the most important phase of modern aviation, the adequate training of properly qualified personnel in aviation.

Joel M. Whitney
Registrar


U.S.
OFFICER'S

OFFICER

D.W. Haarman - 1st Lt. A.C.
_Commanding Officer_

O.R. Brown - Major M.C.
_Flight Surgeon_

F.M. Monroe - 1st Lt. A.C.
_Adjutant and
Commandant of Cadets_

M.H. Carleton - 2nd Lt. A.C.
_Operations and
Engineering Officer_

C.E. Danner - 2nd Lt. A.C.
_Assistant Commandant of Cadets_

R.G. Dorenberger - 1st Lt. M.C.
_Assistant to Flight Surgeon_

# HERE'S TO YOU

To you of Class 41-I, I want to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the fine record you have made during this very difficult and important phase of your training -- the primary stage. You have set an excellent record in your flying and ground school work and your cadet detachment life. You are over the first and highest hurdle in your course towards a commission in the Air Corps.

We have tried to encourage and assist you in developing a combination of safe flying habits and a strict military bearing. During your training on Basic and Advanced you will have ample facilities for developing your flying technique and military manners. You will be placed more and more on your own initiative. You will be expected to reach a very high degree of proficiency in your work, and you will soon realize - if you have not already - that your degree of success is entirely up to you.

We have always been justly proud of the fine record set by the Cadets who have completed their training under our guidance. Many of them are now officers in the Air Corps and are carrying on the best traditions of the Service. We have every hope and reason to believe that you will continue with the high scores not only during the rest of your training, but throughout your careers as officers. We are vitally interested in your success.

In order to insure that you continue to give yourself every opportunity to succeed and rate high in your training course, a few recommendations are in order. Most of all, be very strict with yourself. Set a high standard for your flying proficiency and never be careless for an instant or waste even a moment's time. You will all experience many difficulties; try to analyze your mistakes and develop your initiative. Train yourself to keep cool, relaxed, and keep your mind and body alert. Take every opportunity for healthful diversion from the rigid routine of training.

Keep on your toes, work hard, get everything out of this priceless opportunity. Here's wishing you a most successful future as a student and officer of the Army Air Corps.

DONALD W. HAARMAN
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commanding

# LOOK IN THE MIRROR

Gentlemen of Class 41-I, it is my sincere regret that it has not been possible for us to have more time together during the ten weeks you have spent here while receiving your primary training. This regret is for two reasons: First, I should like to have had time to pass along to you more of the excellent advice that I have, as a young officer, received from time to time from my superiors; Second, because I have enjoyed every moment of my association with you. I have found you to be intelligent, willing to learn, cooperative, and in general, to use the time-worn expression, "The Cream of the Crop".

Since we are obliged, under the present intensive program of training to make the most of every moment spent at the primary school, I have tried to instruct you briefly in the most important fundamentals of your military training, however, there is much more to being a good officer than just to know how to drill, or to fly, or to instruct.

If I can leave with you one sound thought that will help to guide you to further success as Army Officers, I shall feel that by writing this little note I have accomplished something worthwhile. The advice which I will try to give you in the succeeding paragraphs is not entirely original with me, nor with any individual, but has been gathered through the years by mature officers who seek to guide their young successors through simple and straight forward counsel, in the ways of the most honorable profession extant, the profession of arms as exemplified by Officers of the Army of the United States.

I should like to discuss with you briefly one of the most important responsibilities of an Officer, namely Leadership.

The Officer may know his drill book, he may be an Aviator par excellence, but his ultimate success will depend largely upon the exhibition of certain personal characteristics without which he commands the actions of his men themselves, but not their respect and enthusiasm. Leadership is made up of loyalty, consideration of others, and dignity without vanity or presumption.

Leadership is of importance in any undertaking whose success is dependent upon human cooperation. In general, it may be said that leadership is the art of imposing one's will upon others in such a manner as to command their obedience, their confidence, their respect, and their whole-hearted willing cooperation.

The qualities of a good leader may be summarized as follows:

1. A dominant sense of duty.
2. Superior professional ability.
3. Utmost sense of honesty and justice.
4. Unquestioned moral and physical courage.
5. High moral character.
6. HUMANNESS.

It is quite obvious that a thorough discussion of each of these qualities would require much more time and space than I have been allotted, so let us just consider Leadership through Humanness.

I have entitled this little article "Look in the Mirror" - do that occasionally, gentlemen, and try to see what is behind that "stern, bronzed, visage" that you like to see reflected. Do you see sincerity or shallowness? - Do you see reflected those qualities you hope to see in YOUR leaders?

While by virture of your rank and authority you will at all times be in a position to enforce your will upon those under you, it will be well to forget this fact. Depend upon yourself, your ability, your personality. Keep rank and authority in the background. In the words of Emerson, "Be yourself," be human, with all of the interest, the sympathy, the pride and satisfaction in your men that you take in your best friends. Remember that they are the people who make or break your reputation as an officer; make them your friends. You don't have to descend from your rank or position to do this. Your men know that your rank is always back of you, but don't lean on it.

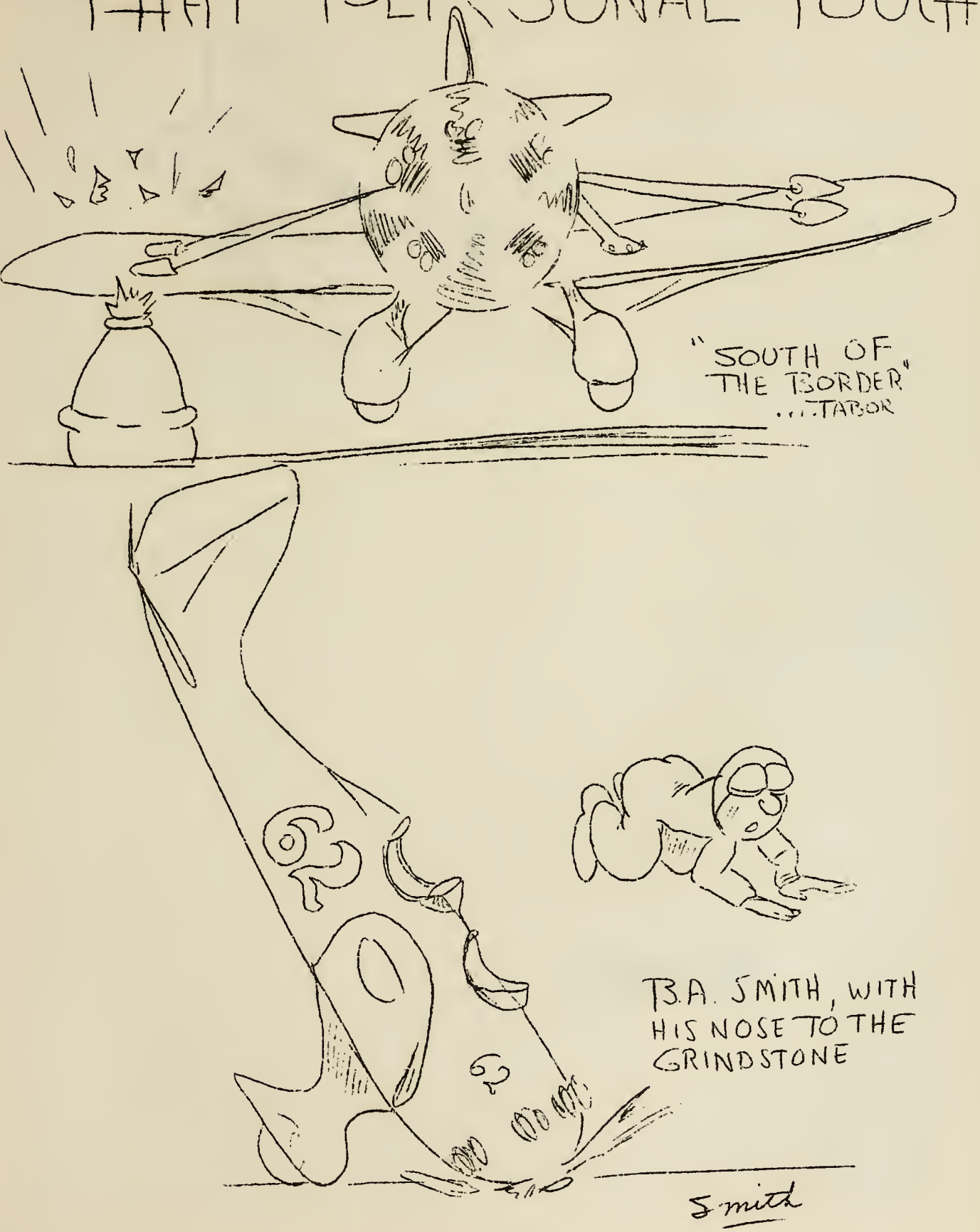
You will be superior in education, training and social status to most of the men under you. You know it; they know it. They recognize that you have had superior advantages, but you must never make the mistake of letting them know that you know it. Bear in mind always that they are human, that they have a human allowance of pride in themselves; they know their own weaknesses and deficiencies and are therefore all the quicker to resent anything that savors of being patronized. Don't make the mistake of trying to "high-hat" them, because, in the first place, it is foolish and unnecessary, and in the second place, you cannot get away with it.

A great deal has been said at one time or another about the importance of a knowledge of psychology and of phychiatry in a leader. Many of the greatest leaders lived and died before these subjects had been developed. However, insofar as either or both of these subjects will aid you in understanding human nature and in dealing successfully with human beings, they will be of value to you. Insofar as the study of psychology will enable you to understand the normal reactions of men, collectively and individually, when laboring under the emotions to which all of us are subject alike, and to cope successfully with these reactions, it will be of value to you. Insofar as psychiatry will enable you to penetrate the thoughts of the abnormal individual, discover his troubles, and aid him in dispossessing himself of them, it will be of value. In general, the chief value of both to you should be in enabling you to put yourself in the other man's place, understand how given conditions affect him, and then act accordingly.

Finally, cultivate a reasonable sense of humor. Lack of a sense of humor in a man is worse than a disease, because a disease affects only the man who has it, whereas a lack of a sense of humor is a wet blanket over all who come in contact with him. Don't be afraid to laugh with your men. On proper occasions, don't be afraid to make them laugh. It will only go to show that you are human. It will serve in the beginning to break the ice between you, and in the end to cement the bonds that hold them to you.

Ford M. Monroe
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets

# THAT PERSONAL TOUCH

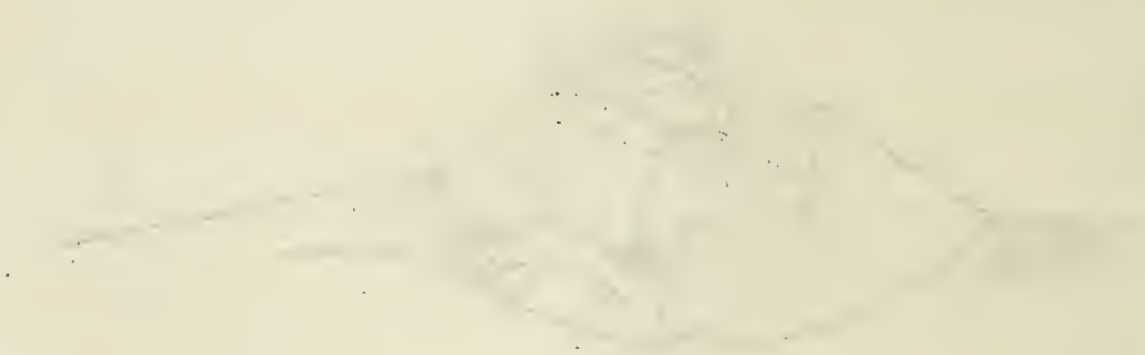


INSTRUCTORS

Now that you members of Class 41-I have flown through these short and fully packed ten weeks, haven't they gone streaking by just as the ground does on a slightly "hot" landing?

The time has gone just as quickly for us as it has for you, and it leaves us feeling much like a sailor who comes into port, makes friends, and then after a brief stay, must leave. It has been a great pleasure to have known you, taught your classes, and to have seen you advance. Best wishes for a long and pleasant flying career.

- Stewart Matson



# FUNDAMENTALS OF FLYING

This subject, as you must realize, covers considerable ground, and from the standpoint of simplicity, the material contained herein will deal only with certain important phases of the subject as a whole.

From an analytical point of view, we should always have full realization that there are four basic fundamentals to flying technique, namely: straight and level, the climb, the glide and turn. All flying technique consists of one or combinations of several of these basic fundamentals. Execution of such training maneuvers as chandelles, lazy eights, pylon eights, etc. (which consist of combinations of the basics) will not be satisfactory if any weakness exists in your ability to perform in respect to any one of the fundamentals. For that reason, it is impossible to over-stress the importance of first gaining suitable proficiency in basic flying technique, before expecting to derive normal progress through practice of composite maneuvers.

Such maneuvers are primarily intended to improve and provide a check on your ability to execute the fundamentals, when attention is diverted, to a great extent, from the actual handling of the airplane. When proficiency has been attained in the performance of such afore-mentioned maneuvers as chandelles, lazy eights and others, it is a reasonable indication that your basic flying technique is sound, fundamentally speaking.

By experimentation and through experience, gained over a period of years, the most productive and satisfactory course of flight instruction has been devised, which means that each maneuver and its sequential order (in combination with all relative factors) has in itself, a definite purpose for being incorporated in flight training procedure. Each maneuver embodies the application of principles involved in, or the practice obtained from, the performance of the preceding maneuvers undertaken. Without sufficient application, relative to analyzation of the principles involved and extended as new maneuvers are added, you are apt to experience unusual difficulty in execution, principally due to lack of basic understanding or consideration of the fundamentals.

The term "fundamentals" as applied to flying should also be considered to include such other factors as safe flying conduct, good headwork, physical ease, mental alertness, complete application, and many others. All are a definite and vital part of proper piloting.

In order to emphasize, in a subtle way, various fundamentals or rather the lack of fundamentals, the following will consist of a resume of a student flight, which I am sure you will agree with me, is not indicative of any thought, on the part of the pilot, to our subject (fundamentals). (Any similiarity to persons living or deceased is purely co-incidental).

> The student pilot, Mr. Zing, is one of those particular individuals who in his own mind has cleverly developed new ideas to supplement the accepted technique of flying when training. (And those ideas are indeed unclassified). For the particular flight we are observing, Mr. Zing has nonchalantly placed himself in the airplane as usual, he has inhaled and exhaled the cool air deeply, content in the fact that he is the master of the ship and that it will obey his slightest command. (He is glad that the instructor will not

be a part of this flight, since way back in the inner sanctums of his mind, he feels that the instructor at times, actually impedes his expression of flight ability)...As usual when he starts to taxi out, he argues with the throttle for a moment wondering why the plane does not move, and then remembers that he has not released the parking brake. His taxying to the take-off strip is work of art from the standpoint of uncontrolled muscular action and finesse. Mr. Zing's take-off is entirely one of his own design (after bending the throttle ahead of the forward stop). It (the take-off) would remind an observer of s'ing on the road executed on the ground. He explains that by such dexterious action on the rudder, he limbers up the leg tendons in anticipation of zooming into space.... He gains altitude by climbing turns (no rudder use) and thereby proves to himself that the use of rudder is not necessary during such a flying condition.--And after all it feels kind of good being pressed from one side of the cockpit to the other. By such motion, he contends, better blood circulation is induced in his seating facilities (anatomically speaking).

Upon reaching an altitude of 3,000 feet(by his own calculation even though the altimeter violently disagrees with him) he again inhales and exhales deeply, beats himself on the chest (he's tough and plenty good and he knows it) and decides that now is the time for a few of those masterful chandelles a La Zing. And indeed they were (what they were, we don't know). After analyzation, we conclude that during Mr. Zings' four so-called executions of chandelles he cleverly included two accidental stalls, a partial snap, and a beautiful vertical reversement. He seems to be still under the impression that proper stick and rudder pressures are not near as important (and exciting) as the ability to inadvertantly include various and sundry other maneuvers during a single execution, and he just loves accidental stalls for they seem to stimulate the muscular coordination between his brain and his limbs (and when we say muscular, it pertains totally to the brain, in this case). He progresses to lazy eights and the results are simply amazing. They are practically perfect (his own impression) and he feels that had his instructor been along his (the instructor's) hair would have stood on end (with envy). Mr. Zing credits this unusual proficiency in the performance of lazy eights to the fact that he has cultivated the ability to move the stick rapidly in four directions all at one time (similiar to churning butter) in combination with smooth steady rudder pressures (full ahead in one direction, then full ahead in the other). Now when it comes to spins, very few could compete with Mr. Zing. Just prior to the actual stall during entry, he suddenly yanks the stick back into his stomach which produces a new nose attitude of a near vertical position, at the same time jamming the rudder full ahead. He feels that in this manner, he is always sure of a <u>definite</u>, <u>positive</u> entry. Usually after two turns, he has recovered from his black-cut, at which time he then jams

the stick full ahead, and full opposite rudder, and then full back stick again (the rudder is still in; he's forgotten that). Now a summary of the results: He states that his intentions were to recover after the first two oscillations, but since two more turns in the opposite direction were coupled into it--well anyway, he experiences double results from one execution and its a wonderful time saver. We might mention that he has definitely decided against there being any necessity that he bother with observation for other aircraft when practicing. They are supposed to be observing and why should he bother to enlarge his neck muscles; it would only be repetition and irrevelant. He has returned to the field (thank goodness) and after three consecutive landings in one, he is now back to the parking line. Before leaving his ship, he ponders and mediates over the fact that his instructor finds so many faults with his flying and yet he himself (Mr. Zing) knows how expertly he performs on solo flights.

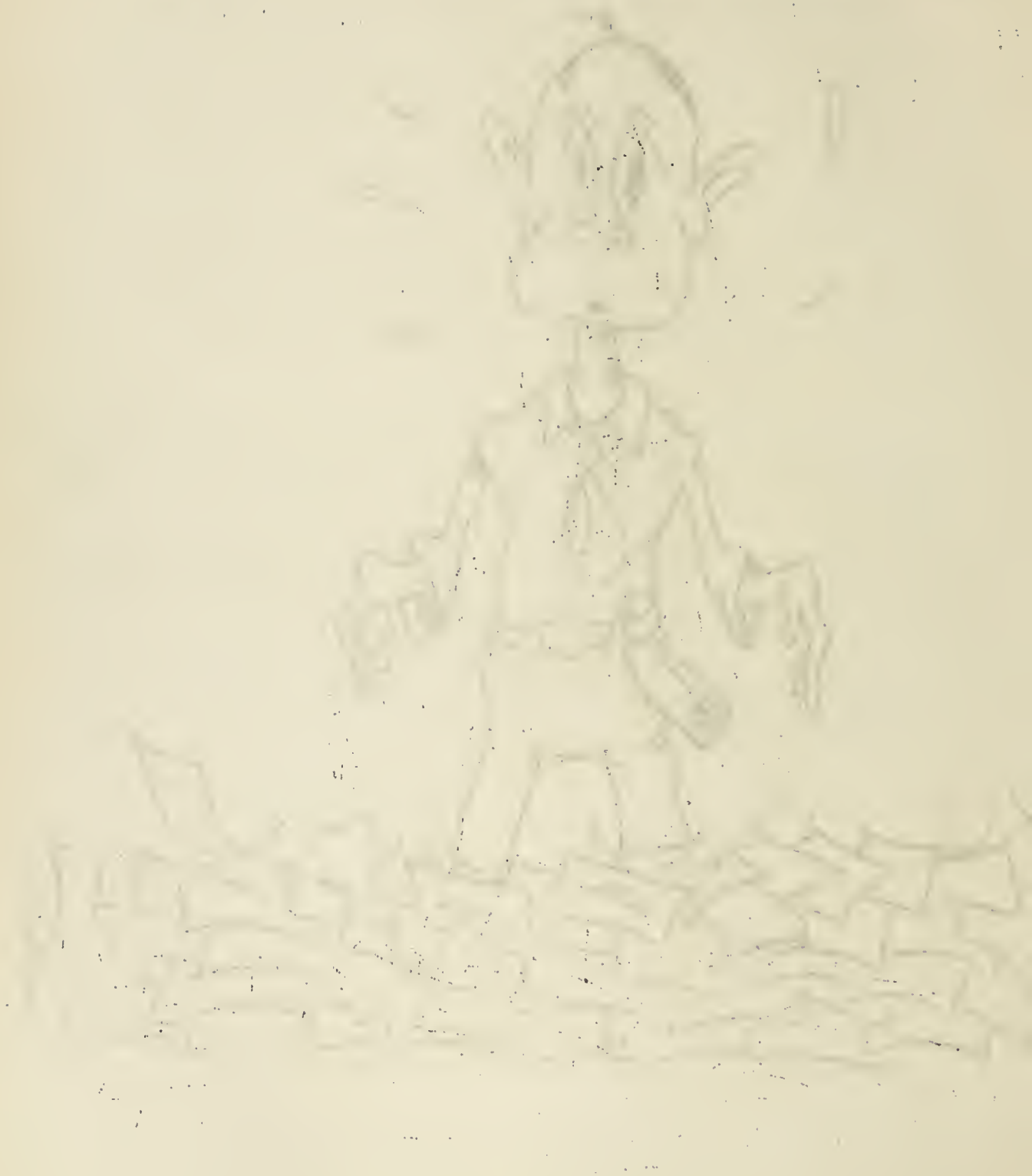
As was previously stated (before starting this resume of an astounding flight) certain factors have been exaggerated and other emphasized. However, as all of you probably realize by now (I hope), this resume was a means to an end.

Let's always remember that the consideration of the many fundamentals are essential to productive flight training, and without their inclusion as a built-in part of your flying technique, it is not possible to visualize a competent pilot being a resultant.

Application is all it takes and may all of you continue to give "all out" application to your chosen profession; that of being a capable military pilot.

R. J. Kerlinger
Director of Flying

Holy Smoke!
Which way is the wind-from, Mr. Therrian?

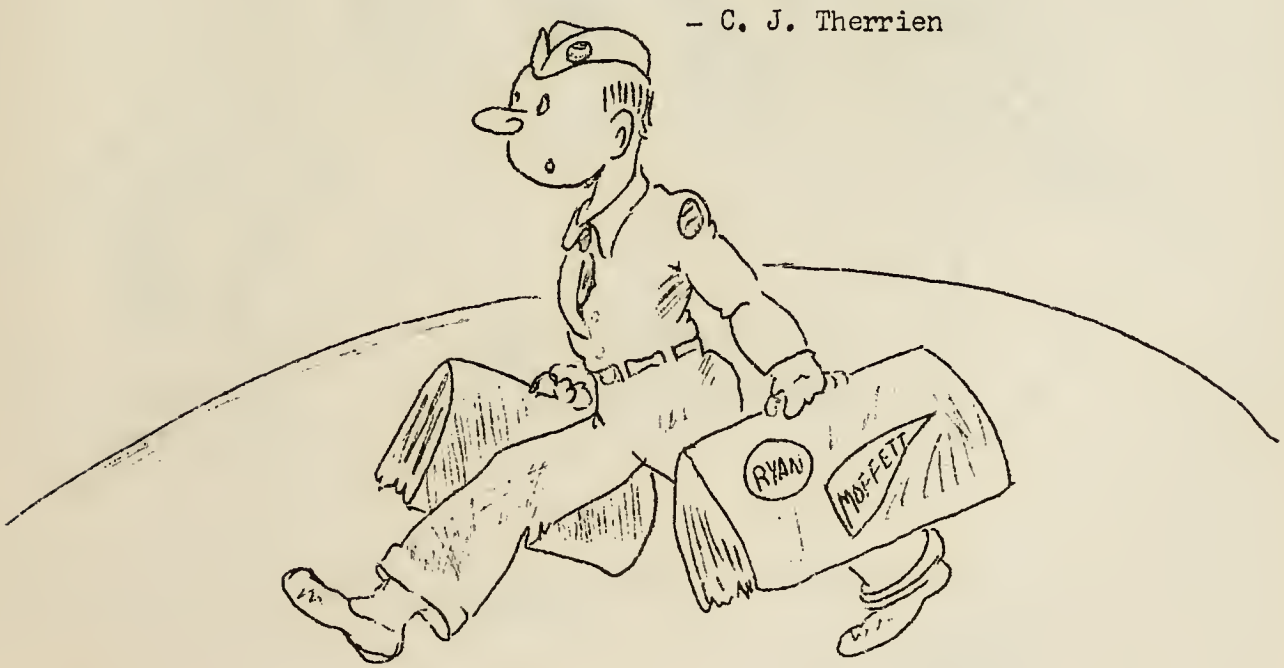


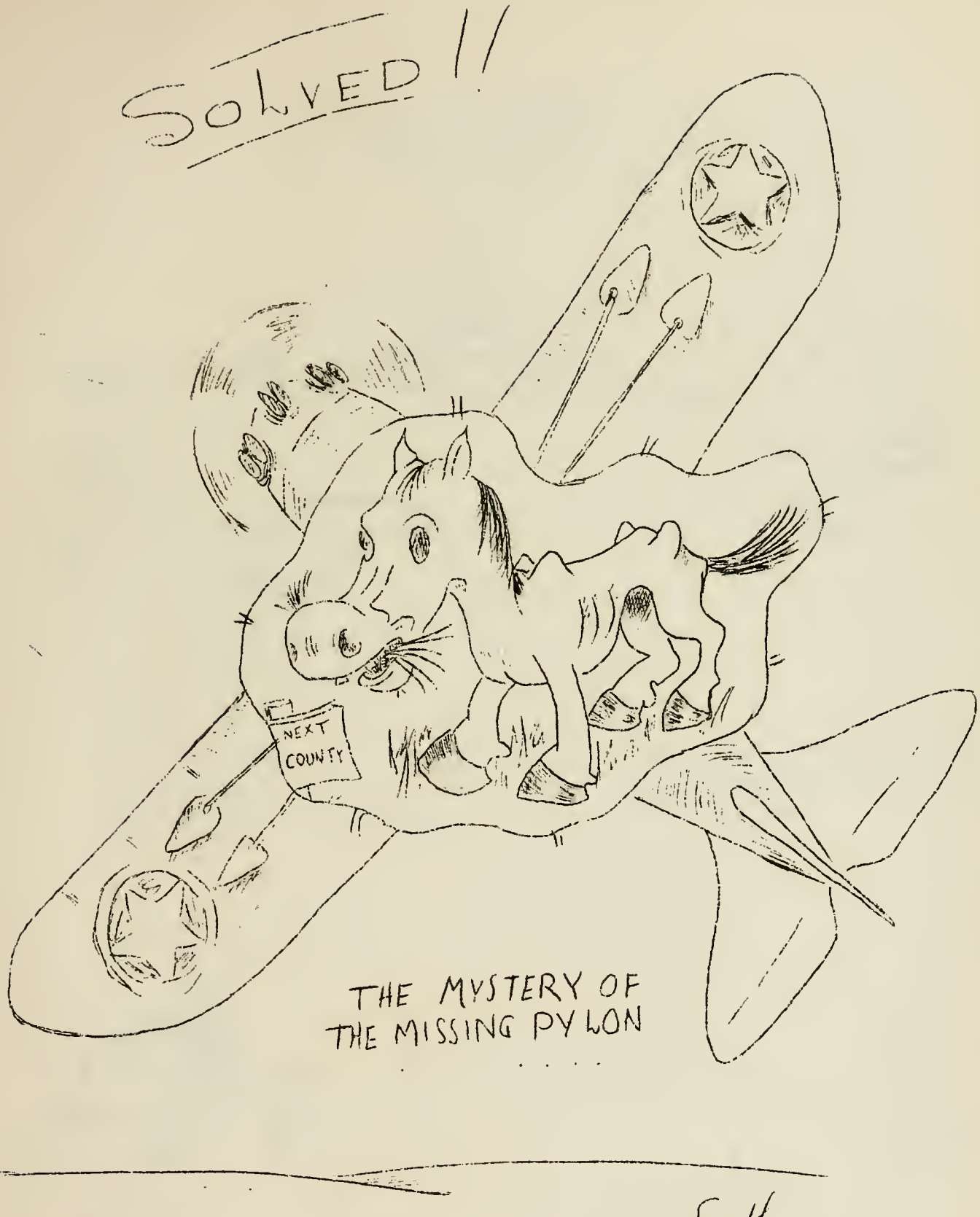
Well, gentlemen, here we are at the end of your primary training period, and those well earned congratulations are in order. I can look across the office from my desk and see your pictures on the identification board -- and the remarkable change from the overall clad "dodo" of ten weeksvago, to the smiling, confident upperclassman of today is readily apparent.

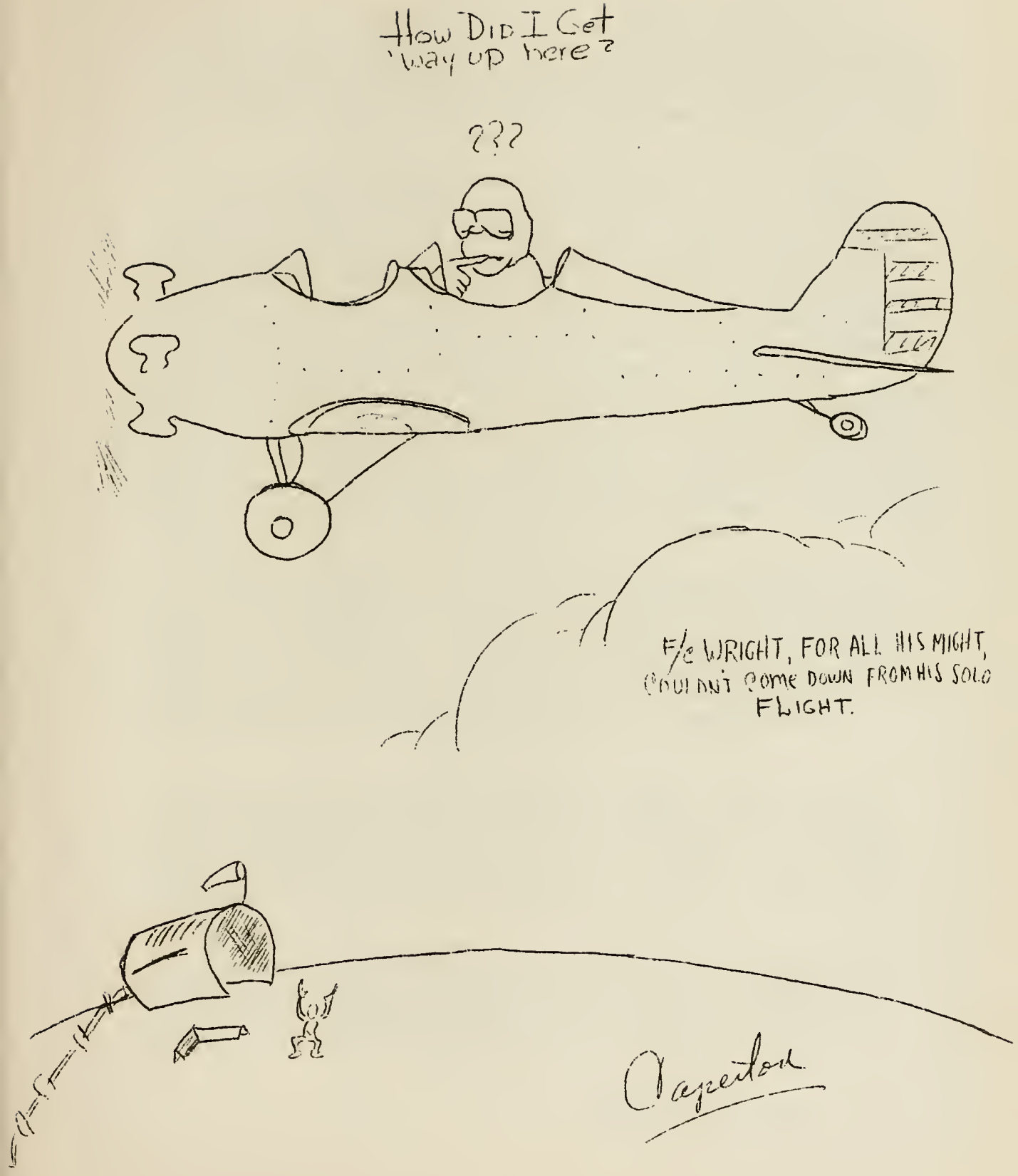
Your ground instructor's work is not just one class after another, for each class has a definite personality of its own, as had 41-I, and that "class personality" of 41-I has made our brief association most pleasant.

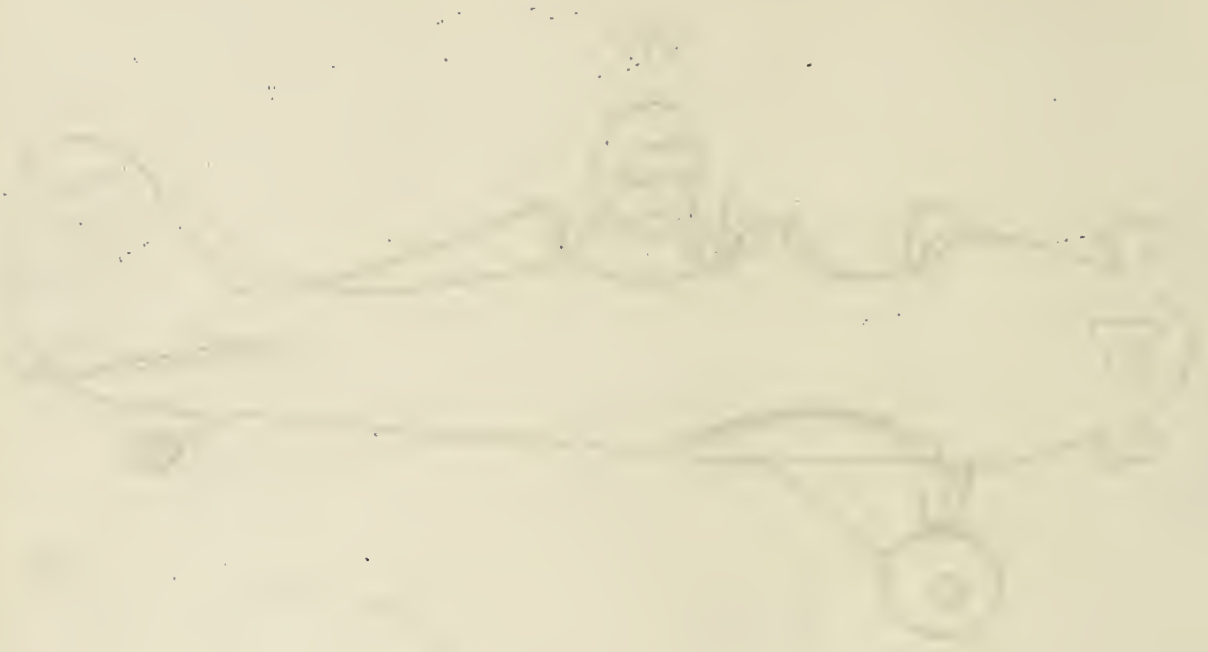
We are sincerely proud of the part we have had in your training, and I should like to take this opportunity to say to each of you - "Congratulations! .....and.....Happy Days!"

- C. J. Therrien




Solved !!
NEXT COUNTY
THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING PYLON
Smith


How Did I Get 'way up here?
???
F/C WRIGHT, FOR ALL HIS MIGHT, COULDN'T COME DOWN FROM HIS SOLO FLIGHT.



# WATCHDOGS OF SAFETY

While you are here at Ryan for your primary training, your instructors are teaching you to fly in the most efficient and in the safest manner. While you are learning to fly, the manufacturers of the planes which you will fly are doing their best to provide you with the most efficient and the safest airplanes that they can produce. To aid in this effort, they employ research engineers.

The research engineers have a threefold job. Their primary purpose is to act as watchdogs over the quality of the materials and parts that go into the airplanes. In the laboratories, there are machines which can exact a crushing or a tensile force as great as two hundred thousand pounds and which can measure this force accurately to within twenty five pounds. There are machines which can simulate all the conditions of flight, so that the instruments used in the planes may be checked and calibrated. There are pumps for testing hydraulic equipment that can pump a pressure of ten thousand pounds per square inch. There are also ovens, called bombs, which can age rubber seven years in forty eight hours. In addition to these standard production testing machines, every day new machines are being designed and built by the research engin eers to test new parts which are being designed by the design engineers. These tests assure the manufacturer that the strength of these parts is such that they will not fail when incorporated in the airplane.

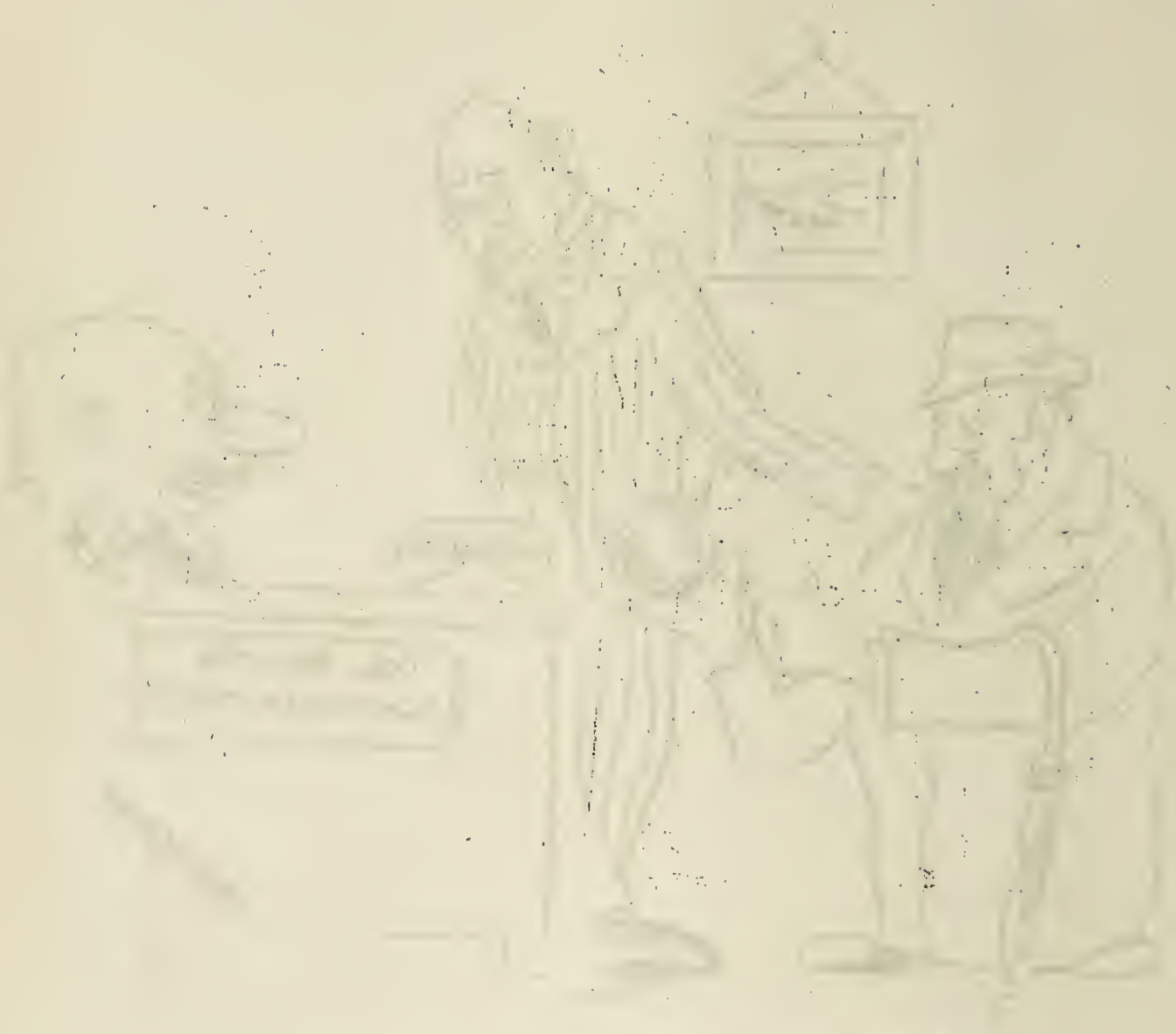
The second purpose of the research engineer is to analyze the results of the laboratory tests. If a design engineer makes a new part of a new apparatus, the research engineer will test this part before it is allowed to be placed in the airplane. If the part does not meet the requirements, the research engineer must discover why it does not, and submit his recommendation of change in design. The combination of the original design and his recommendations result in the final satisfactory part.

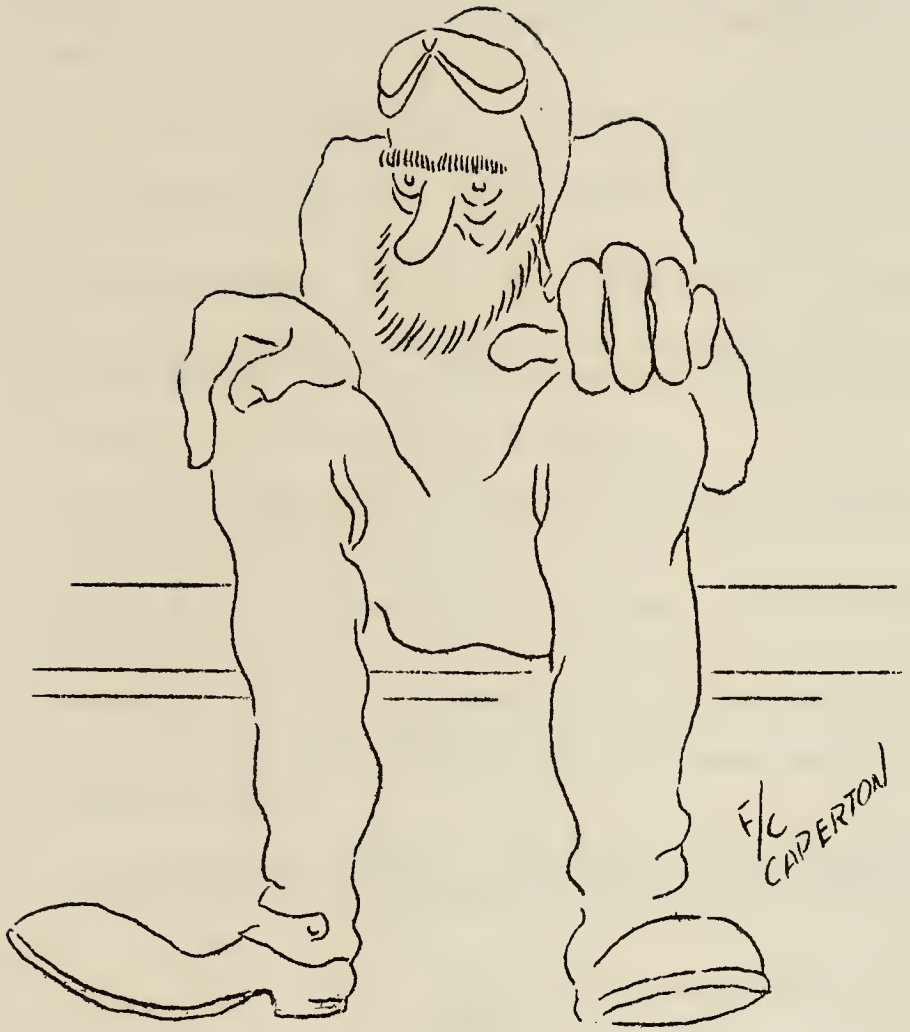
The third purpose of the research engineer is to study the manufacturing processes throughout the factory. From this study, he can make recommendations ranging from a change in the arrangement of the workmen's benches up to an entire change in the process of manufacture of a part. These changes result in an increase in the speed of production and a reduction of the cost of production.

Today the American pilot can take off in his airplane with a sense of security that the ship will not fail mechanically during the flight, and with a sense of superiority due to the improved design of the airplane. This feeling of security and superiority are due in a large part to the work of the research engineer.

Gilbert W. Hofeller

"THIS IS XB-66...,
WE WISH TO SUBMIT HIM FOR TRIAL
AS A NEW MEDIUM BOMBER..."






41-I WAITING FOR
THE NEW PT-21's

# GENERAL ORDERS IN THE MESS HALL

1. To take charge of the spuds and all gravy in view.

2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausage that comes within sight, smell, or hearing.

3. To report any bread sliced too thin to the mess sergeant.

4. To repeat all calls for coffee more distant from its position than my own.

5. To quit the table only when there is nothing left to eat.

6. To receive, but not pass on, to the next man to me, any meat, cabbage, or beans left by the K. P.'s or table waiters.

7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.

8. In case of fire in the mess hall, to grab all eatables left by others in their escape.

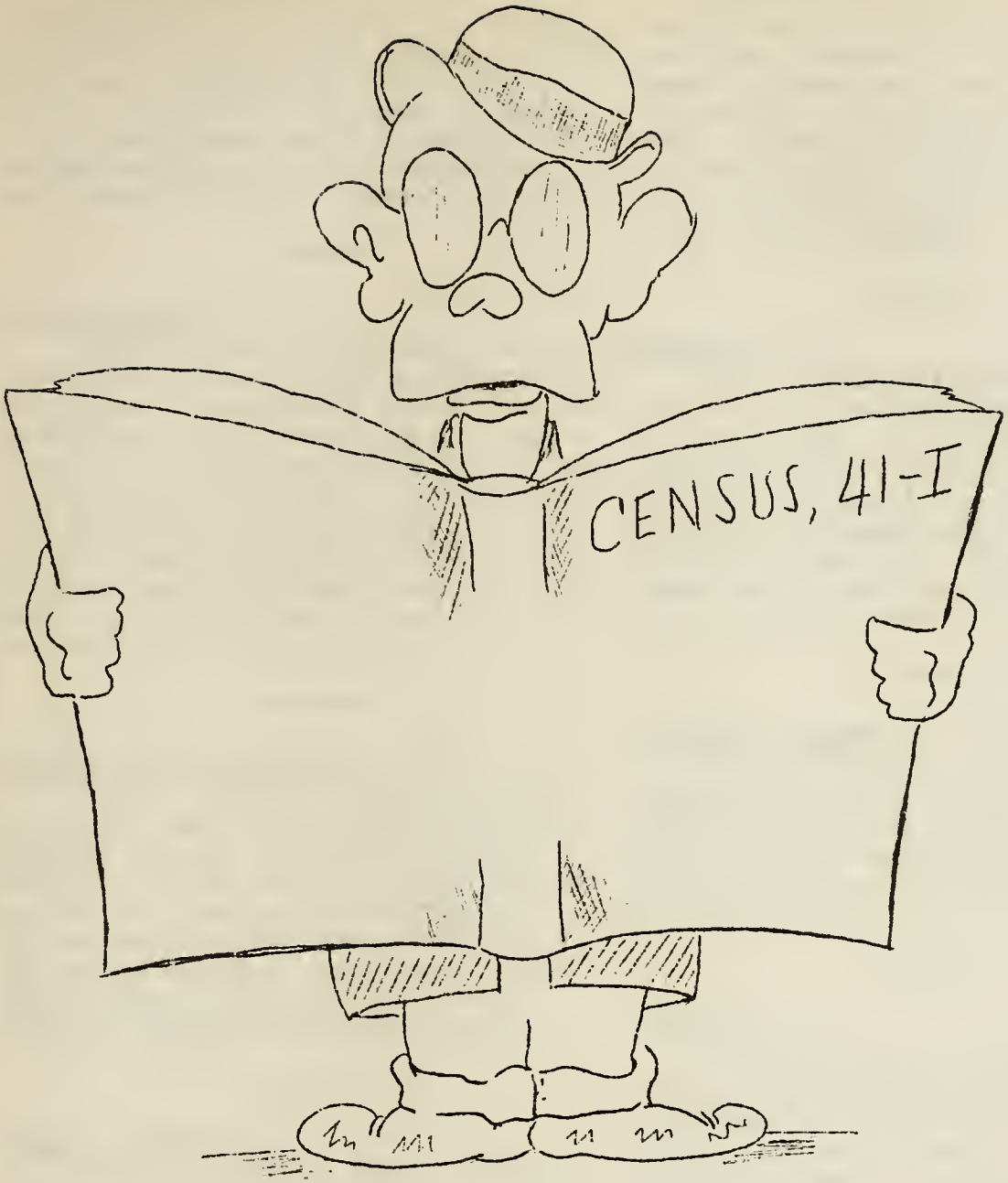
9. In any case not covered by instructions, to call the mess sergeant.

10. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of chow.

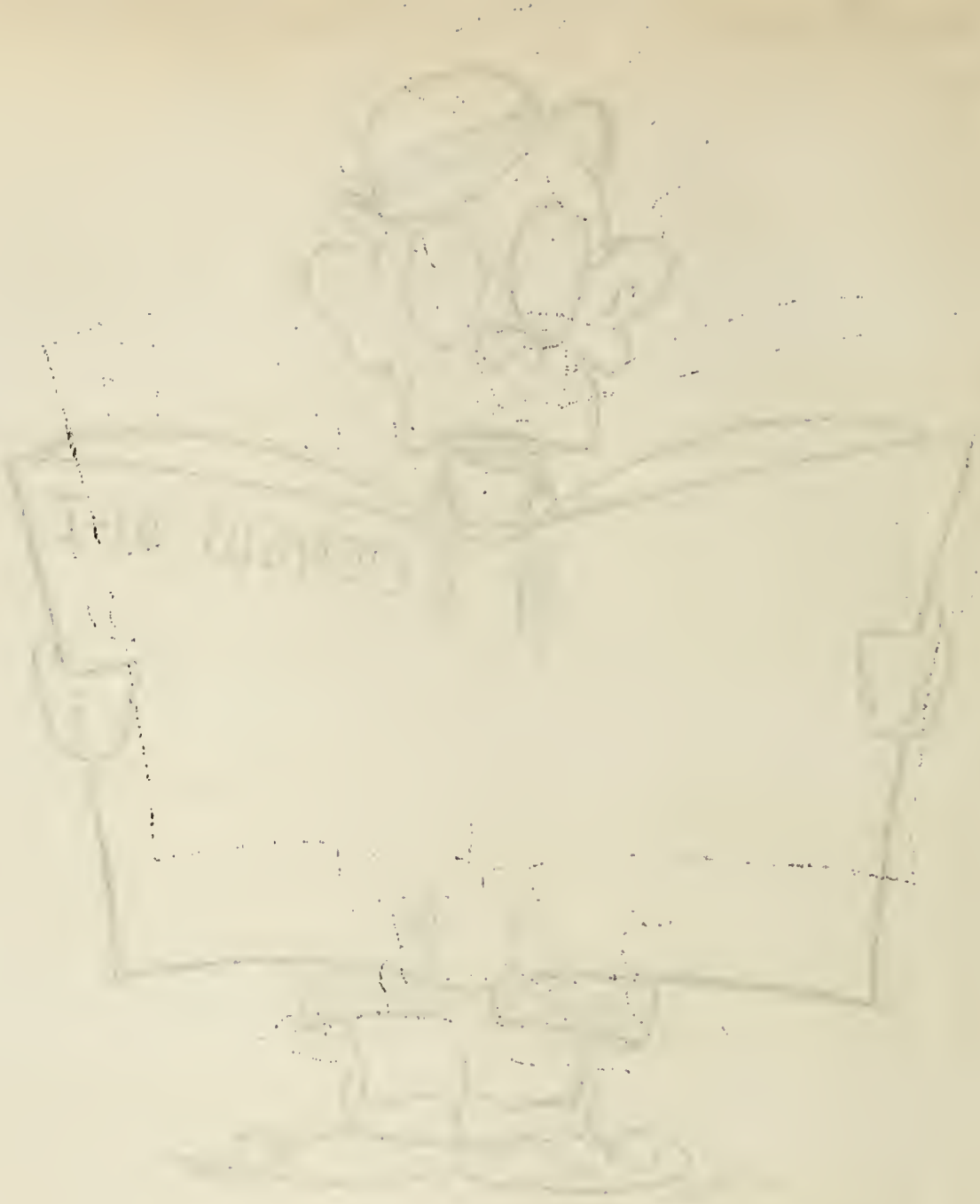
11. To salute all chicken, beefsteak, pork chops, ham and eggs, and liver.

12. To be especially watchful at the table, and during the time of eating to challenge anyone who gets more pie than I do.

- 124th Cavalry News




Personals



CALK, EARL JACKSON JR.

Born 1917 in Electra, Texas. Early ambition was to be a mechanical engineer. He attended Longview High School, Longview Texas and continued his education at Texas A. & M. Was a draftsman at LeBus Rotary Tool Works when he became air minded and joined up as a flying cadet in Uncle Sam's Air Corps. Likes to do spins.

*******

HEARD, MALCOLM W.

Born in Pecos, Texas, 1918. Graduated from Santa Fe High School in Santa Fe, New Mexico. The urge for higher education sent him to the University of New Mexico. Took C.A.A. course and decided it was what he liked and as the result he joined up with Uncle Sam's Flying Cadets. He was the last cadet to enroll in 41-I and the first to pass the 30-hour check so you can see he is a good flyer. Likes to do acrobatics.

*******

JOHNSON, JOHN DENNIS JR.

Born in Columbus, Georgia in 1914. He attended college at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia, was affiliated with Delta Tau Delta. He spent several years as a marine insurance underwriter in Atlanta and Houston, Texas, then grew air minded enough to join the Air Corps. Ask him about the beautiful girls on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Georgia.

*******

KEENE, LEON MADISON

Born in Corsicana, Texas on October 29, 1916. Moved to Dallas, Texas at age of two and from there to Lubbock, Texas. Attended Lubbock schools through high school and Texas Technological College four years leaving school in Spring of 1940. Ambition is to own a Texas ranch large enough to land a roaring Ryan on.

*******

MARCH, HUBERT R.

Born in Chico, California in 1915. Attended Chico State College, graduating in 1936. Worked for Uncle Sam as a mail carrier then felt the urge for a higher education and attended U.C.L.A. where a Business Administration course was completed in 1939. Became air minded while working at Douglas Aircraft Company and later at Lockheed.

PETER, L. S. JR.

Born in San Antonio, Texas in 1917, during the cold winter when sleeping was good. Attended A. & M. college of Texas for four years studying mechanical engineering. He claims he knows what makes a plane fly, but still can't figure out how to make a pilot to fly them, because he can't figure during his sleep, which is very frequent.

*******

PFENNIG, W. F.

Born in Pflugerville, Texas, 1915. He attended grade and high schools at the same place. Later attended Texas Lutheran College, North Texas State Teachers College and Texas Tech. Worked for Swift & Company and various service stations in between. Joined the Air Corps for adventure and romance - and to give the Army a break.

*******

PHILLIPS, HERBERT L.

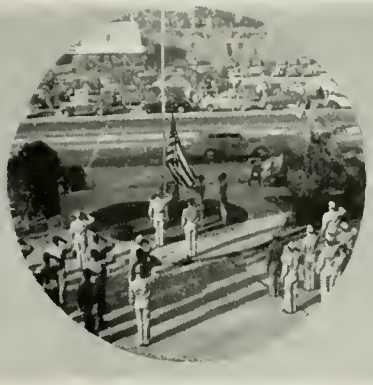
Born in Iredell, Texas in 1920. Finished high school and two years at Stephenville College at Stephenville, Texas. Full pledge buzzard chaser of the C.A.A. Likes military life and flying so here he is.

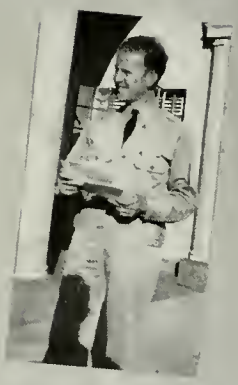
*******

POTTER, H. W.

Born in Wimnsboro, Texas, March 20, 1919. Reared on Texas corn bread. Went to Quitman high school and Tyler Jr. College. Played on two State Championship basketball teams. Spent four years in Freshman English and decided it was impossible to finish, so joined the Army Air Corps.

*******





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44

99
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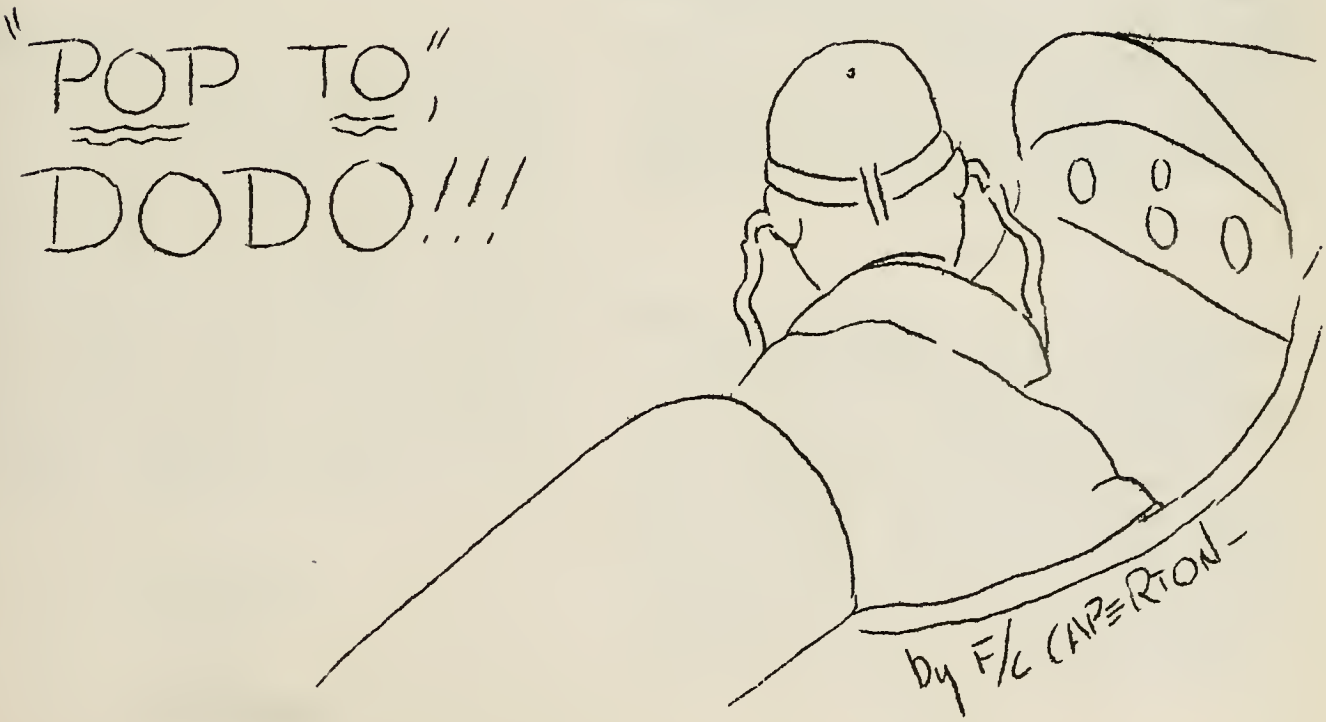
POP


"POP TO",
DODO!!!
by F/C CAPERTON

PYLE, CLIFTON

Born in 1916 in Gilmer, Texas. Moved to Marshall five years later. Graduated from Baylor University, Waco, Texas. While there, fell in love with a beautiful young lady and the U. S.'s Air Corps. Accepted the latter. Now Ryan do what you may with him - he's "death" on getting the one-hour tour punishments, but he's in the fight until the last - if he survives, he insists on going back to the little love.

*******

QUILLEN, M. C.

Born in Temple, Texas on 25th day of October, 1919. After attending Temple Jr. College, Temple, Texas, he became very much interested in aviation and wanting a good education in Aeronautics, joined the U. S. Air Corps. He is also very much interested in a town by the name of Taylor, Texas.

*******

RINEHART, BARTON T.

Born in Odessa, Texas, February 1, 1919. Gave one little girl at Texas University a rush. Began a study of her, and of mechanical engineering. Could not keep his mind off flying and here he is in San Diego.

*******

ROBERTS, D. L.

Born in Ft. Worth, Texas, 1917. He attended high school at Amarillo, Texas. Majored in Chemistry at Texas Christian University and West Texas State College. For many years his friends did not know whether he was going to walk or fly - finally did both. Greatest love is back in Texas - next comes flying. Favorite hobby is getting letters from Texas. Favorite color is brown (hair and eyes). Thinks the Air Corps is the best. Highest ambition is to be a Lieutenant in the Air Corps. Expects to and should go far in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

*******

ROPER, LEONARD B.

Born in Bullard, Texas, 1917. Graduated from Whitehouse High School and attended College at Lon Morris Jr. College and Texas Technological. Played four years varsity basketball and was a very good track man. Taught school one year and decided it was a killing proposition and joined the U.S. Air Corps.

*******

ROBERTSON, MC MINN PEARSON

Born Houston, Texas February 9,1918. Attended Texas A. & M., College Station, Texas and University of Houston, Houston, Texas. Raunchiest dodo that ever came out here, but a killer diller with the women. Joined the Air Corps after three years of successful business as a Ford dealer.

*******

SCARBROUGH, WILLIAM E.

Born in Rosedale, Louisiana in 1916. Attended the University of Texas where he lettered in boxing three years. Famous for his iron stomach and for not getting his "shoits" from Brooks.

*******

SEALE, FRED E. JR.

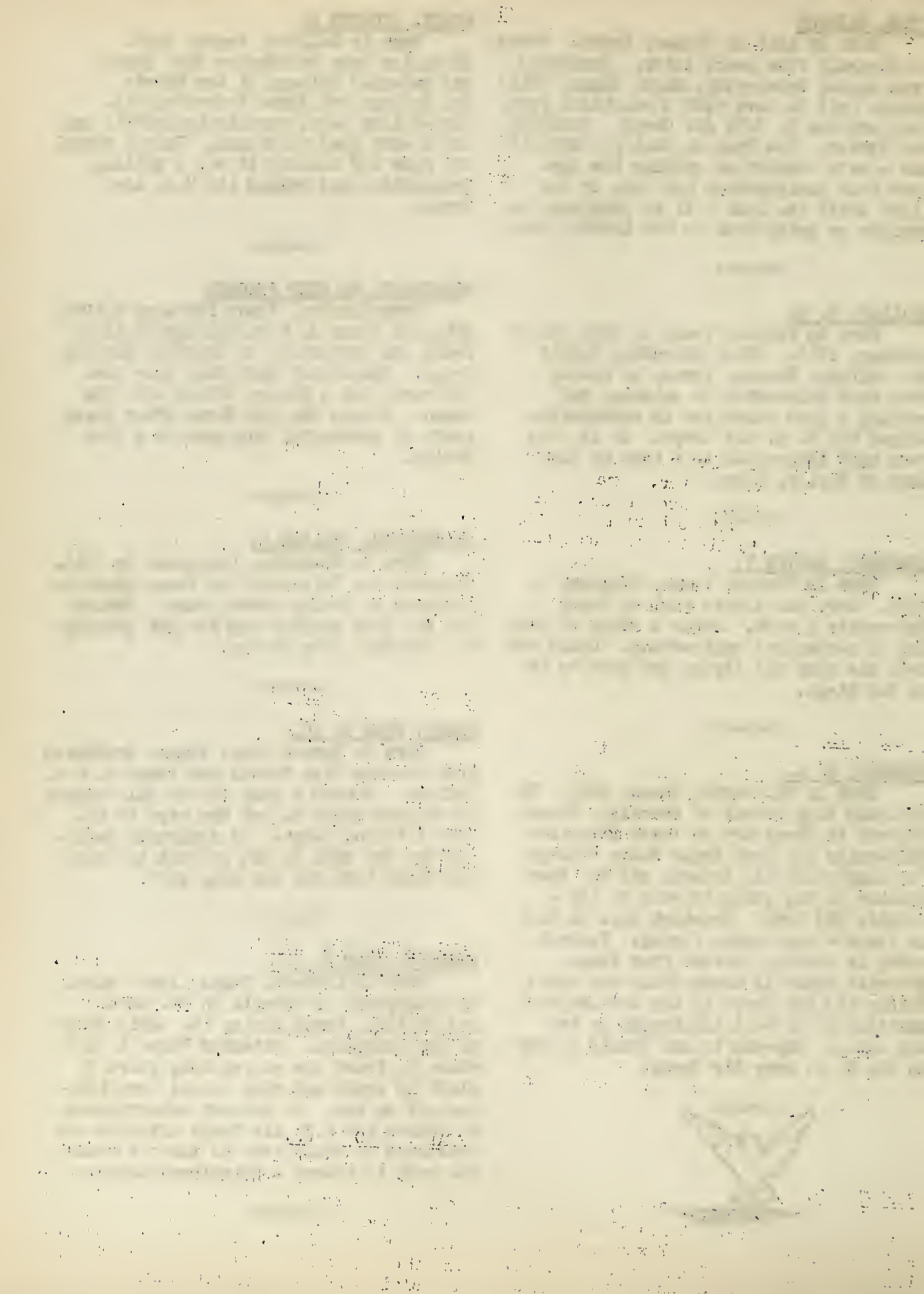
Born in Karnes City, Texas. Graduated from Brenham High School and Texas A. & M. College. Worked a year for an oil company in Houston where he got the urge to become a Flying Cadet. Is anxiously awaiting the day when he can go back to Texas and claim that one and only girl.

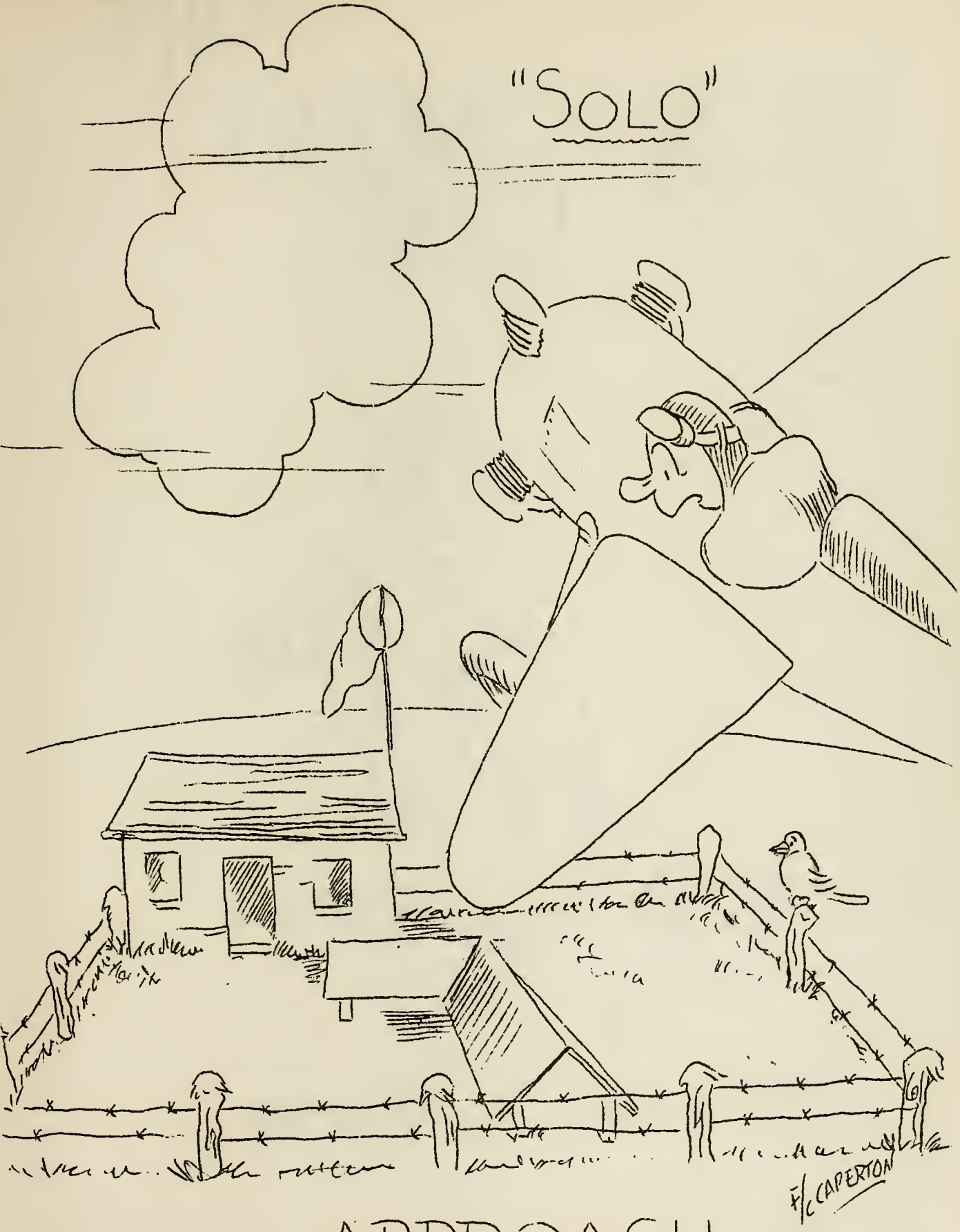
*******

SIMPSON, JOHN D. JR.

Born in Lubbock, Texas, 1920. Slept in classrooms of schools in Ft. Worth and Abilene, Texas during the early stage of his education. Attended Texas A. & M. where he found the eleven long years he slept in grade and high school were telling off on him. To prevent embarrassment he joined the U.S. Air Corps after he was convinced he would have to tax his brain too much to become a Petroleum Engineer.

*******






APPROACH

# THAT PERSONAL TOUCH

young, W.H..... Solo practice

Smith

## FLYING CADET OFFICERS

### FLYING CADET CAPTAIN

F/C Don Buie M. Wood

### FLYING CADET LIEUTENANTS

F/C Herbert L. Phillips (Adjutant)
F/C Harold C. Teubner
F/C Leslie Spoonts Jr.
F/C Forrest T. Ulm

### FLYING CADET SERGEANT MAJOR

F/C Burks A. Smith

### FLYING CADET FIRST SERGEANT

F/C John D. Simpson Jr.

### FLYING CADET SUPPLY SERGEANT

F/C Virgil H. Smith
F/C Thomas J. Warrick (Asst.)

### FLYING CADET PLATOON SERGEANTS

F/C James E. Smyth
F/C Otis G. Stephens
F/C Marion M. Walling Jr.

### FLYING CADET SERGEANTS

F/C Harold K. Stuart Jr.
F/C Clifton Pyle
F/C Claude E. Tabor Jr.

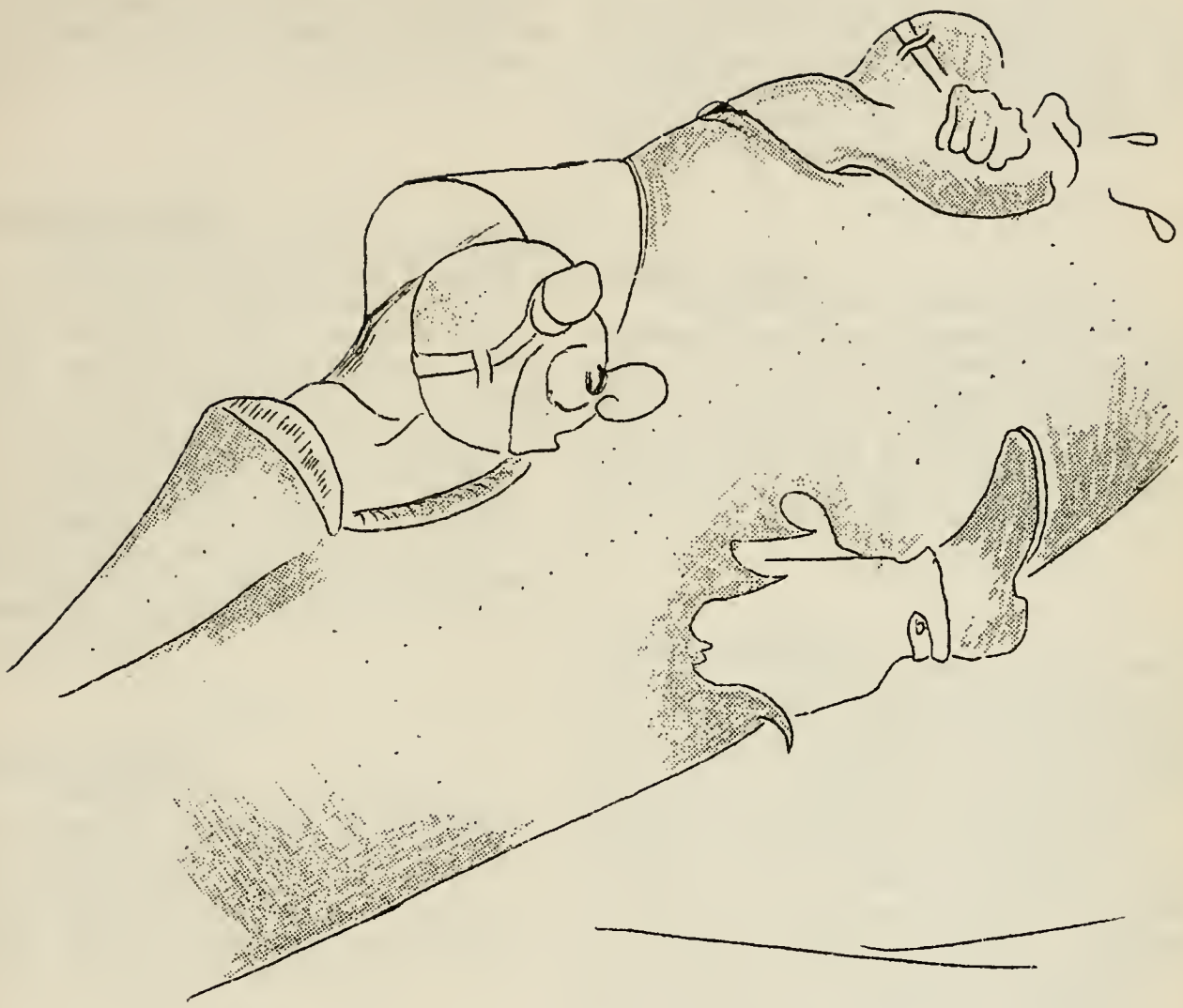
### FLYING CADET CORPORALS

F/C Max W. Williams
F/C Charles C. Williams
F/C Malcolm W. Heard
F/C Leonard R. Roper
F/C Meredith A. Warren
F/C Edward M. Slack Jr.
F/C William A. Wyche Jr.
F/C Leon M. Keene
F/C Claude E. Tabor Jr.
F/C Gerald Linscheid

H.L. PHILLIPS
CADET ADJUTANT
H. C. TEUBNER
CADET LIEUTENANT

L. SPOONTS
CADET LIEUTENANT

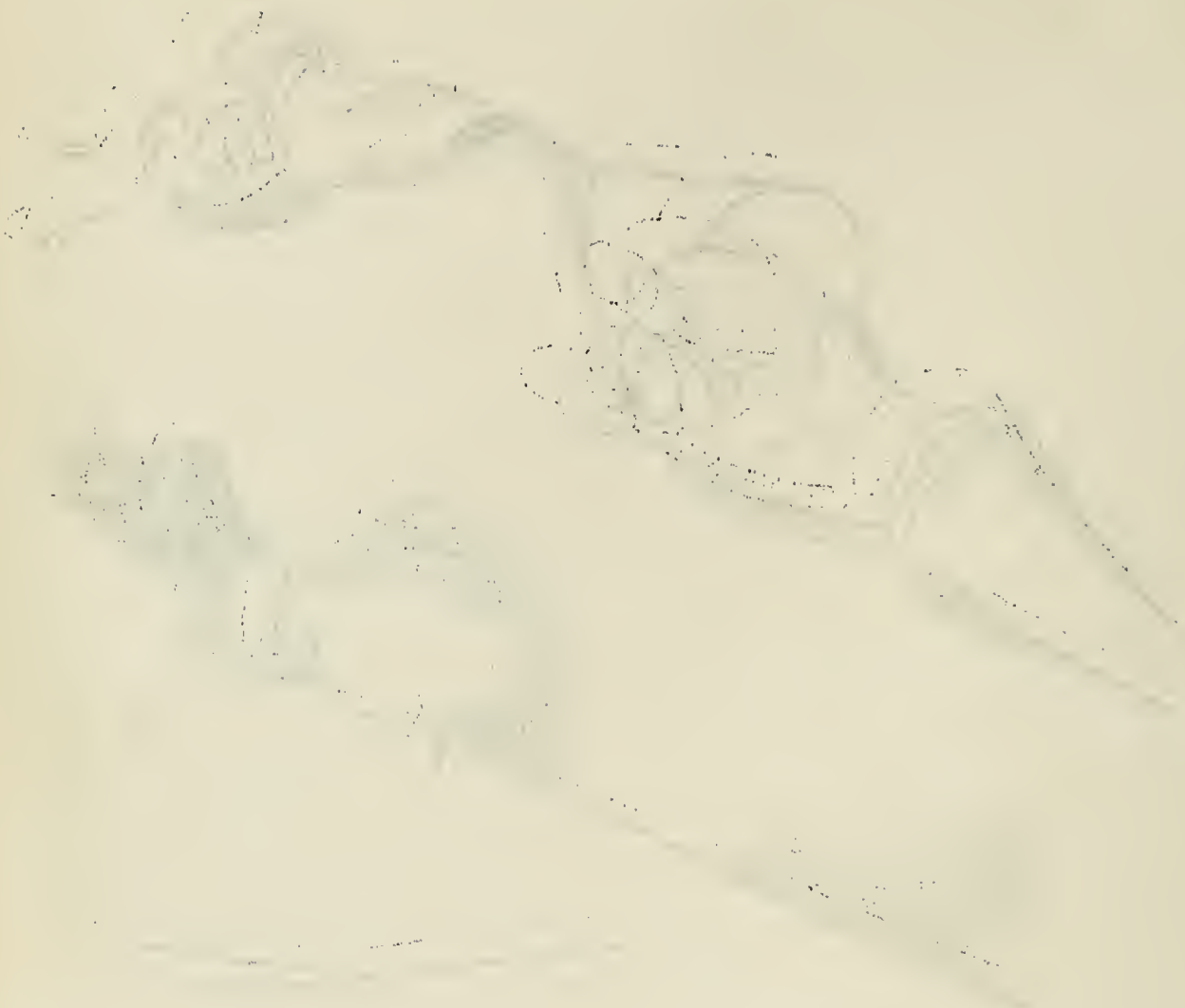
F. T. ULM
CADET LIEUTENANT



GOSH, THE BOYS DID SAY

KICK RIGHT RUDDER

F/C Capperton



SLACK, EDWARD M.

Born in Pecos, Texas, December 31, 1917. He attended the University of Texas and later was engaged in the Jewelry business. The flying bug kept biting on him until here he is trying to become a flying (gadget) cadet. He really appreciates feminine beauty, and admires most all of the gals, but he's no "berd dog".

*******

SMITH, BURKS ALDEN

Came into being to the consternation of all concerned, on December 27, 1915 at Dallas, Texas. Parents despaired of making anything of him, and as a last resort sent him to Allen Academy, Bryan, Texas. He played through S.M.U., coming out with a B.S. in Commerce and an A.T.O. pin. After graduation he flew around the country making excuses for faulty anti-freeze. Finally tired of flying as a passenger and decided to try the Air Corps. Is a fair pilot when he can remember to release the brakes before he takes off.

*******

SMITH, F. DONALD

Born in Malakoff, Texas 1920. At the age of 8 he moved to Corsicana, Texas and finished high school at I.O.O.F. He attended Paris Junior College at Paris, Texas for two years. Took C.A.A. during this time and grew air minded enough to join the Air Corps.

*******

SMITH, VIRGIL H.

Made his forced landing at Santa Maria, Texas November 14, 1919. Teacher after teacher at McAllen passed him on to each other for eleven years. When they ran out of teachers they expelled him with a diploma and an honor rating. Edinburg Junior College put up with him for a couple of years, and he learned to do stalls. Was knocked for a loop by a desire to flit freely as the fleww fleww bird, and joined the maytag bomber battalion of the C.A.A. These flitfires led to bigger things, and he spun into a recruiting office, and landed of all places, between the navy and the marines of San Diego. Decidedly airbrained, flaphappy and just plane dumb.

*******

SMYTH, JAMES E.

Corrected the stork for torque on November 28, 1917, and landed in Dallas, Texas. Graduated reluctantly from Woodrow Wilson High School, crying, "Stone walls do not a prison make..." and started his study of geology. This took him to the U. of T. where he got the third degree in Phi Gamma Delta, and an official degree in B.S. from the U. Got well oiled for a time in the business... but the bee started buzzing.

*******

SPENCE, JOHN B.

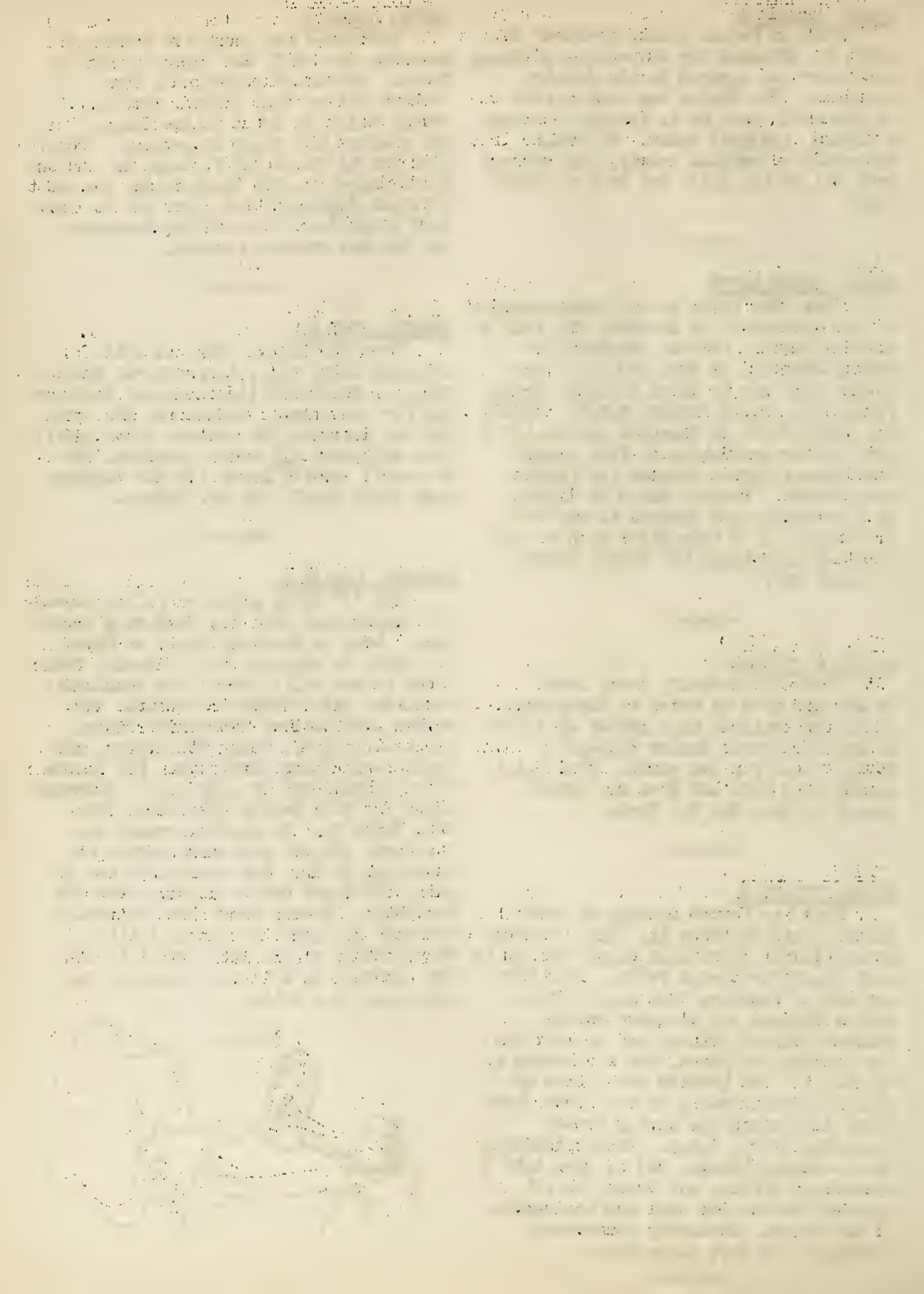
Born in Dallas, Texas in 1919. Attended North Texas Agricultural College where he studies(??)Aeronautical Engineering for two years. Joined the Air Corps for the seventy-five dollars clear profit plus uniforms, all cadets receive. (Or do they?) Better known for his "instrument check ride" with Mr. Garner.

*******

SPOONTS, LESLIE J.

The "J" being given by fellow cadets who sympathized with his lack of a middle name. Born in Houston, Texas on March 22, 1918, he migrated to Ft. Worth, Texas which he now calls home. His scholastic knowledge was attained at various and sundry institutions throughout Texas, N.T.A.C., T.C.U., Texas University, and Texas Tech, being among them. (He swears he was kicked out of only one.) Somewhere along the line became affiliated with Beta Theta Pi. He knocked around the Ft. Worth airport pestering people to teach him to fly, and managed to get in about 175 hours before signing with the Air Corps. Dreams about some Colonel's daughter all night and plans little white houses on the sides of hills all day, getting in a little flying on the side once in a while.

*******



# TRIP TO HEMET

Having been seized by a desire to see what the other half of the world is like, several cadets from San Diego decided to spend one of their precious week-ends at Hemet, the younger of the Ryan Air Corps Detachments. They found there many friends and acquaintances, among whom was the dodo brother of our own Cadet Lieutenant Spoonts.

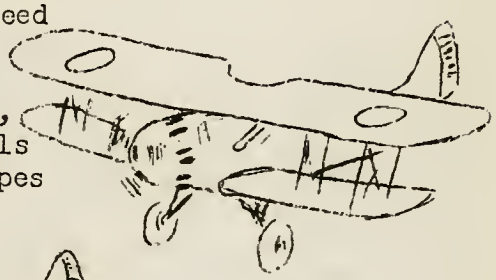
After a pleasant drive through the mountains so familiar as reference points for lazy eights, they came to a large flat valley, in the center of which is Hemet Field, training base of some two hundred cadets. They were royally received, taken to town for a little recreation and refreshment, and then comfortably bedded down for the night.

Sunday morning the sun rose bright and warm, a phenomenon rarely observed at San Diego, and a point in favor of Hemet in any comparison drawn between the two locations. The S.D. cadets, used to the whistles of passing trains and the roar of departing transports and bombers, found the peaceful countryside almost oppressively quiet, but the Hemet boys pointed out its wonderful sleep-promoting qualities. In the course of conversation, a rather amazing coincidence was discovered. It seems that the cadets at Hemet as well as here feel a definite urge to stay in bed when Reveille sounds.

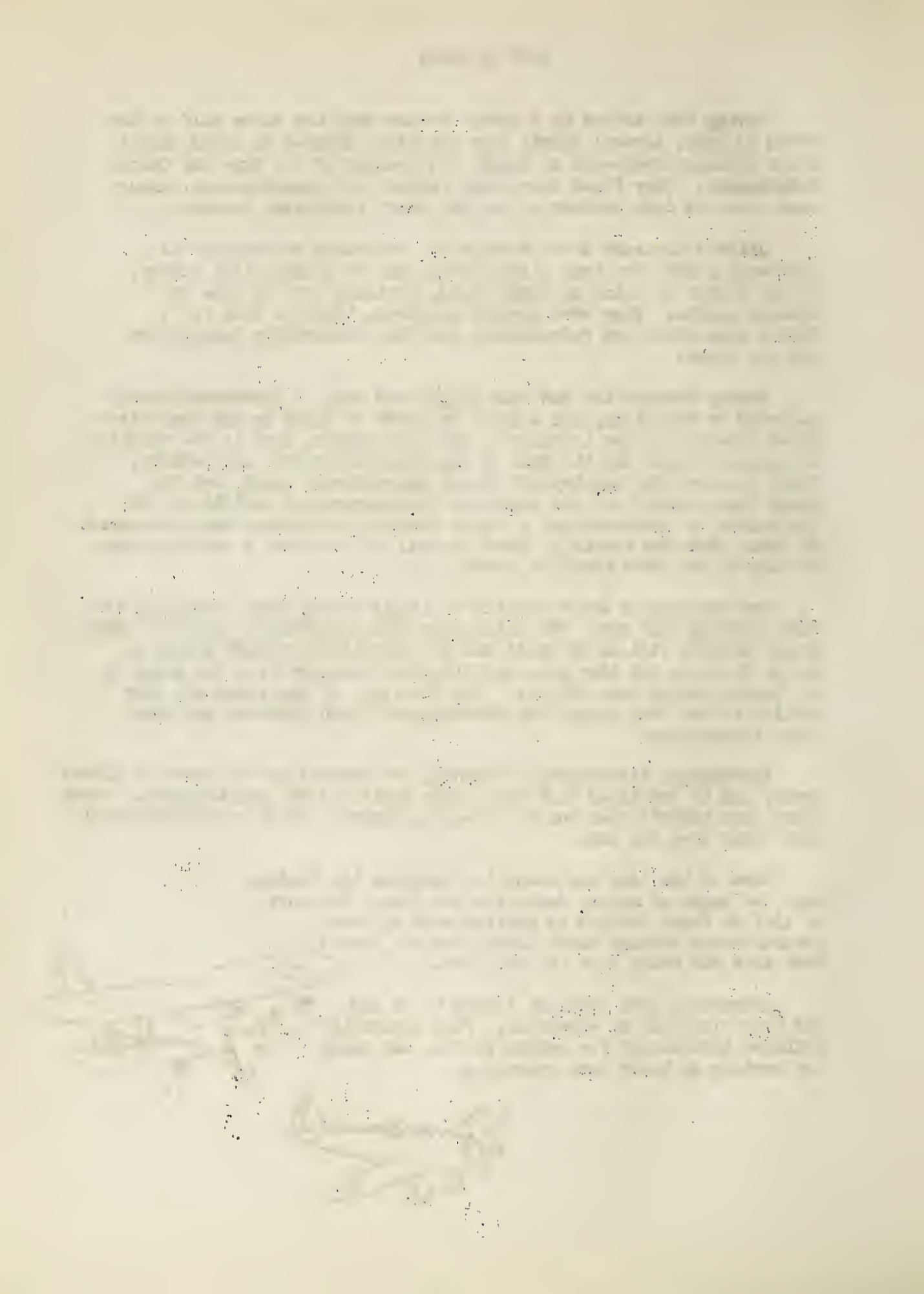
The barracks at Hemet consist of single units, each containing two rooms housing four men. The triangular area, boasting a carpet of green grass, brought visions of drill and gig formations on soft ground to the S. D. boys, but they were disillusioned immediately - the grass is for beauty rather than utility. The interiors of the rooms are very similar to our own, except for bomber-proof light fixtures and other minor innovations.

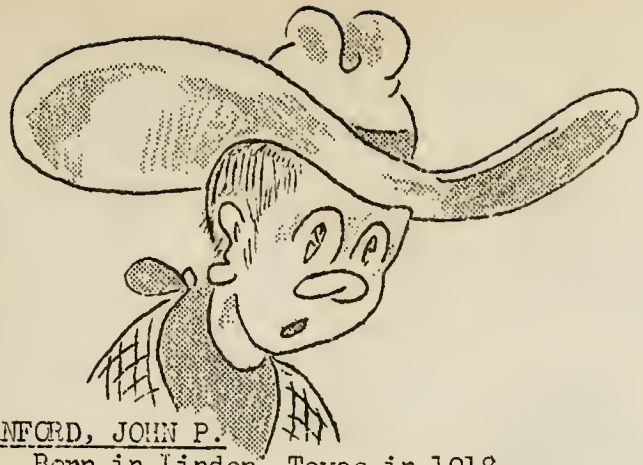
Inevitably, discussions concerning the virtues of the types of planes arose, and it developed that each group preferred its own trainers. Those Hemet guys haven't seen our new PT-21's, however, which would undoubtedly make their eyes pop out.

Some of the time was spent in comparing the various ways and means of making dodos toe the line. The boys of 41-I at Hemet obliged by putting some of their lowerclassmen through their paces, and all agreed that 42-A was being kept in good form.



Everything good comes at length to an end, and this visit was no exception. Fond farewells followed invitations for return visits, and hopes for meeting at basic were expressed.





STANFORD, JOHN P.

Born in Linden, Texas in 1918. Educated at Linden High School and in the higher realms at North Texas Agricultural College, a branch of Texas A. & M. Worked for the Soil Conservation Service two years or until the draft began to chill his blood and make him want to be an Army flyer.

*******

STAVINOHA, JOHN L.

Born in Hallettsville, Texas in 1917. Attended St.Edward's, St. Mary's and Texas University. Probably has had more trouble with his last name than anyone else in this man's Army. Originator of the answer, "Oklahoma Peasants won the French Revolution, Sir."

*******

STEPHENS, O. G.

Born in Ft.Worth, Texas in 1918. Home town - Wichita Falls, Texas. Graduated from Oklahoma University, 1940, where he was affiliated with Kappa Alpha fraternity. Found business a nuisance and joined the Air Corps. Hopes to go to basic, anywhere.

*******

TABOR, CLAUDE EDWARD JR.

Born in Houston, Texas, September 28, 1918. Raised in California, New Jersey, and the Lone Star State, and talks a lingo which is composite of all three. Attended Sing Sing on the Brazos (Texas A. & M.) for three and one half years as a Petroleum Engineering student, but payed more attention to flying than anything else, and finally abandoned school for the Air Corps. Noted for landing on boundary light at Lindbergh.

*******

TENNANT, ROBERT F.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio in 1919 and has lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma and Elmira, New York. Went to High School in Houston, Texas and went to the University of Houston for two and one half years where he took both primary and advanced C.A.A. Liked flying, hence he is in the Army now.

*******

TEUBNER, HAROLD C.

Born with airish aspirations, March 11, 1919. Rattlesnake bite in infancy stunted his growth to 6'3". Graduated from Sunset High in 1935 and rode through N.T.A.C. astride a silver football. Transferred to A. & M. in September 1940 and wears a goodlooking Cotton Bowl watch. Bought a half-interest in the bull ring and boogie woogied all the way home. Kept in the air by his Tulsa Tulip, he decided he may as well make the best of it, and learn to fly.

*******

TIBBETS, E. D.

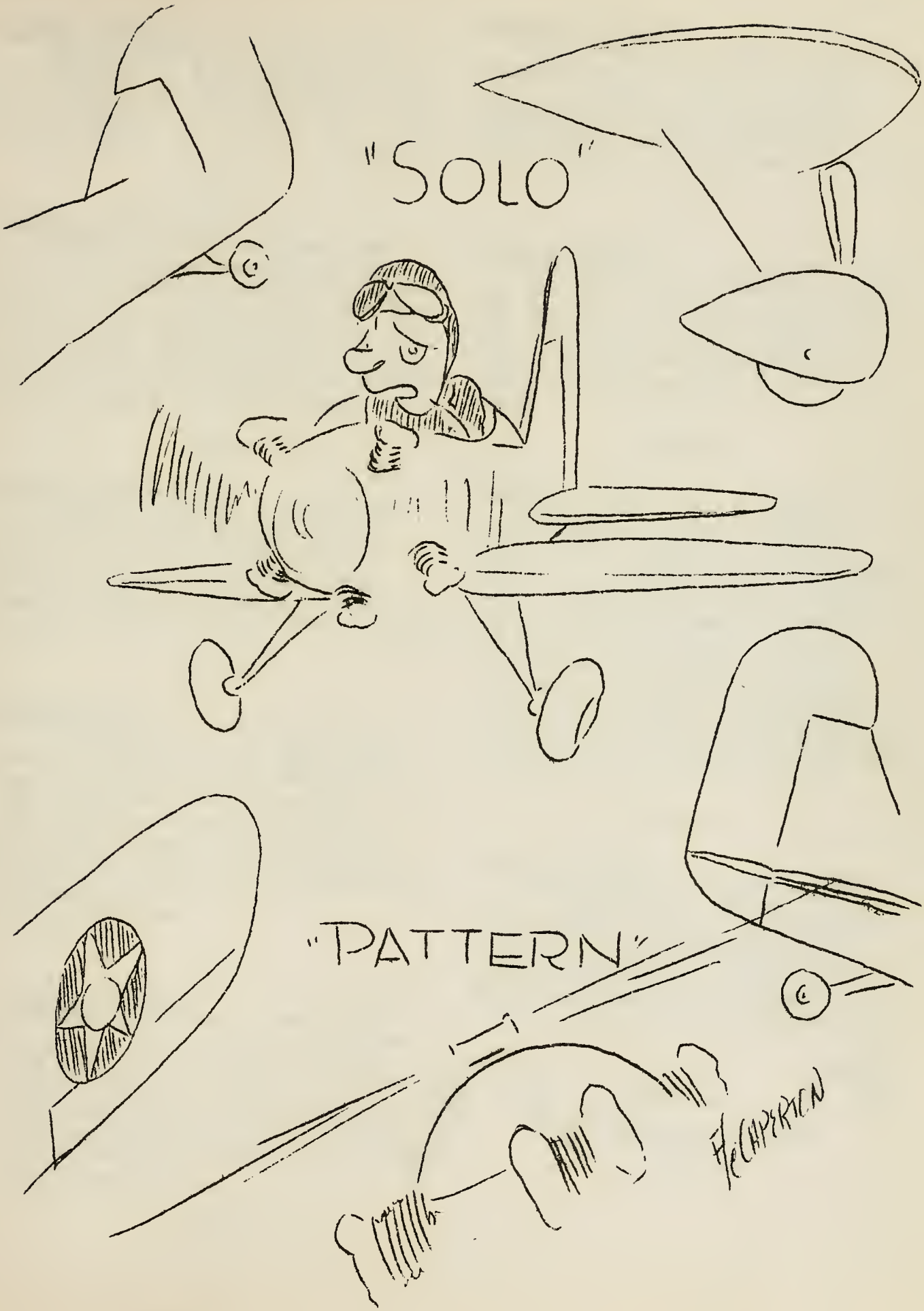
Born Seymour, Texas in 1917. Went to high school at Silverton, Texas and attended college at Texas Tech, Wayland College, Amarillo College, and West Texas State College. (He was taking a correspondence course when he responded to the Army's call.) Likes the fair sex best, but admits flying is his greatest weakness. Red is his favorite color (Telephone No. 1195-J - Lubbock, Texas). He is slightly color blind, but he should be a great asset to the Air Corps.

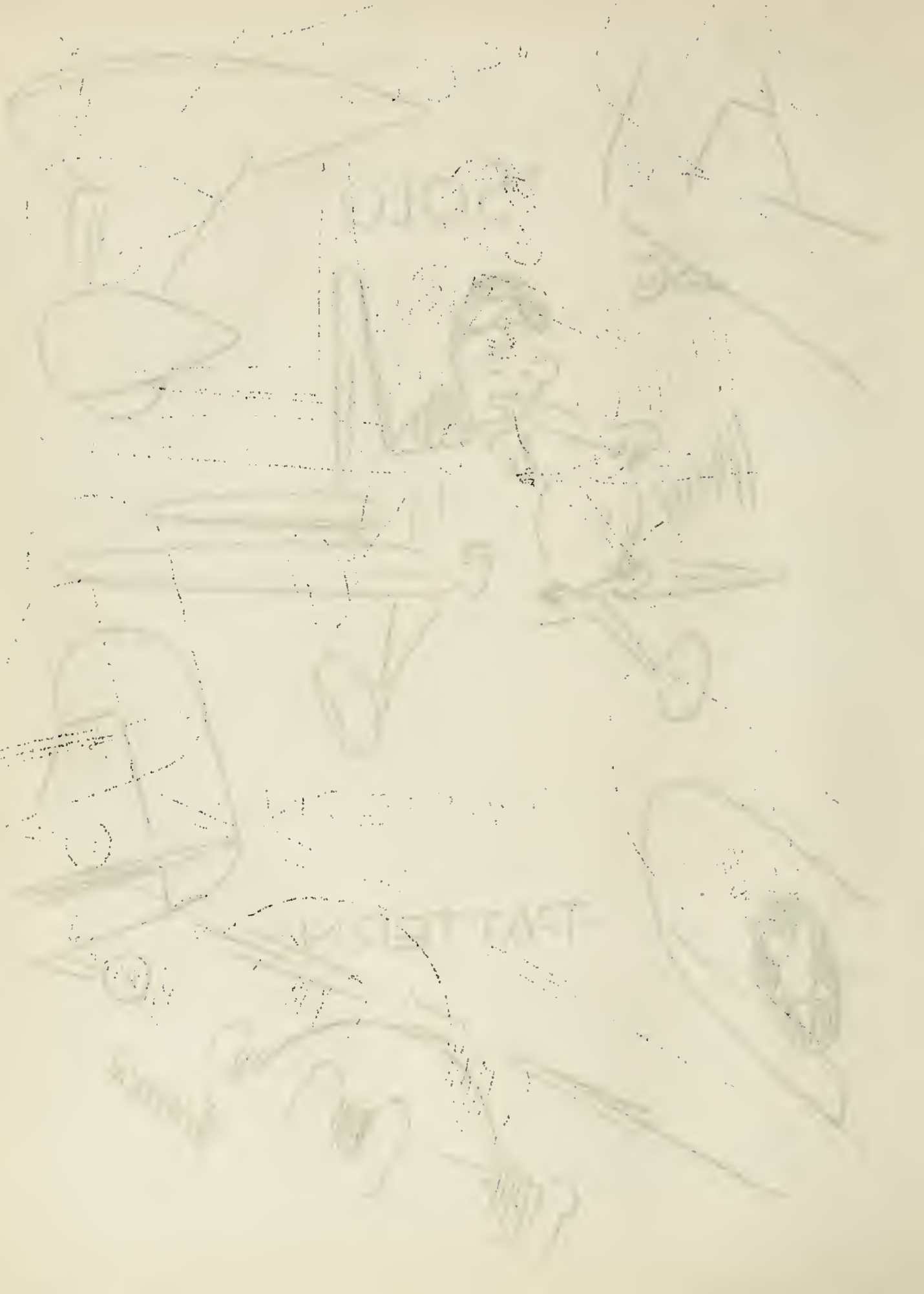
*******

ULM, FOREST T.

Born on June 5, 1916 in North Carolina...moved to Texas shortly thereafter; consequently a Tarheel by birth, a Texan by choice, and a southerner, by God! Graduated from Oak Cliff High School, Dallas, Texas, in 1934. Spent three years in the business world as an insurance man, then turned to college, completing first three years of Texas A. & M. Holds Reserve Commission as second lieutenant in the Infantry, but having always been interested in aviation he decided to join the Air Corps.

*******


"SOLO"
"PATTERN"



VAUGHAN, CLYDE C.

Born in Pearsall, Texas in 1920. Attended Texas A. & M. and Texas A. & I. His claim to fame lies in the fact that he can intersperse profanity between every word in "Dodo".

*******

VERRETT, ALVIN PATRICK

Born in Adeline, Louisiana, March 17, 1916. Attended school in Orange, Texas. Took two years of correspondence work with Manhatten College, of New York. Taught school four years, but quit this to go to Port Arthur Business College. Liked flying since childhood and grabbed the opportunity to become a Flying Cadet.

*******

WALLING, MARION M. JR.

Born in Corsicana, Texas in Feb. 20, 1917. Attended Hillsboro Junior College and played football for two years. Attended North Texas State Teachers College and played football one year. Texas National Guard, 1934-36.

*******

WARREN, M. A.

Born in 1919 in the metropolis of Levita, Texas (Pop. 35). Spent many hopeless hours inside the gray walls of West Texas State College and Texas University before meriting a degree in B.A. (His room-mates believe it was spelling). Called "Aunt Pittypat" or "Casper" by his friends. Should be one of the Army's aces.

*******

WARRICK, THOMAS J.

Born in Pittsburg, Texas in 1918. Lived there all of his life. Attended East Texas State Teachers College at Commerce, Texas and Texas A. & M. College at College Station, Texas, Mechanical Petroleum Engineering major. While at A. & M. the Air Bug stung for the third time so here he is.

*******

WEATHERBY, JAMES G.

Born in Hillsboro, Texas in 1918. Attended Hillsboro Junior College two years, and played football both years. Attended North Texas State Teachers College where he played football two years. Majored in Industrial Education.

********

WILEMON, DARRELL

Born in Mayperl, Texas, Dec. 7,1919. Went two years to North Texas Agricultural College in Arlington, Texas. Worked for two years as Assistant Cashier in Bank, and decided the best bet for any fellow's future was the U.S. Army Air Corps.

********

WILLIAMS, MAX W.

First saw the dark of night in Sedalia, Ohio on August 24, 1916. He attended Texas University at Austin, Texas where he aspired to be a marketing expert. He renounced higher education for the Air Corps, however, to satisfy a long-harbored ambition. Quite an aesthete, he sings, plays the piano, and (don't tell any one) can shake a wicked foot in a jig. Loves swimming and swings a mean tennis racket, but his favorite sport is cleaning the bathroom for S.M.I.

********

WOOD, DON B. M.

Born on October 2, 1918 in Tyler, Texas. Attended Tyler Junior College and University of Texas. Held Reserve Commission as Second Lieutenant in 411th Field Artillery before coming to Ryan. Quit position with Magnolia Petroleum Company to join the Air Corps.

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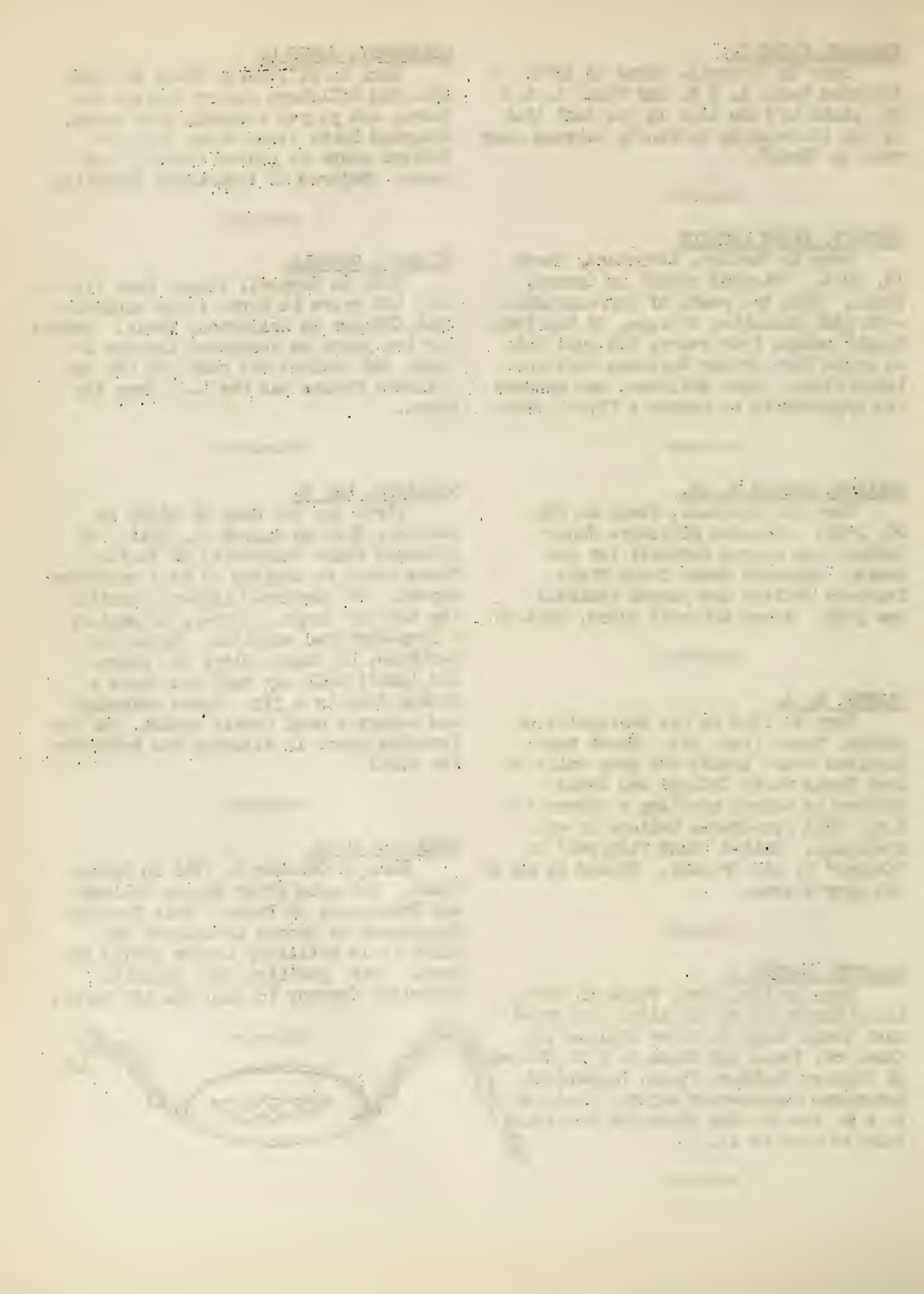
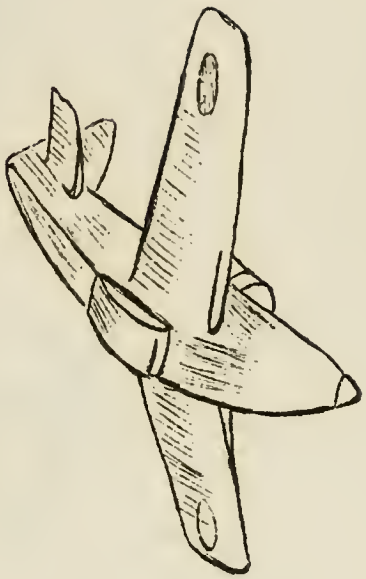


## HAIL TO THE AIR CORPS



Hail to the Air Corps
Leader Always
Of our nation
Our Strength
Our Future

Hail to thee
Fifty thousand strong
Lifeline of the Nation
Learning
Striving
Always progressive
Ahead

Hail to the Air Corps
The nation
Looks to thee
Our Strength
Forevermore

– F/C CAPERTON, J. F.

For 50 hours across hills and dales
We clickety clicked along iron rails
Our spirits were high (tho' we weren't drunk)
For we hoped to fly before we were sunk
We pulled into town with jubilation
For our hearts were filled with anticipation
We just knew that we were so in demand
That the army would greet us with a darn glad hand.

But instead we arrived and what do we do?
We meet upperclassmen who yell "pop-to!"
Our lives are dejected our faces are long
From singing their darned old Texas song.
All we live for now is the day
When we too, can make lowerclassmen pay.

– F/C TODD, J. M.

Yep,.....Cumulus.

WORD, HARRISON G.

Born in Alice, Texas in 1916. Graduated from Texas A. & M. with Agricultural Economics degree. Thinks herding Ryan 20's is better than anything else. Has a brother who is an officer in the Air Corps. Hopes to follow in his footsteps. Known for his floating power marching.

*******

WRIGHT, PAUL L.

Born in Rhome, Texas, 1914. Attended Decatur Baptist College, and was working in Civil Service work before he got air minded and joined Uncle Sam's Air Corps.

*******

WYCHE, W. A. JR.

Born in Knox City, Texas in 1914. Graduated from the University of Texas in 1940. Worked as an insurance adjuster before joining the Army Air Corps. Is annoyed at times by those who pronounce his name as "Winch".

*******

YOUNG, WILLIAM H.

Our master mind flyer was born in Dallas, Texas on October 31, 1918 and is a passer of the impassible entrance exam, and there has never been any course in ground school yet that he hasn't known something about. His college training at S.M.U. is subordinate to the technical knowledge he has latched on to in his own quiet, unassuming way. His highest aspiration is to be one of Uncle Sam's best pilots with Aeronautical Engineering stashed around between flights just to have something to do in his spare time. Power to 'ya, boy!!!

*******

Life of A Dodo

We came all the way from Texas to be
Flying Cadets
We have been everything but the upper-
Classmen's pets.

At sun up we pop-to, at sun down the
Same
And to have a good pop-to, you must be
In a strain.

While we're in our rooms, we do nothing
But rub
And it's a gig for every hair that they
Find in the Tub.

We line up in the area and pick up all
The trash
And all the time we know - for mess we'll
Have hash.

After policing the area - we shine the
Rec. Hall
And before we get through we hear room
Inspection call.

To get this done we hustle our bustles
Whistle mightly and flex all our muscles.

Pop-to, dodo, make up a rime
There is always something to take up
Your time.

But when it's all over and everything's
Done
We will all agree that we had lots of fun.

- F/C J. G. Weatherby

********

THE MUSINGS OF A FLYING CADET

Our dreams are often only dreams
As many people know;
But flying cadets now realize
That dreams are left below.

Our childhood dreams have now come true,
We're learning how to fly;
We've sprouted wings of plated steel
And kissed the ground good-bye.

No longer do we waste our time
In riding trains that creep;
Our planes fly over woods and sea,
No hill is e'er too steep.

I'm glad to be a Flying Cadet
As you, by now, can tell,
And when I die I'll fly above
The deepest hole in - San Juan Capistrano
By the beautiful sea.

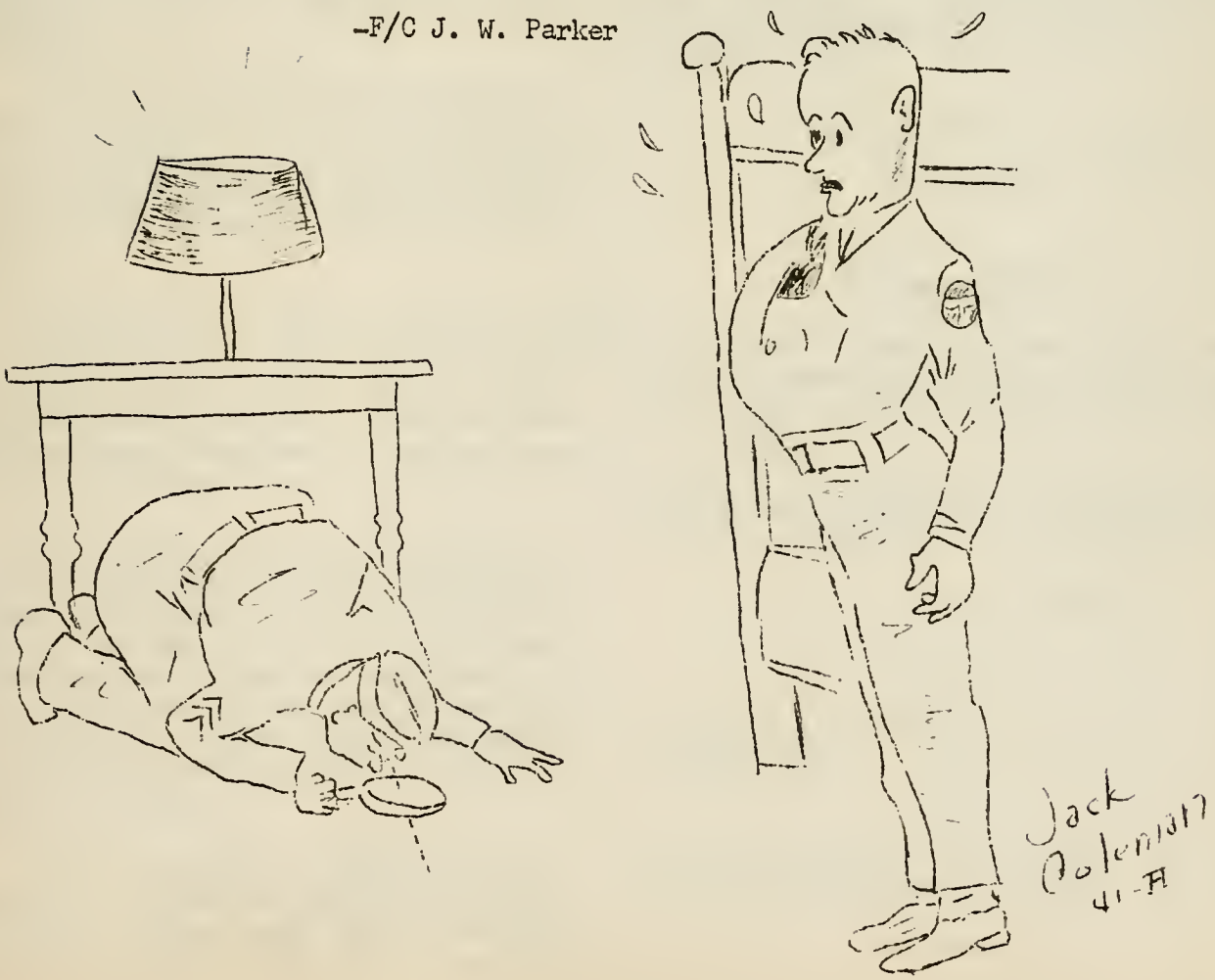
- F/C A. P. Verrett

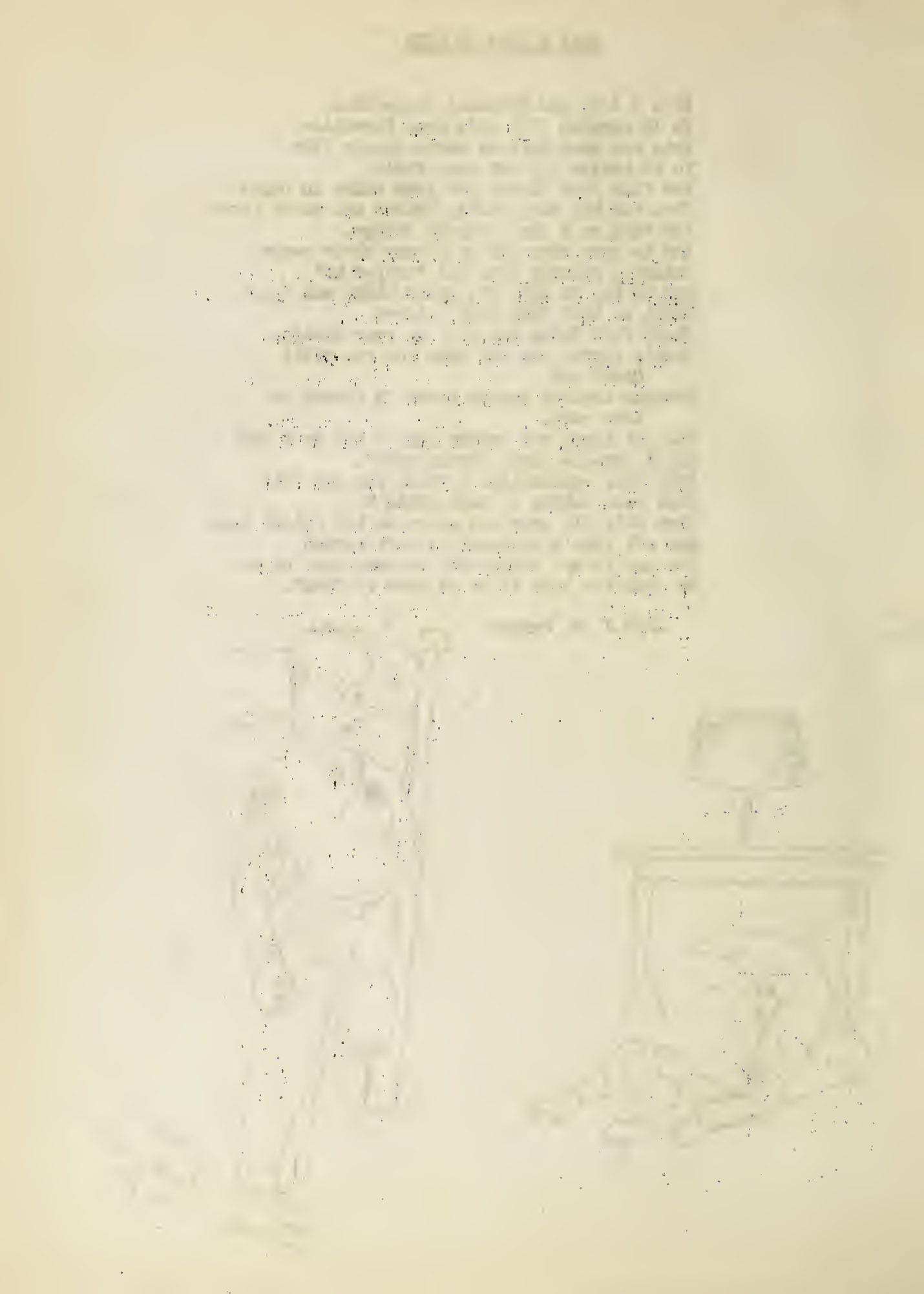
*********

# WHAT A LIFE TO LOVE

It's 5 A.M. and Personal Inspection
In 10 minutes flat it's Mess Formation
Into the mess hall we march single file
To 16 tables all set army style.
You flip your plate, put your knife in place
Then the big shot yells, "Stand up, about face."
You turn on a dime with 9¢ change.
And to your surprise at a very close range
Stands a raunchy dodo all "popped to"
And to top it off, you stand there and "goo"
Until at last "Big Shot" blares
About fact Dodos and pull up your chairs.
That's right, you sit down but you still
Can't eat
Because another custom reads "3 inches on
Your seat.
You sit there and squirm like a hen in a nest
Until someone says, "Dodos rest".
From this explanation I think you can tell
That even eating is just plain h.....
Then it's all over and we're on the flight line
And all that's happened is left behind
For now we are doing what we came here to do
So what the heck if we do have to "Goo".

-F/C J. W. Parker





## Test Stand

A great day in the life of every flying cadet is that particular one on which he leaves the dessicate subject of engine theory, and progresses to the actual task of diagnosing and remedying the ills of an engine in operation.

There are those who are ignorant of the ways of an ailing engine, and there are those who are not....and then there are those who think they are not. It is he of the latter classification we are introducing.

"Now," he inwardly gloats, "I'll show these guys a thing or two! That theory stuff is all right for some people, but just give me a wrench, let me roll up my sleeves and get my hands greasy, and I can fix anything that runs. Remember the time I stripped down that model "T" and made a racer out of it?"

He waits impatiently while the instructor explains the necessity for caution in operating the engine, care in preventing fire, and staying out of the prop wash.

"Well, get 'er going," he mutters, "and I'll tell you what's the matter with it. What's that, sir? Can I start it? Sure I can--where's the starter button? Oh, I have to crank it, huh? O.K., here goes."

He feels his muscles, grabs the crank and winds her up...."Never sas the engine I couldn't crank....well, maybe I could use some help...thanks....there she goes." Sputter-pop-pop-sputter..."say, she sure does purr sweetly, doesn't she?"

Sent behind the dope shed while the instructor tampers with the engine, he tells his fellows about the time he fixed that cranky furnace at home, and other details of his mechanical experiences. "You don't have to know what those gadgets are called...you just tighten everything up, then open the throttle and let it clean itself out."

When the group is called back and given five minutes to analyze the trouble he scoffs, "Stand back, let an old hand get at that thing. Now, let's see, this little outfit here is crooked," and he took that screw loose. Now, the manifold pressure has nothing to do with what's wrong--that gauge is all wrong. Never depend on 'em I say. Ouch! Why didn't somebody tell me these things get hot?"

"Now quit arguing, you guys! I don't care if the oil pressure is way up, the only thing the matter is the mixture...it's too rich; or too lean... or something. Time's up? Why I haven't even started yet!"

As he walks back to the classroom, vigorously expounding his own opinions, and just as vigorously denouncing those of everyone else, he explains in detail why the group made little progress in analyzing the trouble.

"Now if you guys had let me organize things, and each one taken a specific duty....."

At this point an upperclassman mercifully stops the slaughter by making the entire group take a brace, and so our mechanical genius is saved from a horrible fate.

- F/C William H. Young

********

## Ground School

Beginning of term, Isotherm, dodos squirm
Power stroke, black smoke, throttle choke,
Ignition, test stand expedition, repetition,
Adiobat, thermostat, where'm I at?
Lapse rate, precipitate, procrastinate,
Navigate, deviate.....graduate.

- F/C V. H. Smith

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Remember ships don't come in - they are brought in.

********

While waiting for your ship to come in, why not be digging for clams?

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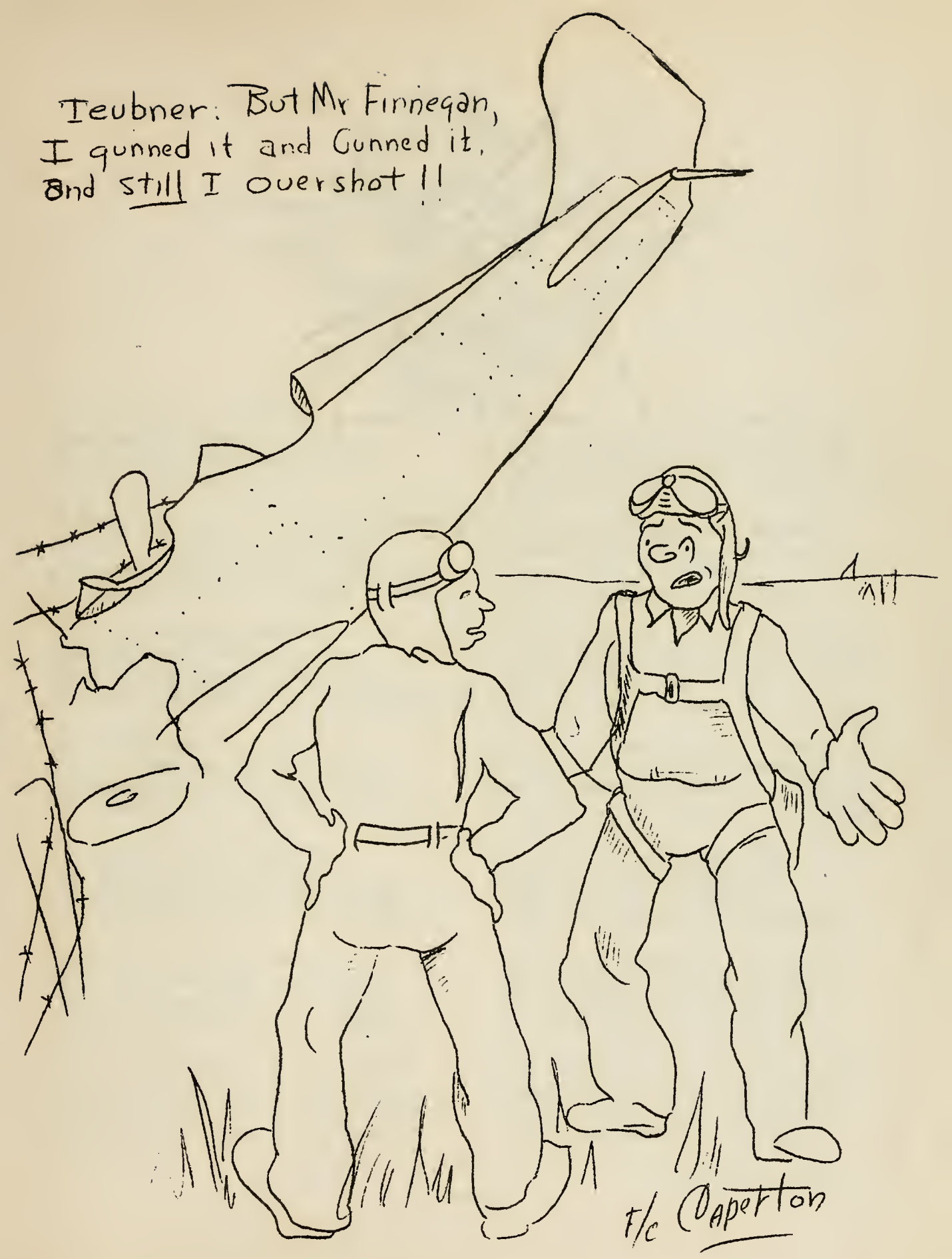
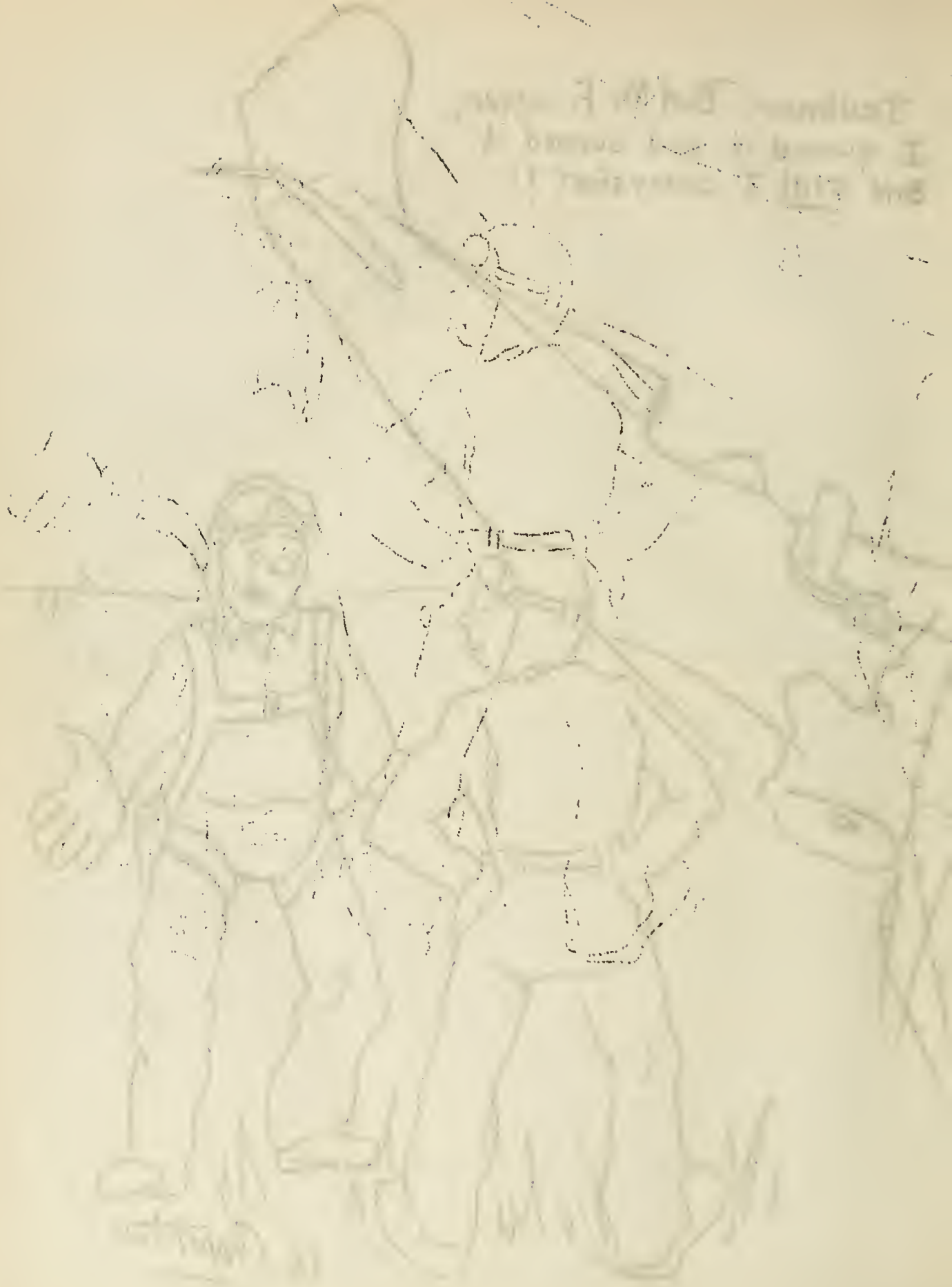

Teubner: But Mr Finnegan,
I gunned it and Gunned it,
and still I overshot !!
F/c Caperton



We all thought that life's commencing
Came when we began dispensing
With the trials and tribulations
Of our higher educations.

No more study books or teachers
No more lecturers or preachers
Who could take from us the pleasure
Of our sweet and well-earned leisure.

Ne'er again examination,
Nor that awful concentration
That we went through in exploring
All those subjects dry and boring.

As we put them all aside now,
And the time came to decide how
We could make our million dollars
Yet preserve our nice white collars.

Not to most of us inviting
Were professions unexciting
All the trades seemed unromantic;
Thoughts of labor drove us frantic.

Rather to us most attractive
Was a life both rich and active.
Only one seemed worth our trying -
Nothing else would do but flying.

For us no thrill there was extant
In the use of map or sextant -
We must have our loops and slow rolls,
And the fun of strafing low knolls.

So in quest of high adventure,
(And to circumvent debenture)
Off we went with spirits soaring
Army planes to keep aroaring.

But it seems that Army airmen
Must be expert plane repairmen
And as well as aviation
They must all know navigation.

So we went back to our schcoling
And we learned there was no fooling.
Engine theory and testing
Left no time for play or jesting.

And before we could start learning
How to fly as we were yearning
We did something far more thrilling;
Endless hours we spent in drilling.

All this seemed unnecessary
This hard work preliminary.
Very far from realization
Seemed our once-fond expectation.

But as all things have an ending,
Our instructors condescending
Told us one day if we dared to
We could solo all we cared to.

And the pleasure of that great day
Made it truly our own fete day -
And for all our work and trouble,
Compensated more than double.

F/c Young, W.H.

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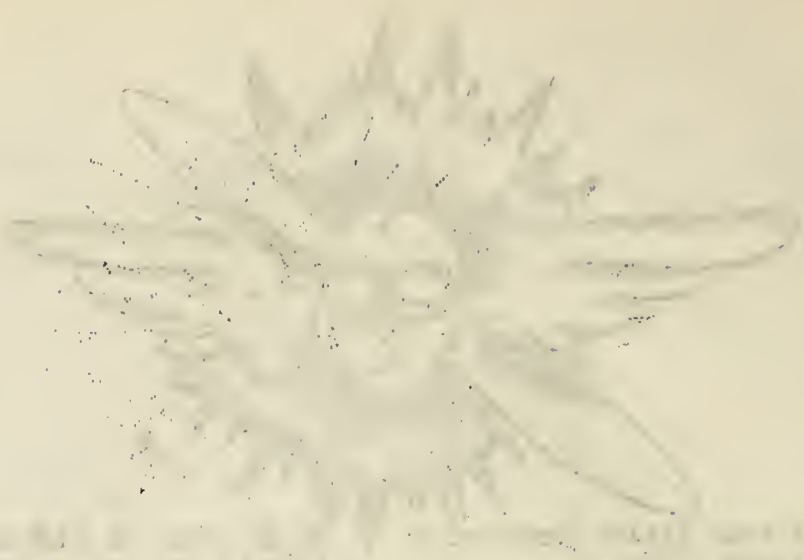

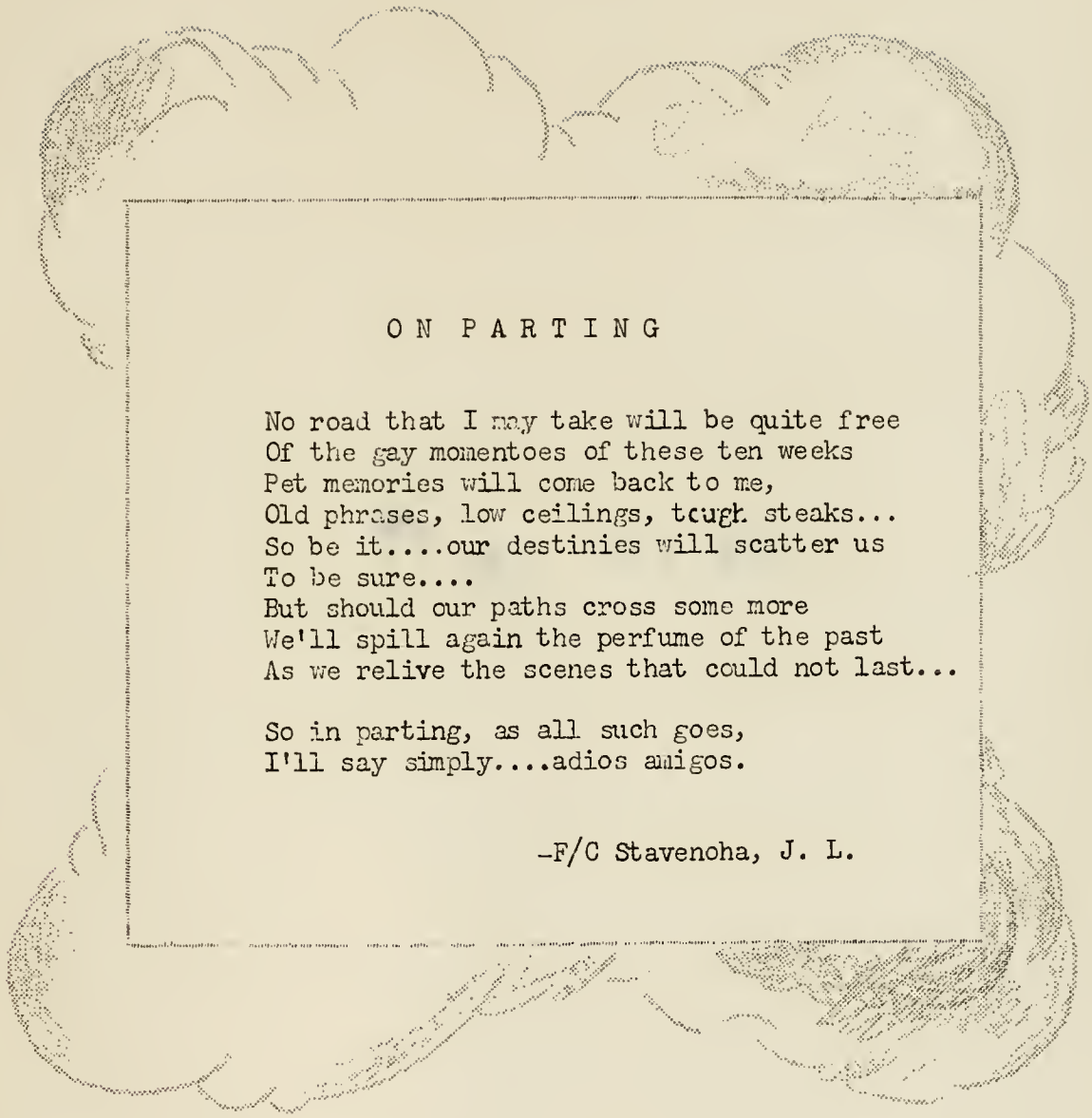

# O N  P A R T I N G

No road that I may take will be quite free
Of the gay momentoes of these ten weeks
Pet memories will come back to me,
Old phrases, low ceilings, tough steaks...
So be it....our destinies will scatter us
To be sure....
But should our paths cross some more
We'll spill again the perfume of the past
As we relive the scenes that could not last...

So in parting, as all such goes,
I'll say simply....adios amigos.

-F/C Stavenoha, J. L.

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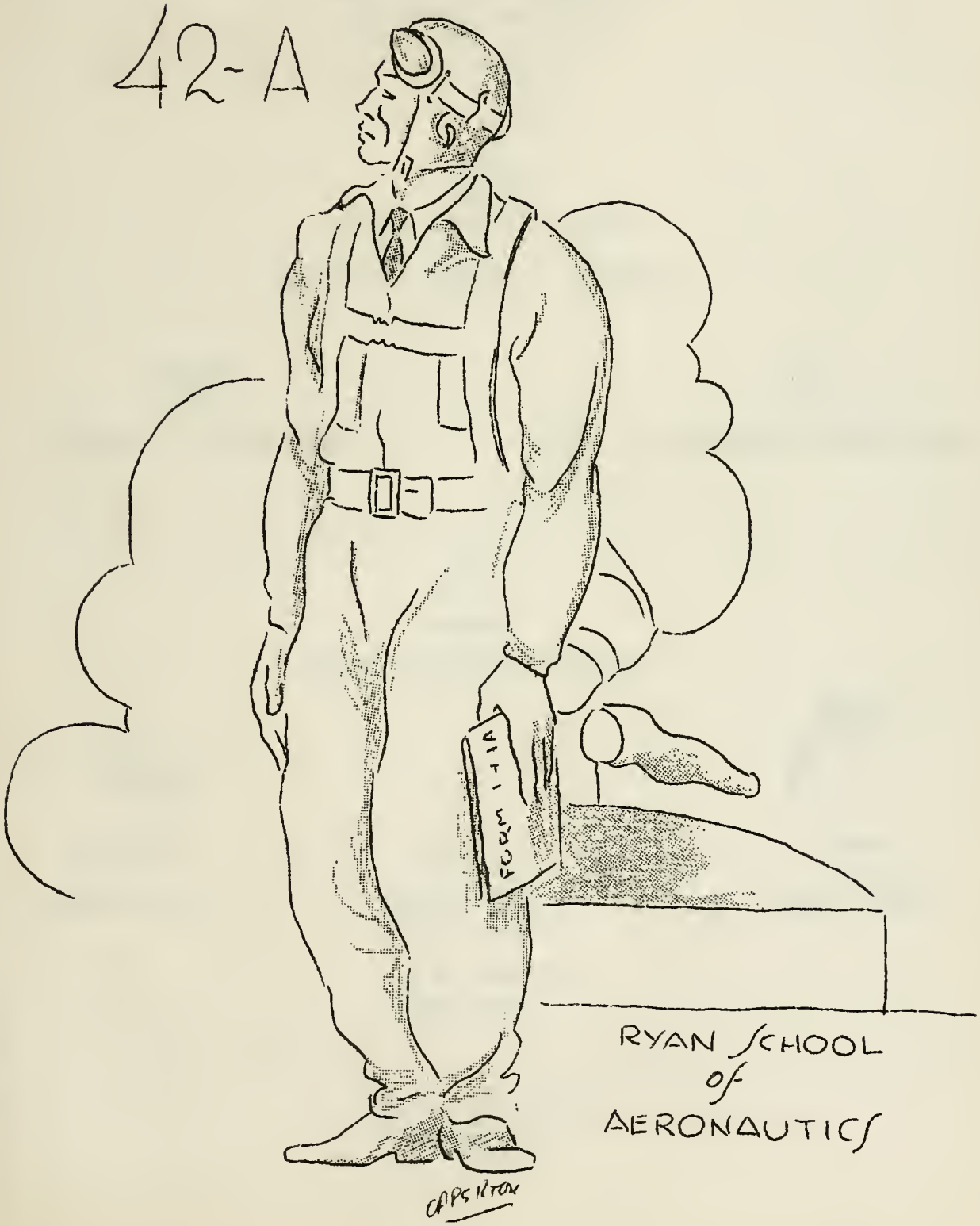
# Windsock

AUGUST 1941 SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

# the VINDSOCK

## 42-A




RYAN SCHOOL
of
AERONAUTICS

Published by the

# · AVIATION CADETS of 42-A ·

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

August 1941

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2nd Lt.A.C.

COVER

WILLIAM WAGNER

# INTRODUCTION

July marks the second anniversary of this detachment as a primary training school for Aviation Cadets. Two years of blending harmony into the coordinations of hundreds of young American pilots. These pilots with their efficient training will be moved to basic and advanced schools to be properly seasoned as masters of their profession. They, with like cadets of other highly accredited schools will be instrumental in helping make this a peaceful but powerful arsenal of aviation.

There are few organizations in the aviation industry today which can claim the rich background of tradition that has grown up around the pioneering Ryan Aeronautical Company and its subsidiary, Ryan School of Aeronautics, both headed by T. Claude Ryan of San Diego, California.

Carrying on the enterprise on a consistently conservative basis and expanding activities only when conditions justified, the Ryan organization has grown from the piano-box office and war-time "crate" of 1922 to the present company which today manufactures the popular Ryan military and commercial planes; produces precision parts for other aircraft builders; trains Aviation Cadets for the U. S. Army Air Corps and operates the oldest Government Approved Flight and Ground school in the country.

For the past six years, Ryan has been the pioneer of the low-wing training plane field, retaining the original design of its famous S-T model, but constantly making numerous refinements in engineering and construction.

Until a year ago the Ryan Company was the only accredited manufacturer in the United States in volume production of low-wing primary training planes powered with engines of over 100 horsepower. Then, after years of pioneering the low-wing field against much "sales resistance", Ryan was a successful winner of a United States Army Air Corps flight competition for primary trainers.

The Ryan S-T then became the first low-wing primary trainer which satisfied the Air Corps sufficiently for it to break away from a 30-year precedent of biplanes for initial flight instruction of Aviation Cadets. Since then Ryan has received further Army orders for its military trainers, and is now producing millions of dollars worth of its latest ST-3 model for use by the U. S. Army and U. S. Navy in their pilot training programs.

Attracted by the Ryan reputation and background of 19 years training experience, and aided by the year 'round climatic lure of semi-tropical San Diego, hundreds of students each year travel thousands of miles to take aviation training here at this Southern California school.

In July 1939, the Ryan School at San Diego was one of nine commercial aviation schools throughout the country selected by the Air Corps to give Aviation Cadets the primary flight training which heretofore was available only at Randolph Field, Texas. Last year Ryan opened a new Air Corps Branch School at Hemet, California, and now at its two schools, 185 new Army Aviation Cadets arrive every five weeks for the 60-hour Air Corps primary flight training course.

We, of the class of 42-A, dedicate this issue of the Windsock to the competent faculty of this detachment. This particular assembly of Army and Civilian personnel have established highly regarded standards which have made Ryan students outstanding throughout the Air Corps. So here is a salute to the personnel for their contribution facilitating the success of those worthy.

– Editor

We, the Class of 42-A, welcome the appearance of August G. Ross, First Lieut., Air Corps. Although Lt. Ross arrived near the end of our period here; we, that have had personal contact with him, found him to be graciously concerned with our future as is characteristic of the entire army personnel at this detachment. It is this spirit that is responsible for past sucess of Ryan graduates.

Lt. Ross holds a B. S. C. Degree from the College of Commerce, State University of Iowa. He was commissioned 1 st. Lieut. Inf. Res. November 1937. Active dury prior to this assignment was three-two week tours, and one-three week tour C. M. T. C. duty. Also, he was on active duty with Sixth Division on maneuvers at Fort Benning, Ga. and Alexander, La. in May 1940. His civilian occupation, before being ordered to present assignment, was Postmaster at Doon, Iowa.

Class of 42-A

## STAND ON YOUR OWN FEET

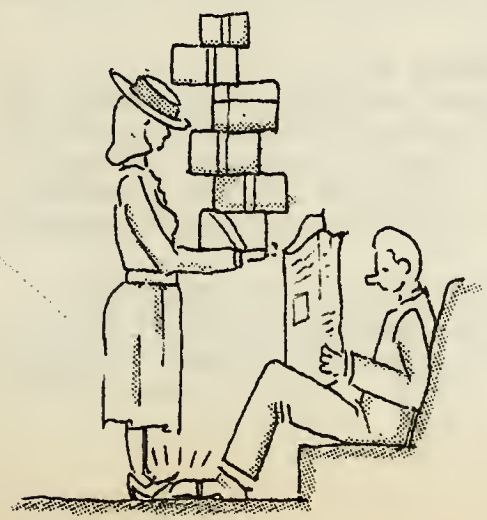
The title of this article was suggested by a cartoon in a local paper of a scene in a crowded street car. A pretty young lady is standing up - obviously on the feet of a man who is comfortably seated. He looks up over his paper to say, "You are standing on my feet." She replies caustically, "If you were a man you'd be standing on them yourself!"

Every pilot must stand on his own feet. The ten weeks of primary training including flight, ground school and military discipline is designed to teach you how to "stand on your own feet". No one phase of this training can be slighted without disastrous results. You need both legs to stand on.

Unfortunately, it is not always possible even with the employment of a carefully designed system of checks and examinations to detect these shortcomings during the training period. That some of these defects in training seep through is evident when we read of such accidents as, "B-18 disabled in Thunderstorm. Pilots and Crew Parachute to Safety. Plane lost due to errors in Navigation."

The knowledge that this condition exists should afford a tremendous stimulus to every cadet to improve all opportunities that might lead to enlargement of his knowledge and technique in the many phases of military flying. This is a personal problem and responsibility that can be surmounted only by personal endeavor. It cannot be taught; it must be learned.

The graduates of the Class of 42-A are to be congratulated on gaining the first milestone of their career as military pilots - the completion of Primary Training. We anticipate that you will look back on your early training days at the Ryan School of Aeronautics with considerable pleasure from the heights of attainment that this career should open to you. We regret that your stay with us has been so short, but trust that you will take every opportunity to visit us on return trips to San Diego. You may be assured that we have a genuine interest in your continued ability to stand on your own feet.



Joel M. Whitney
Registrar
Ryan School of Aeronautics

# ARRIVAL OF MAJOR GENERAL YOUNT

The West Coast Air Corps Training Center received the following information in a radiogram sent from the Third Air Force:

Major General Barton K. Yount relinquished command of the Third Air Force, Tampa, Florida on July 27, and arrived in San Francisco Thursday morning, July 31, 1941 to assume command of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center.

A brilliant service has marked the career of Major General Yount, who has relieved Brigadier General Lyon. He has served in Cuba, China, France, Hawaii and in several parts of the United States. He has commanded eight different organizations and has been awarded the Chevalier of French Legion of Honor and Order of the Crown of Italy.

His army career began at the age of nineteen when he was appointed to the Military Academy from Ohio, his native state. Upon graduation in 1907, he was appointed a Second Lieutenant of the Infantry. Shortly after he was sent to Camp Columbia, Cuba, remaining for two years, following which he was ordered back to his regiment at Fort Sheridan, Illinois where he served almost continuously for five years.

He then served three years in Tientsin, China before being transferred to aviation service in the Signal Corps at Kelly Field, Texas. This was his first contact with the Air Corps. During the war he commanded various aviation organizations in Texas and acted as a member of a board of officers serving in connection with the reorganization of the Air Service.

In 1919, after undergoing flying instruction, he took command of March Field, California for two years. It was during this period that he was promoted to Captain and Major.

General Yount sailed for France in August, 1925 where he served as Assistant Military Attache for Aviation, at the American Embassy, Paris, till August 15, 1929. In these years he served as a delegate at several international aviation conferences. He was also technical expert at the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, Switzerland, and attended in the capacity of technical adviser at the Extraordinary Session of the International Commission for air navigation in June 1929.

In the course of his association with the Air Corps, General Yount has attended the following schools and colleges; Rockwell Field Flying School, Air Corps Engineering School, Tactical School, Army Industrial College and Army War College. While attending the War College he was promoted to Colonel and after graduation in June, 1936 was advanced to Brigadier General temporarily.

In August 1936, General Yount sailed for Hawaii, where he was assigned as Wing Commander, 18th Composite Wing. In 1938 he was made assistant Chief of Air Corps, and in 1940 assumed command of McDill Field, Tampa, Florida.

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Public Relations Office
Headquarters, W.C.A.C.T.C.
Moffett Field, California

NEWS RELEASE

Brigadier General Edwin B. Lyon bid farewell to the West Coast Air Corps Training Center Thursday, July 31st, and began his journey by plane to Balboa, Panama Canal, where he will assume his new duties with the Air Corps. General Lyon has just been relieved from his present assignment as Commanding General of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center with Headquarters at Moffett Field, California.

In order to conserve time, General Lyon will make the entire trip by plane, leaving Los Angeles at 3:30 A. M. on Saturday, and arriving at the Panama Canal Zone late Monday, August 4th.

Before his departure, General Lyon expressed confidence in the ability of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center to meet its quota of the 30,000 pilots a year program. "We have only begun our work", General Lyon told the Officers and enlisted personnel of the Training Center, "But I think I can say that we have begun exceedingly well."

General Lyon was born in the state of New Mexico in 1892. He received his Bachelor of Science degree from the United States Military Academy in 1915, and his Master of Arts degree from the University of New Mexico.

After serving as an officer in the Cavalry for two years, the General was assigned to the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps of the United States Army, in which he served for the duration of World War I. In 1920 General Lyon was transferred to the Air Service and promoted to the rank of Major. Since that time he has served in this branch of the service. In 1936 he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel, and in June 1941 he was further advanced to the rank of Colonel.

General Lyon will be succeeded as Commanding General of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center by Major General Barton K. Yount, who arrived by train in San Francisco at 9:30 A.M., Thursday, July 31st, to assume his new command.

# OFFICERS

TO THE CLASS OF 42-A:

This edition of the Windsock marks the second anniversary of the operation of the Air Corps Training Detachment here at the Ryan School in San Diego, and incidentally marks for me the completion of a year of most interesting duty at this detachment.

As we look back over our efforts to train hundreds of young men in the exacting profession of military flying, we can't help but feel considerable satisfaction. The record established here has been made possible only through the continuous interest and untiring energy of personnel who have been assigned the responsibility of training Air Corps pilots here in San Diego. Only the finest type of young men have been trained as Aviation Cadets in our School, and we can thank the southern part of the Middle West for most of them.

For the success of our training program we are especially thankful for the able leadership of men like Mr. Ryan and Mr. Prudden, who are largely responsible for the results of our training effort; of Mr. Kerlinger and his thirty flight instructors, who have patiently and conscientiously taught you all you must know about flying a PT-21 in ten weeks; of Mr. Matson and the ground school instructors, who have taught you interesting subjects like meteorology, navigation, and engines - a knowledge of which is so vitally important in military aviation; and of the maintenance men who work while you sleep so as to assure you safety in the air.

While I am proud of being associated with this fine organization, I know that you too will always appreciate having the opportunity of beginning your careers in the Air Corps here in San Diego. As we send you on to Moffett Field, we feel that you have been given our best efforts and know that you have put out your best. With keen interest we will follow your progress through the Basic and Advanced schools, and we wish you the best of luck!

DONALD W. HAARMAN
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commanding

The class of 42-A, though perhaps unaware of it, participated in one of two great occasions of the Ryan School at San Diego. The first was enjoyed by the class of 40-A in July 1939, when the Civil Pilot Training Program was inaugurated. The second great occasion was the event of the Air Corps's latest primary trainer, the PT-21.

Actually there were no ceremonies on June 30, 1941, when these new trainers took the air, but all viewed these sturdy new airplanes with pride and enthusiasm, and justifiably so. The PT-21 represents experience gained during two years of service testing on the PT-16 and PT-20 airplanes. The difficulties of service testing equipment while maintaining a schedule were multitudinous and often seemed unsurmountable. Perseverance won out in the end, however, and the result is gratifying.

Looking back at the School's past military and flying record, we can well look forward to another year of progress. To 42-A goes our sincere wishes for many happy landings and a bright future ahead.

MERRILL H. CARLTON
2nd Lieut., Air Corps

# THE BEST ARE STILL HERE

Recently we completed the final Air Corps checks on members of Class 42-A, and to those who are left I offer my congratulations, for you are the "cream of the crop".

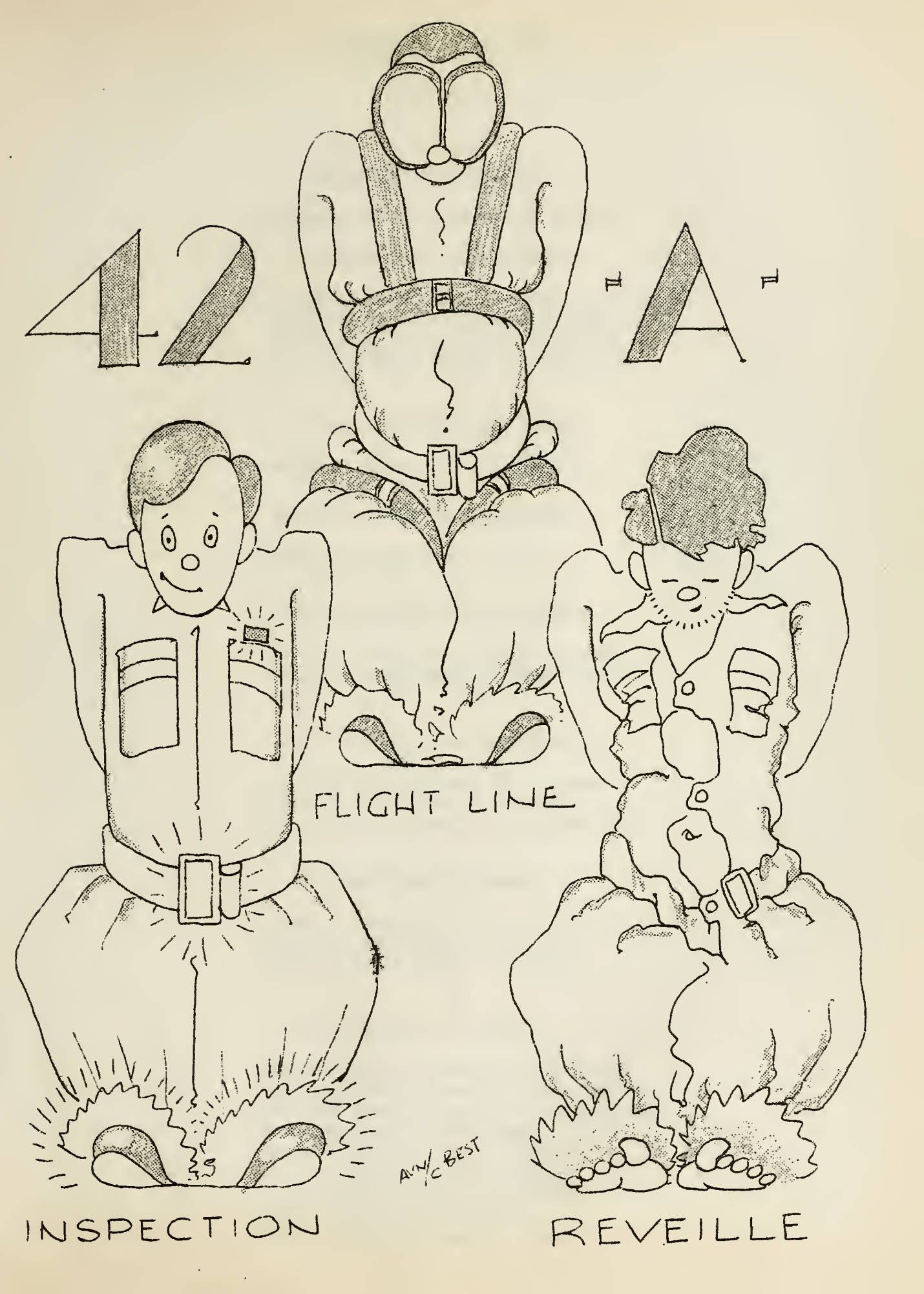
I am not saying that you are all "Hot Pilots" - far from it, but you have all shown that you have the qualities and traits it takes to be a flying officer in the United States Army Air Corps. You have shown us that you are able to retain and assimulate instruction and are capable of taking training in faster and heavier planes.

You have already, in your short ten weeks, become imbued with the spirit and pride of the Aviation Cadets. This spirit and pride of accomplishment will increase with time, knowledge, and experience in the Air Corps. You will soon realize that the profession which you have chosen is one of the greatest games of life and requires the utmost of a man to keep on top.

Remember that you, as Cadets, represent the Air Corps wherever you may be. Civilians judge the rest of us by how you look, what you do, and what you say. Therefore do your part to maintain the respect and pride that civilians have for the United States Air Corps, because each of you are a vital part in our National Defense Program.

Good luck to all of you at Basic and just remember "Keep 'em flying".

CARL E. DANNER
2nd Lt. A.C.
Asst. Air Corps Supervisor


42
"A"
FLIGHT LINE
A/1/C BEST
INSPECTION
REVEILLE

# AVIATION CADET OFFICERS

## CLASS 42-A

### AVIATION CADET CAPTAIN

Aviation Cadet Lawrence J. Pickett

### AVIATION CADET LIEUTENANTS

Aviation Cadet John N. Young (Adjutant)
Aviation Cadet Matthew L. Zollner
Aviation Cadet Arthur B. Maxey Jr.
Aviation Cadet George H. Johnston

### AVIATION CADET SERGEANT MAJOR

Aviation Cadet Finley K. Steele

### AVIATION CADET FIRST SERGEANT

Aviation Cadet James R. Harp

### AVIATION CADET SUPPLY SERGEANTS

Aviation Cadet Joseph W. Teagarden, Jr.
Aviation Cadet Harry W. Evans (Asst.)

### AVIATION CADET PLATOON SERGEANTS

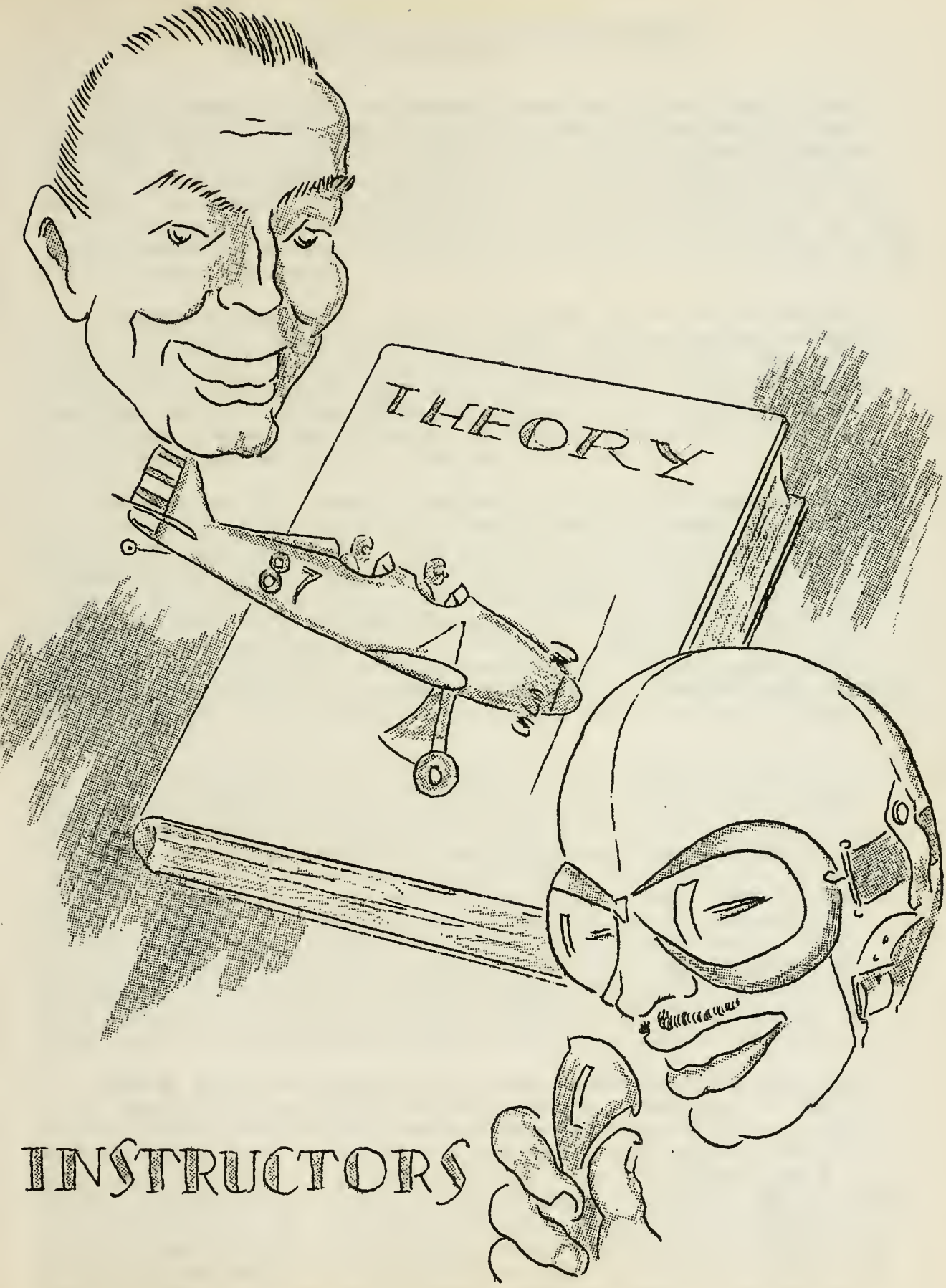
Aviation Cadet Thomas G. Duckworth
Aviation Cadet Carl V. Elliott
Aviation Cadet Harold E. Murphree Jr.

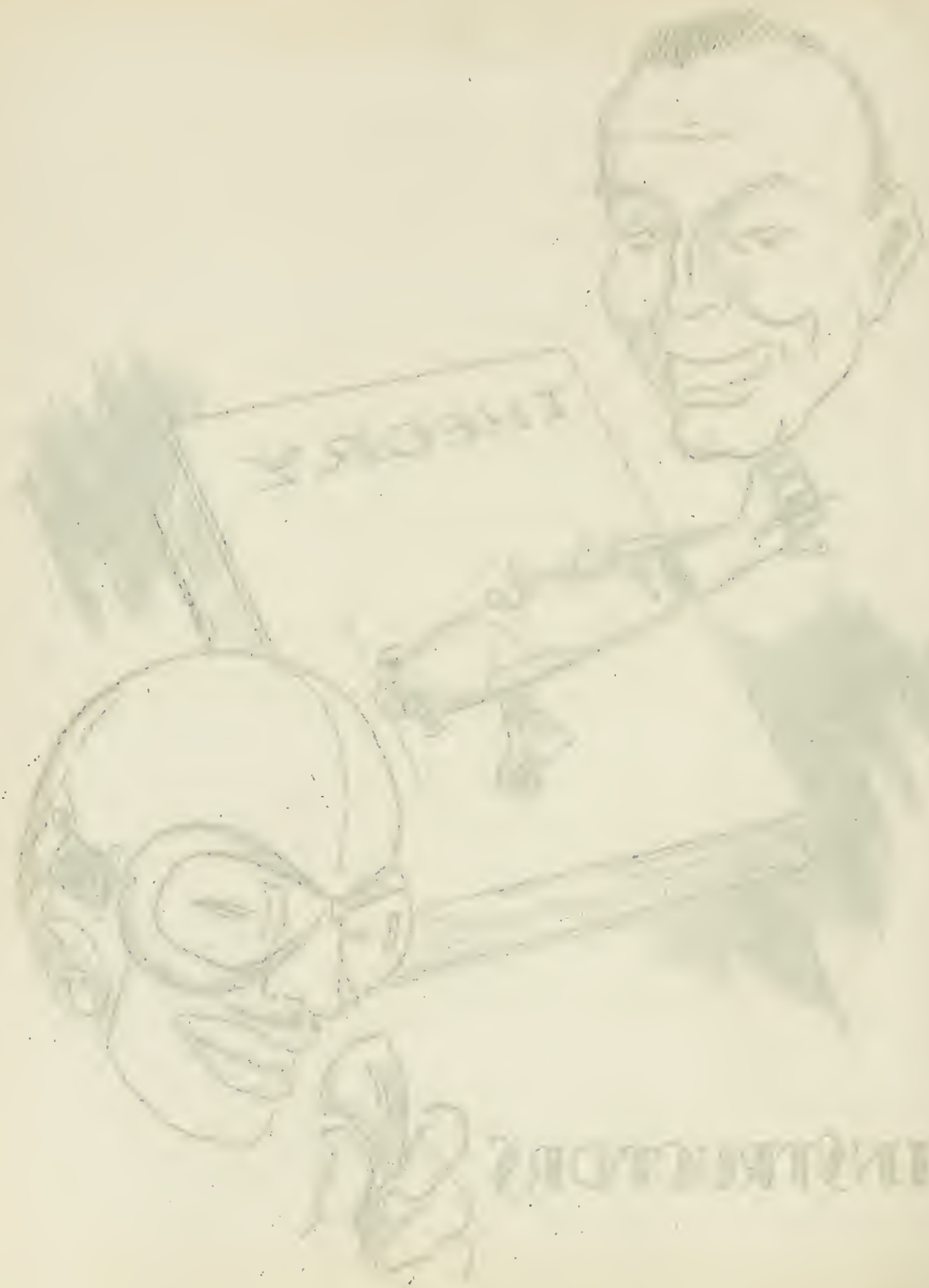
### AVIATION CADET SERGEANTS

Aviation Cadet Eugene T. Williams
Aviation Cadet Max. O. Mitchel
Aviation Cadet Willis Pennington

### AVIATION CADET CORPORALS

Aviation Cadet Kenneth W. Whitehorn
Aviation Cadet Walter R. Yarbrough
Aviation Cadet Frederick R. Higginbotham
Aviation Cadet Olen E. Cupp
Aviation Cadet Ralph E. Varner
Aviation Cadet Claude S. Harris
Aviation Cadet Robert H. McAtee
Aviation Cadet Jack Lee
Aviation Cadet Wayne E. Osborn


THEORY
INSTRUCTORS



# FROM NEW YORK TO NEWPORT WITH THE ADMIRAL

In the summer of 1923, the aircraft squadrons of the Atlantic Fleet landed in the North River and dropped anchor for a ten-day visit in the big town. Two days before the squadrons were slated to leave for Newport, Lt. Rodd and I were ordered to take the Admiral of the Supply Fleet to Newport. The weather was threatening when we left New York and we ran into our first whisps of fog off Block Island, but skirted them and went on. The ceiling lowered as we flew north until we were just above the surface by the time we reached New London.

Thinking that we might be able to get above the fog, we started to climb up through it after leaving New London. This was the day and age of "seat of the pants" flying and in the big twin-engined flying boat it was difficult to sense what the plane was actually doing and when we suddenly flew into an area of broken patches of fog and saw that our big ship was in a flipper turn we decided that it was time to turn around and go back to New London and wait until the ceiling lifted a bit.

As we entered the harbor, I noticed a big red brick lighthouse right at the entrance to the harbor and I thought then that I must remember that and miss it when, as and if we flew back out again in muggy weather. The admiral had his family in Newport and was very anxious to get there so every so often he would stand up and after looking all around he would say, "Don't you think that the fog is thinning out?" He finally asked if the plane would not make fair time on the water as a boat and of course Lt. Rodd had to tell him that we could make as high as 50 knots speed on the water during take off so he requested us to start for Newport again (flying) and if we found that fog was no better to land and proceed on the water - taxi-ing!!!

I was to take off and at once thought of the lighthouse down the harbor and determined to pass it well to the right. Right after lifting from the water the visibility became so poor that I could scarcely see 200 yards ahead of me. Bearing to the right to miss the lighthouse, I suddenly saw it loom up dead ahead of me! There was no room for a normal turn so I followed the old aviation slogan "When in doubt, haul 'er back and kick rudder!" -- I dropped a wing, hauled back on the control yoke and kicked high rudder to keep the nose up in the vertical turn. Then I cut the guns and landed. Lt. Rodd indicated he was wiping gallons of perspiration off his brow, the admiral relaxed the ten ton strain he was under when he visualized himself spread eagled on the lighthouse wall for he was up in the bow, protected only by the 3/16" plywood of the hull.

Then we started to Taxi from New London to Newport!!! By this time it was about 5 P.M. and darker than usual because of the fog. We got out our maps and by Dead Reckoning set our water course and in order to keep steerage on the plane in the water we had to turn the engines up to 1100 which made conversation impossible. Lt. Rodd took the controls and I stood up in the seat as lookout and a very busy and thrilling time followed!! That water was full of lobster pot buoys and with such poor visibility we would be almost on top of them before I would see them -- then I would tap Lt. Rodd on the shoulder towards which he was to turn and he would have to open the throttle on the outside engine and swing around - then get back on his course.

The fog was so wet that about ten minutes of this and I was as wet as if I had fallen overboard. We relieved each other about every 15 minutes and so both of us got good and wet. The admiral, up in the bow, also got wet and the hair came out from under his helmet and plastered against his cheek. My chief mechanic was standing up on the stub wing hanging to the interplane brace wires and you could see tension written on everyones face for if we had hit one of those buoys, our thin wood hull would open like an egg shell and we were a long distance from land.

It finally became so dark we couldn't see anything ahead of us so just had to trust to fate to dodge the lobster buoys. It seemed that we had been under way for hours when we felt the heavy swells of the open ocean under us - we had been protected by the northern extension of Long Island until then. We hurriedly checked our course and speed and found that we had been making good about 15 knots an hour and had a long way to go yet. The hours dragged by, each one seeming like a week and the roar of the engines indicated we were making far better speed than we actually were.

Finally Lt. Rodd idled the engines and told me he was afraid of missing the entrance to Naragansett Bay (and Newport) and thought we should check on our position. It was about 10 P.M. by this time and we were tired, strained, cold, wet, and hungry. He thought we should go in toward the beach and try to check our position by something on shore. There was a half light coming from the sky as though there was a moon shining up above the fog so as we neared the beach we could see the outline of what we thought were trees quite a ways off, but when one of the "trees" moved we realized we were about four times as close to the beach as we had thought and the trees were people who had heard our engines and thought we were in distress (they were right at that too!). The light breeze was "on shore" so when we idled our engines and retarded the spark the ship weather cocked around and we drifted in toward the beach with the ship in position to immediately pull out if we got into difficulties and the noise of the exhaust was so reduced that when we hailed the men on the beach we could hear their answering hail. We asked them which way to Newport and they pointed the same direction we had been headed, but we were unable to distinguish their answer as to distance.

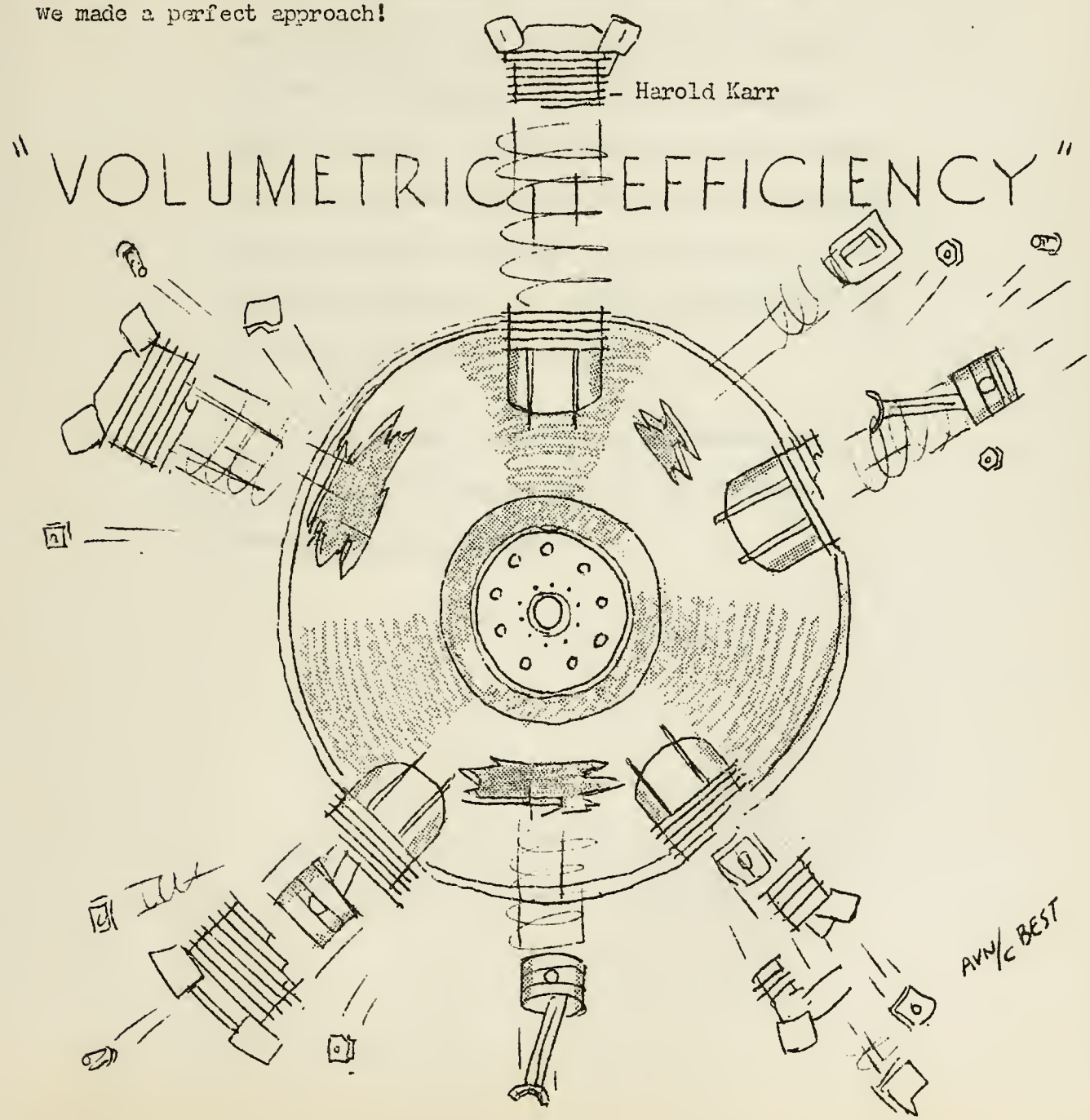
We headed back out and took up our course where we had left it to go in to the beach and about 30 minutes later we suddenly realized we were in absolutely smooth water - no more ocean swells! Lt. Rodd throttled down and sang out, "Stand by to drop anchor!" The admiral turned and asked him were we were and he told him he didn't know but that we would know in the morning. He had enough of this pleasure(?) cruise! Shortly after anchoring and while we were covering up the engines we heard the putt putt of a fishing boat approaching. The fisherman told us we were anchored right in the channel and offered to tow us to one side where the plane would be safe and also told us we had reached the breakwater of Point Judith lighthouse.

The arrival of the fisherman was a god send for we had expected to have to spend the night on the plane but after securing the plane the fisherman took us in to shore and directed us to the Coast Guard Station. There we were treated royally, got out of our wet clothes, wrapped up in hot blankets and sat down to eat. They had heated up some soup and made coffee and with bread and butter, it tasted like a Thanksgiving dinner. A dry cigarette and a little talk after we ate and we were ready for bed. All night long the fog horn of the station blared away, but for some strange reason it never bothered our sleep in the least! The admiral had already made arrangements with one of the fishermen who

lived in the little village, to take him on to Jamestown where he could catch the ferry for Newport. Before leaving he told Lt. Rodd that he had always considered the 50% that aviators got for flying was a graft but after that experience he was in favor of giving them an even 100% increase in their pay for flying.

The fog lifted about noon the next day so we took off for Newport -- going the way we were expected to travel -- IN THE AIR!! When we flew over the entrance to the harbor and saw this 150 foot break in the high stone breakwater we realized what a miracle it was that we sailed right through it as perfect as if it had been broad day light and clear -- we had entered the only sheltered water in about 100 miles of rocky coast. Had we been 100 feet to the right or left we would have piled up on the breakwater -- but our number wasn't on that page so we made a perfect approach!

– Harold Karr



Today class 42-A attended classes here in Ground School for the last time, thus completing ten weeks of training. You are to be congratulated, not only for completing your primary training, but for your sincerity and interest in increasing your store of knowledge in the field you have chosen for a career. It was this attitude that has made working with you a pleasure.

I should like to take this opportunity to offer congratulations to each of you, and say.... "Goodbye and good luck!!"

- C. J. Therrien

CLASS OF 42-A

It's been a pleasure to work with you men during the short period of time we have been together. During this time we, the ground school instructors, have tried to give you a glimpse into the airplane and its parts, meteorology and navigation.

Of course, the amount of information each of you has absorbed is directly proportional to the time and work you have put in on your studies though there are those who disagree.

As you go on to Basic and Advanced, your training will become increasingly more difficult. But don't let it "get you down" for, if you really want to reach the goal you have set for yourself, just keep digging and it won't take long.

I'd like to end with this poem written by Edgar A. Guest which keeps me going when I get "down around the mouth", for I think of those who have come through even though they have been pushed back by a dozen failures.

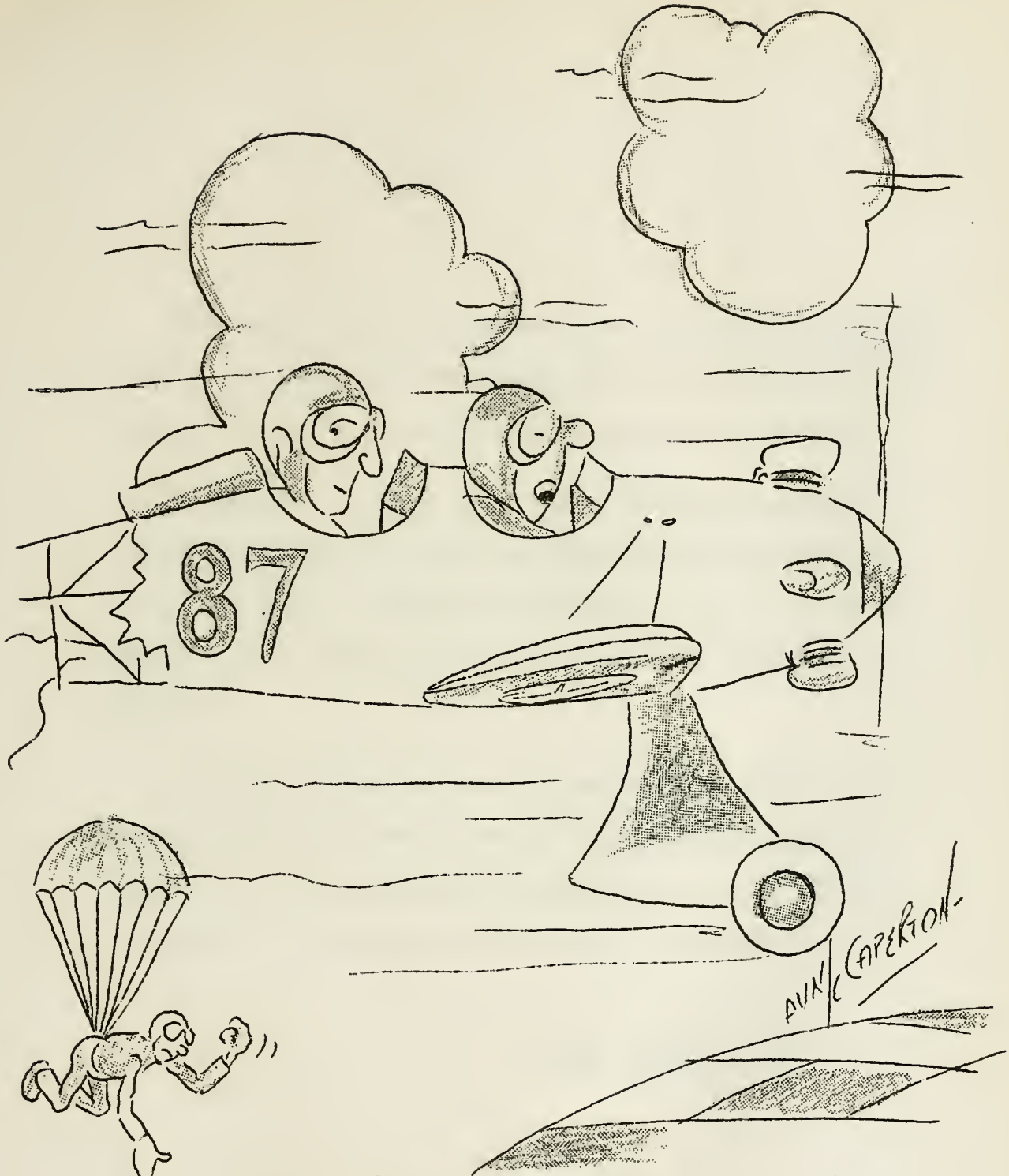
SOMEBODY SAID THAT IT COULDN'T BE DONE

--Edgar A. Guest -

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
That "maybe" it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face, If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

- Edward Pye



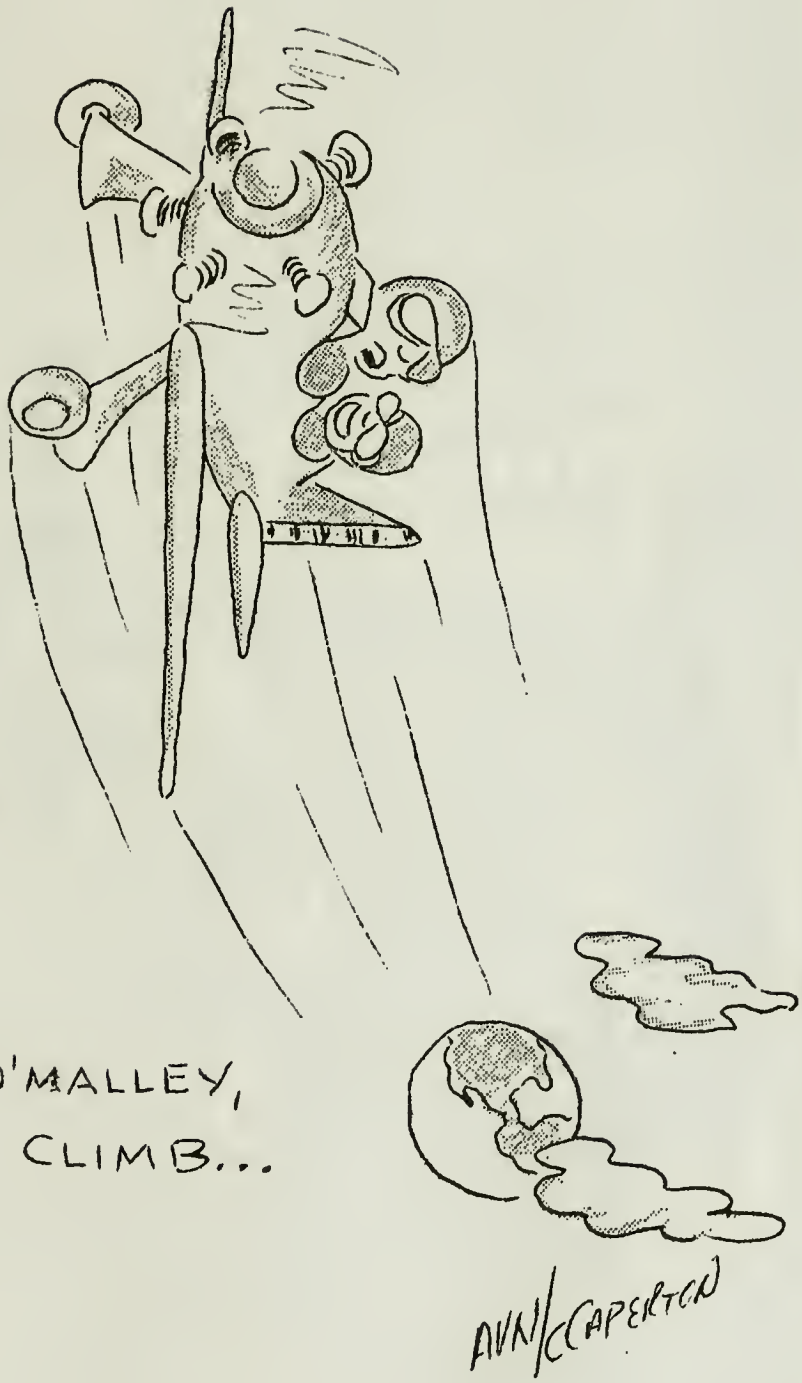

YOU MUST REALIZE, McGULLICUDY, HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO SPACE YOURSELF PROPERLY IN THE PATTERN----

Since the start of the Aviation Cadet Detachment at Lindbergh Field in July 1939, it is one of the finest Primary schools in the country. We are all very fortunate in having been sent here.

The Class of 42-A and all of the preceding classes, have strived to keep the splendid reputation that has been made and handed down to us. And now as we, the class of 42-A, depart we hope that you of the lower class try to hold and build to this reputation.

The class of 42-A will never forget the fine guidance and instruction that has been offered by the Army, the flight instructors, and the ground school department. Also the contacts and friends that have been made will not be forgotten.

- Avn/C Pickett, L. J.
Cadet Captain - 42-A



PLEASE, O'MALLEY, A NORMAL CLIMB...

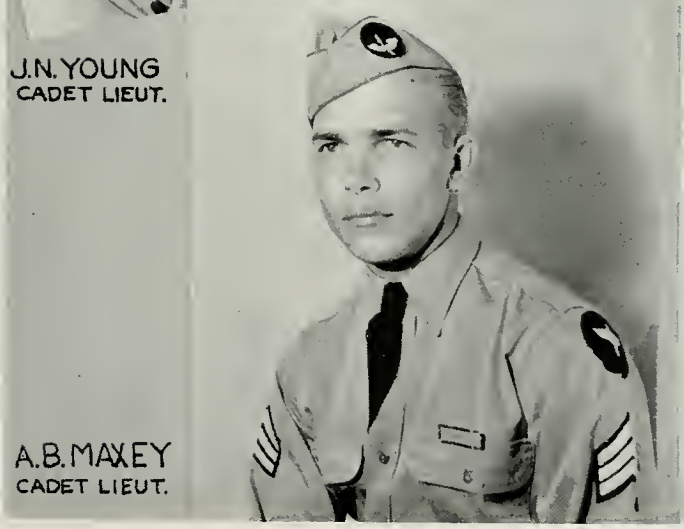
AVN/CCAPERTON

119
100

L.J. PICKETT
CADET CAPTAIN

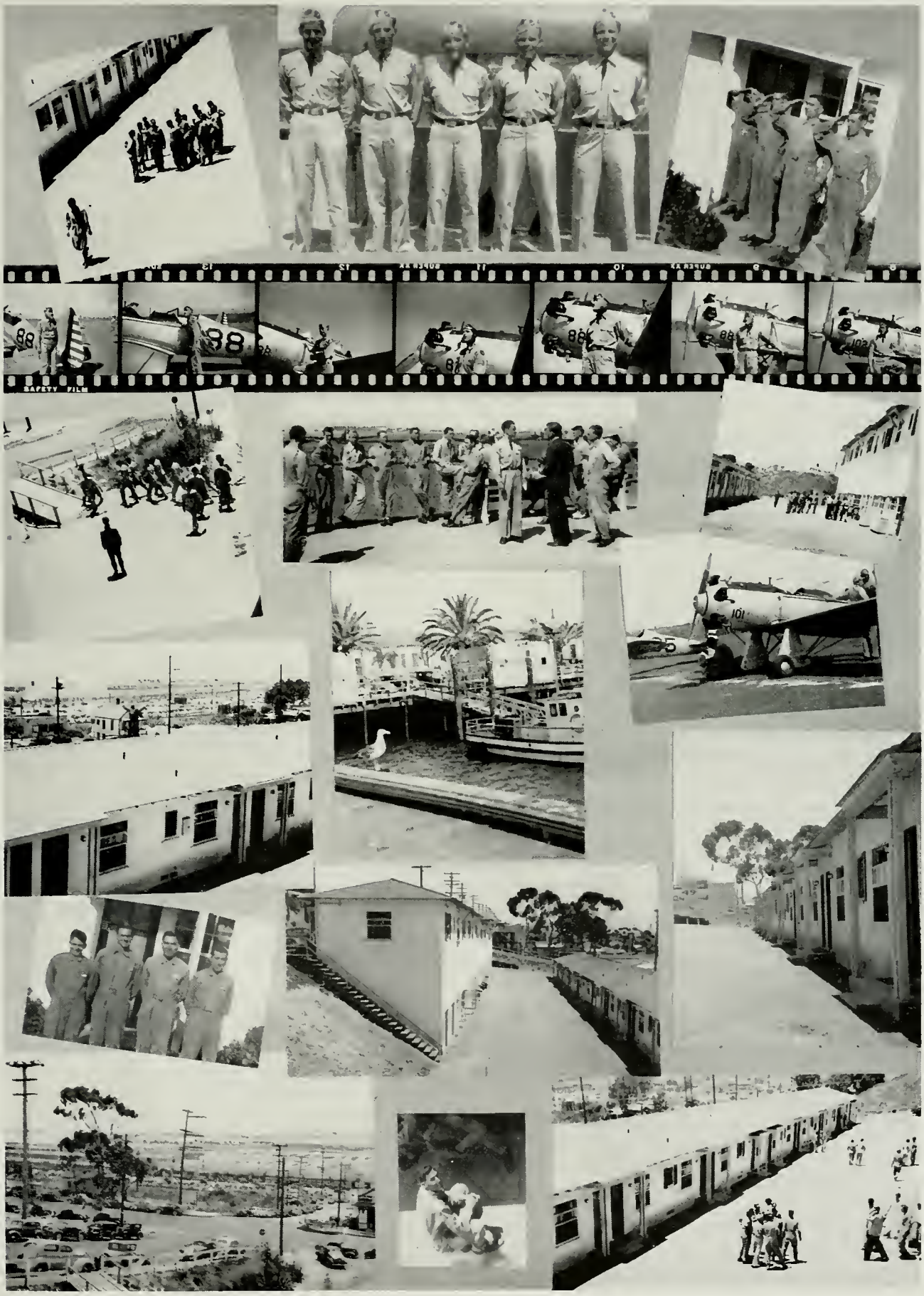
J.N. YOUNG
CADET LIEUT.

G.H. JOHNSON
CADET LIEUT.



A.B. MAXEY
CADET LIEUT.

M.L. ZOLLNER
CADET LIEUT.



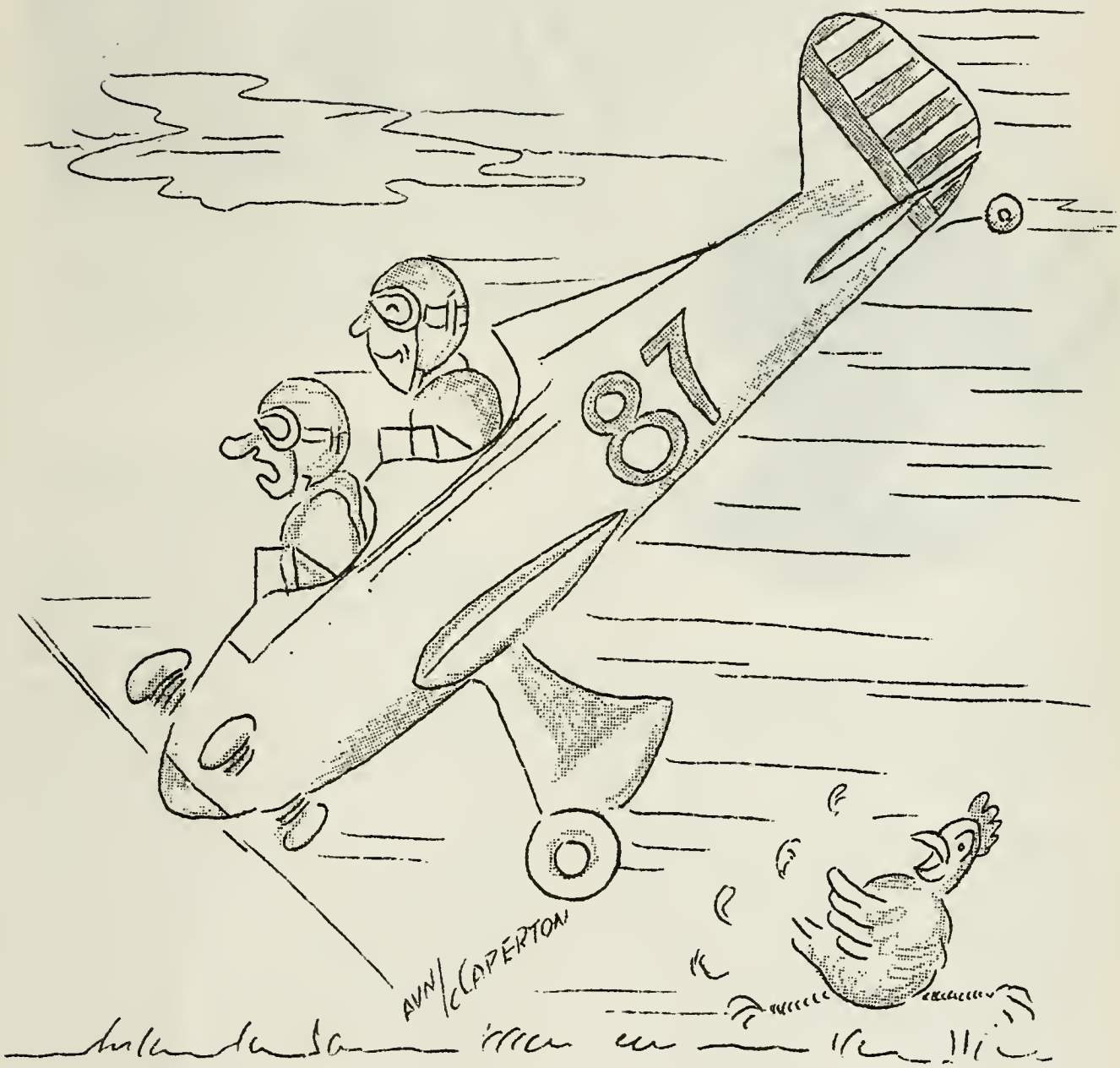
## MODERNAIRES ENTERTAINING AVIATION CADETS AT SAN DIEGO CLUB

The active young-women's club of San Diego, the "Modernaires," and their guests entertained classes 42-A and 42-B at a tea dance in the San Diego Club on Friday afternoon, July 18th. The party was thoroughly enjoyed by all attending and served as a splendid opportunity for the newly arrived members of 42-B to become acquainted with a part of the social side of this city. Miss Virginia Riehle, energetic president of the Modernaires, was in charge of arrangements, wherein 58 club members and friends greeted the 61 Aviation Cadets then present at this Detachment. Dancing was in order from 5:30 to 7:30 and open post for the upper class was allowed until 10:00 to give a full evening of pleasure and relaxation.

In addition to a Tea Dance during the second week here, which is becoming a regular affair, a formal "Recognition" Dance is planned just prior to the graduation of every class. In the past the Recognition Dance has been held in the Legionnaire's Ballroom at Balboa Park and has been a very successful event for upper and lower classes, Army Air Corps Personnel and civilian instructors attached to the Ryan School of Aeronautics.

A private membership in the San Diego Club furnished to each Aviation Cadet by the Ryan School enables us to participate in a variety of athletic and social activities. The Physical Training Period is held here on two nights a week, where facilities are established for Boxing, Wrestling, Tumbling, Basketball, Handball, Badminton and Swimming. All of the Club's facilities are available over the week-end and at any time we are entitled to open post. A large number of Aviation Cadets may be found here every Saturday and Sunday, either at the regular Saturday night dance in the large ballroom, or enjoying one of the game rooms, reading rooms or play areas.

When we look back upon our experiences at this Detachment we will consider ourselves fortunate indeed to have had opportunity for making so many new acquaintances and for such varied social activity.




MR. McCABE, IT'S HIGH TIME YOU BEGAN TO LEARN HOW TO TRIM YOUR SHIP...

## HIGH ALTITUDE FLYING FOR AVIATION CADETS— KEEP 'EM FLYING

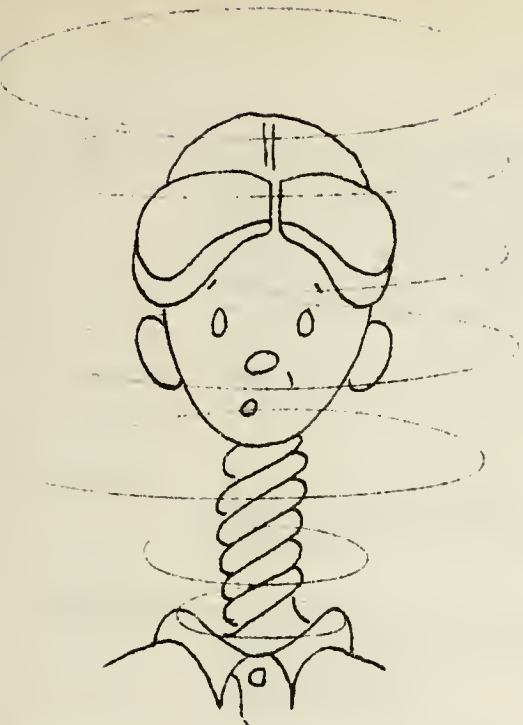
Officials of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center announced recently that high altitude flying would soon become a part of Aviation Cadet Training. This phase of instruction will be given at the three Air Corps Advance Flying Schools of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center now in operation. These three fields are: Mather Field, Stockton Field, and Luke Field. Aviation Cadets receive ten weeks of advanced training at these stations, and upon completion of the course are commissioned 2nd Lieutenants in the United States Army Air Corps Reserve.

Heavy clothing is necessary to combat the extreme low temperatures at high altitudes, as the pictures indicate. The mask over the pilots face is an oxygen mask. Except in an unforseen emergency, oxygen is used at all times above 15,000 feet. It must also be used above 10,000 feet when the duration of the flight is six hours or more, and above 12,000 feet for periods of two hours or longer. The amount of oxygen used by the pilot will depend upon the altitude at which he flies and the duration of the flight. The oxygen content of the air is thinner at high altitudes and unless this scarcity is corrected by an artificial supply, both mental and physical fatigue will set in.

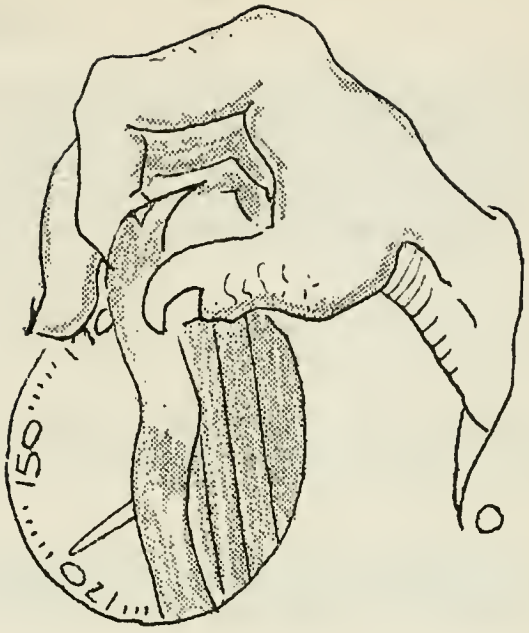
The use of oxygen in high altitude flying produces no ill effects upon the pilot. Oxygen is non-poisonous and an over-supply causes no harm other than the depletion of the oxygen supply itself. Administration of oxygen must be continuous at high altitudes because the body does not store or retain oxygen. The small amount in the lungs and blood is expended within approximately forty seconds. The amount of oxygen that is necessary varies according to the amount of physical exertion expended by the person taking the oxygen. The requirement is greater when moving about in the plane than when seated or quiet.

Altitude flying at the advanced training schools of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center will be included in the regular curriculum, and preliminary ground instruction will be given before altitude missions are performed. The training will consist of a minimum of one individual flight and one formation flight for each student. The purpose of the training will be to demonstrate the decreased physical efficiency of the pilot, difficulties of oxygen control, and increased sluggish reactions of the airplane in high altitudes. Experiments will be conducted beforehand to determine proper altitudes to fly the AT-6A, the training ship now in use at the advanced flying fields. In no case will planes exceed an altitude of 25,000 feet at this time.

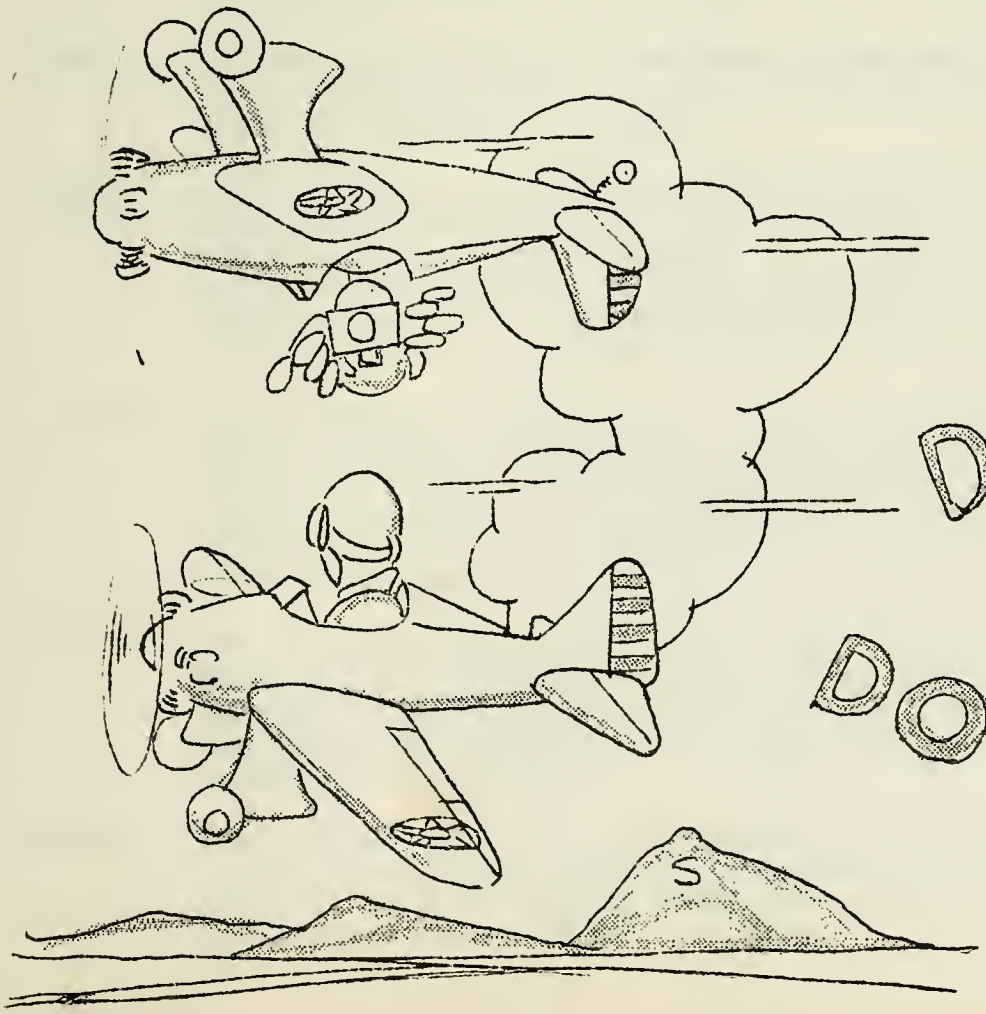
High altitude flying is just one more proof of the excellent and complete training being given United States Army Aviation Cadets. From one foot to 25,000 feet, Aviation Cadets of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center are able to KEEP 'EM FLYING.



KEEP YOUR HEAD ON A SWIVEL!!!!




AA-AA-AA-MUSTN'T TOUCH



# DOS AND DONTS

## RED LETTER DAYS

June 2 - All potential cadets gathered at their respective recruiting offices, took oath and immediately became members of a fascinating organization called, "Aviation Cadets". Then after a two day trip, some by car, others by rail, we arrived at what was to be our new home for a ten week training period. Upon our arrival we were immediately introduced to Army customs and traditions.

June 5 - Came and with it came physical examinations at which time three of our new group were eliminated.

June 9 - We were introduced to respective flight instructors. This meeting was short, but what most of us had been living for. Here we had our first introduction to the Ryan.

June 10 - We took our first actual hop - for many of us it was our first trip into Mr. Ozone. This upward expedition was followed by a rather informal lecture on top rudder, cross controls, and other assimulated coordinations.

June 18 - We, as dodos, were given a Tea Dance at the popular San Diego Club. Backs aching, and feet slightly calloused from a new type of exercise, we made a gallant attempt to acquaint ourselves with San Diego's representatives of the fairer sex.

June 24 - Came Wrong-Way Caperton, first cadet without previous time to solo. In the following eight days everyone had soloed, and what had been a dream had just become a reality.

June 26 - Came the PT-21, a new ship designed and built by Ryan for comfort, convenience, and efficiency. Courage soon began to master fear. Stalls and spins became a pastime. We no longer held one hand on the rip chord and the other on the safety belt. We were able at this time to fly in an inverted position without holding ourselves in by freezing to the bottom of the seat.

July 1 - Both classes met in the recreation hall. The lower class played host to the upperclass by producing a comedy extravaganza. Many hidden talents were unveiled such as Mr. Anderson as a valet to Mr. Hooks, a pilot a la supreme. Officers of the upper classmen were chosen by the lower class. Mr. Quillan carried away the honorary degree. A goodly time was had by all.

July 3 - Came the Recognition Dance. Upperclassmen and dodos alike enjoyed themselves in a balanced atmosphere. This was a great accomplishment for the dodos as mediocrity was tossed aside and recognition and esteem were substituted. The dance was such a success it was remembered for many days.

July 9 - Came the last drill with the upperclass. Best wishes were exchanged by each individual to members of the other class. This seemed a bit touching, as we had learned to cherish the friendship of this compact little group who were leaving for Basic.

RED LETTER DAYS
(Continued)

July 11 - Was the last day for goodbyes, and all upperclassmen left filled with a new enthusiasm. Tension was left behind by those who had made their first hop into the annals of aviation.

July 12 - With the upperclass gone, the lower class took complete charge.

July 14 - Appeared and with it appeared the smiling faces of four new dodos. This small group were welcomed with open arms as they were the first of sixty-two new members to arrive.

July 18 - At this time a Tea Dance was arranged at the San Diego Club for the new lower class. Both classes attended making the occasion a joyous one.

July 31 - A big day for the cadets as it was pay day again. We filed through the pay station in a columnar movement making periodical stops. Faces slightly wrinkled, but with the situation green again we made immediate plans for the future.

August 2 - New equipment was issued to the cadets.

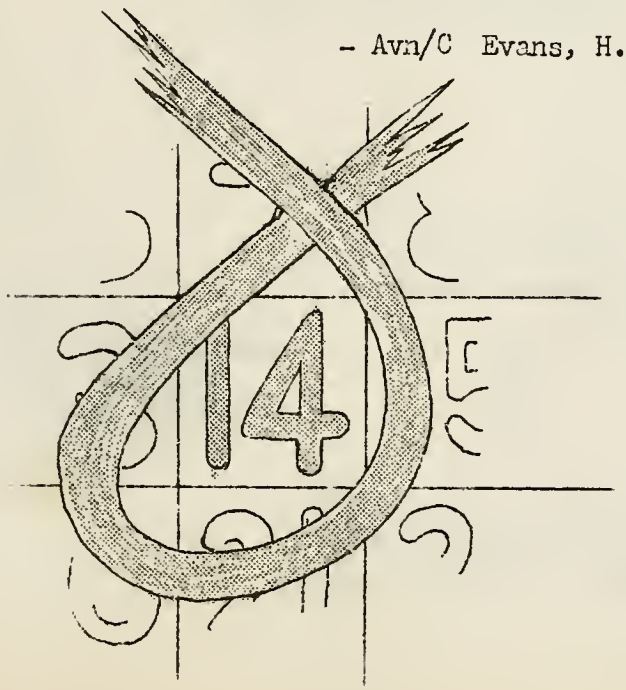
August 5 - Front seat rides began, and thrills reappeared in wholesale numbers.

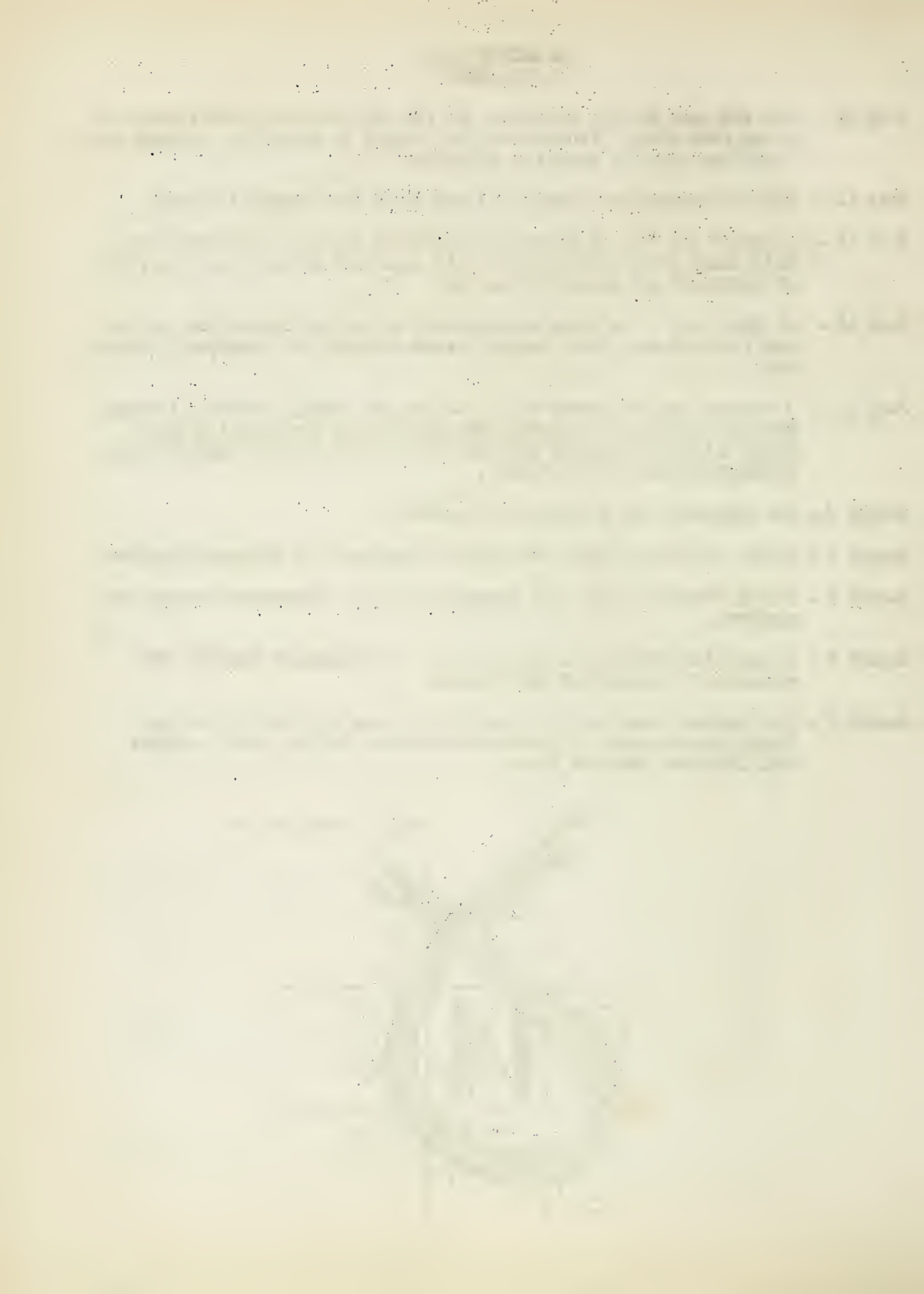
August 6 - Flying shaped up with last minute polishing. Sixty-hour checks were numerous.

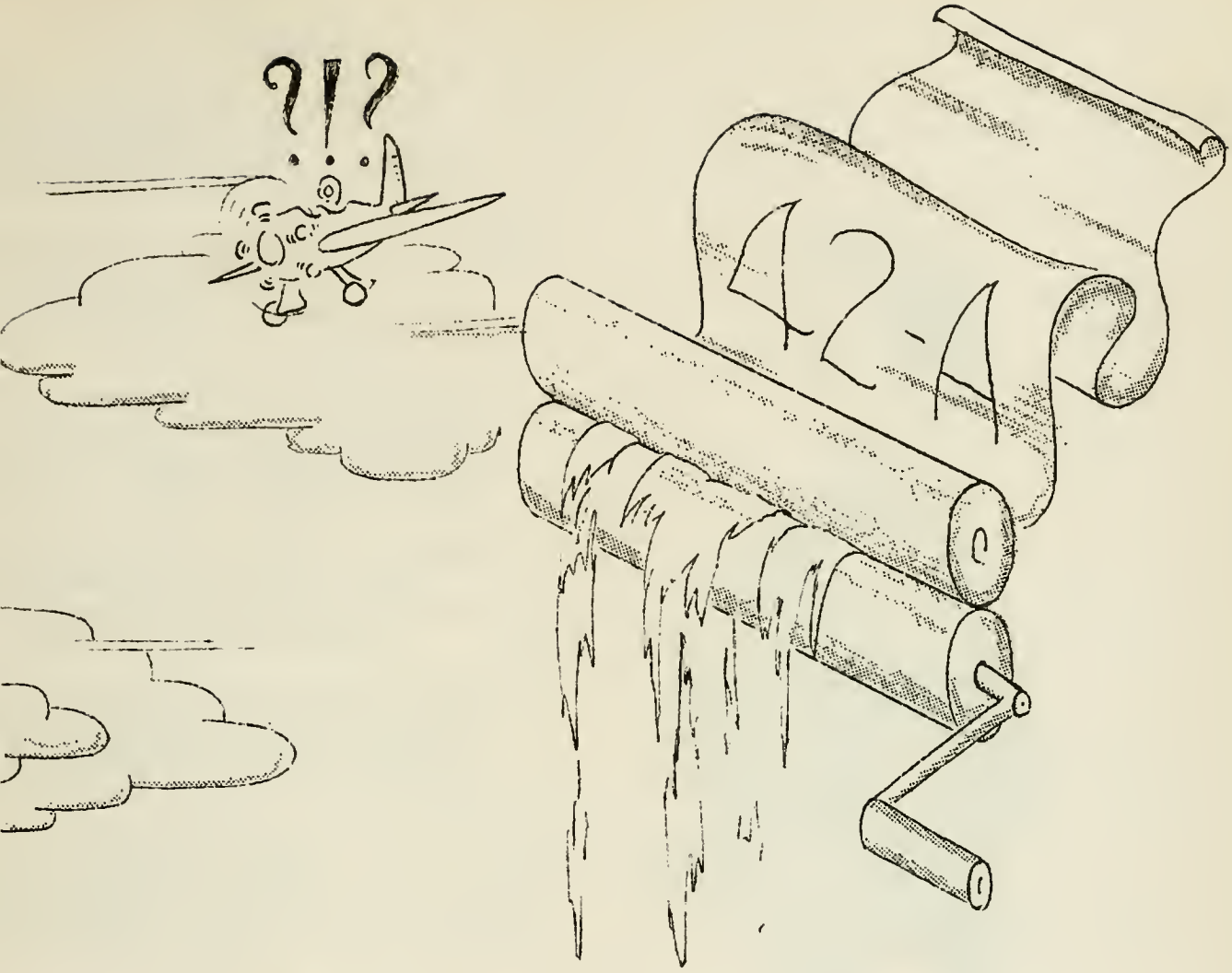
August 8 - Recognition Dance was held for 42-B. Complimentary remarks were exchanged by members of both classes.

August 9 - The Windsock went to press and with it went a salute to 42-B as flying predecessors of thirty-three cadets who had spent a mighty thrilling ten weeks at Ryan.

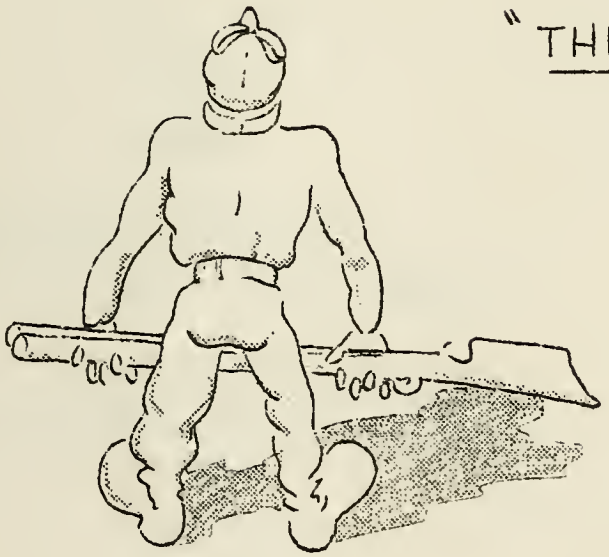
- Avn/C Evans, H. W.








"THE WASHING MACHINE"



"TRIALS & TRIBULATIONS"

AVN/C BEST

## DODO JOE

Dodo Joe stepped on the train,
One morning in July;
To Ryan School without a strain,
For he was going to fly.

Two days he rode the rails of steel,
Waiting for the stop;
In San Diego he closed the deal,
Joe's greeting was a flop.

A taxi drove him to the school,
To warn the "Sir" that he was due;
From his chair of large and cool
Arose a voice of rough "Pop to"!

Dodo Joe didn't sleep that night
And was on the line at five,
Inspection gigs piled on with might
Could he possibly survive?

He studied hard both day and night
And learned his customs well,
His shiny brass became a sight
As keen as promptness at the bell.

He loved his work and loved his play
And never had a doubt,
That wings to him would come someday
For Dodo Joe just won't "wash-out".

- Avn/C Choniski, W. J.

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## UNIFORMS

There was that Class 42-A
Waiting for that glorious day,
When they'd receive their uniforms new,
In which to parade in their review.

But let me tell you this, please sir,
Although they've waited without a stir,
Their waiting thus far has been in vain,
And they're wearing G. I. coveralls plain.

- Avn/C Davis, A. A.

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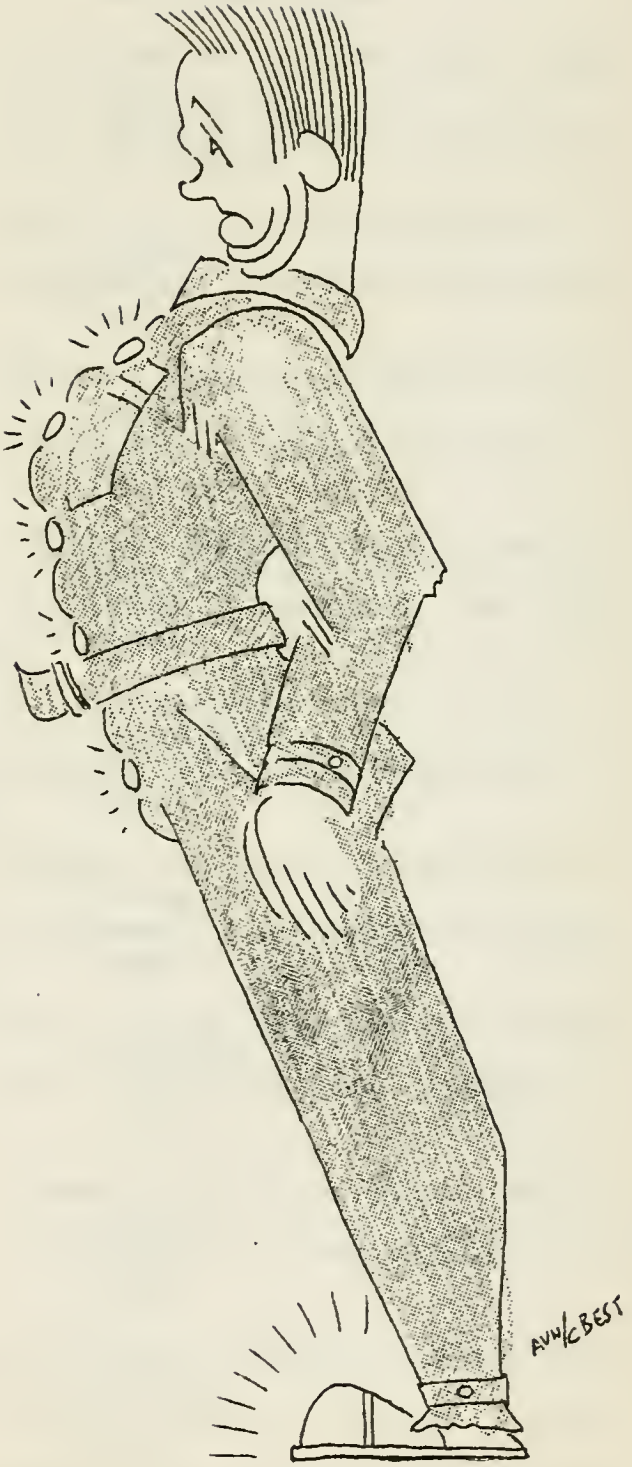

## THE U. S. SPACE CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT OF MARS
AUGUST 1, 1961

Today marked the arrival of sixty new cadets for training in the operation of spacecraft. As is general knowledge, the United States is greatly increasing the number of its Interplanetary Police Patrol to forestall any encroachment upon the rights of Earthlings by the Axel band of cut-throats from Pluto.

The dangers and fears which are assailing the Earth people everywhere today, resemble very greatly the comparatively puny effort of the Powers of 1941 to dominate the Earth. And you all know how the defeat of those powers brought about our present system of government, democratic and known as the United States of the Earth.

Spacecraft has been greatly developed in the super-scientific era which began in 1950, and spacetravel is now relatively soft. However, these new young cadets who have just arrived, left their business, girls, and homes far away to offer their services to the protector of all colonized and civilized planets in the system. All loyal citizens envy and honor them for their bravery and choice of service.

Justice and freedom will not be swept from our system as has been demonstrated time and time again, so long as there remain liberty loving persons who do not hesitate to put their ability together in one grand effort and wipe from the face of the system any threat, whether comprised of the present Axel henchmen of Pluto or any group of War-mongers.

Our hats are off to the gallant Space Corps Cadets of 1961.

- Avn/C Pagel, C. F.

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War never determines who is right - only who is left.

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It is easy to entertain egoists - just sit and listen.

********

## ALL-AMERICAN GUS

Haughty and arrogant he stepped from the bus.
Why shouldn't he rate; he was All-American Gus.

His suitcase bulged with clippings galore.
How Gus had brought victory, with a last minute score.

In the bowl of roses he'd hauled and stomped.
He'd dominated the field, opposition was tromped.

He'd laced on the gloves in Madison Square.
Brought back the title, with unmussed hair.

Now it's plain to see that he was the stuff.
He uncovered to no one, he was just plain ruff.

He strode into the area, chin high and bulging chest.
The ovation he received was one of the best.

Pop to! Sound off! Wipe it off! Double time!
Commands came at once, without any rhyme.

Slightly befuddled, the ovation was strange.
A crescendo of applause, but my! How strange.

He was gigged, popped to, double timed every day.
Yet a change took place, Gus wanted to stay.

Inspection he passed; Walked gigs like a trouper.
At flying a '21 he was nothing less than super.

Diligently, assiduously Gus had fallen in line.
He wears wings now, the best of their kind.
Each day, he goes out, flys the heaven of blue.
Showing to all what honest effort can do.

- Avn/C Love, G. E.

# HOW TO FLY A 'JENNY'

1. INSPECTION: It is best not to inspect this ship. If you do, you will never get in.

2. CLIMBING INTO THE COCKPIT: Do not attempt to enter the cockpit in the usual way. If uou put your weight on the lower wing panel, it will probably fall off, and besides your will go through the wing, probably spraining your ankle. The best way to get into the cockpit is to climb over the tail surfaces, and crawl up the turtle back. Take care not to cut your hand on remnants of the windshield. Be sure to brush the squirrel and gopher nests out of the seat.

3. INSTRUMENTS: After having carefully lowered yourself into the seat and groped in vain for a safety belt, take a good look at the instruments-both of them. The one on the right is the tachometer. It doesn't work. The other one is an altimeter, and functioned perfectly until 1918, when the hands came off. Look at them , now, for after the engine starts, you can't see them.

4. STARTING THE MOTOR: The switch is on the right. It isn't connected however, it gives the mechanic a sense of confidence, when he pulls the prop through to hear the switch click, when you say switch off. If the motor for some reason or rather does start don't get out to pick up the unconscious and bleeding mechanic, he deserves it.

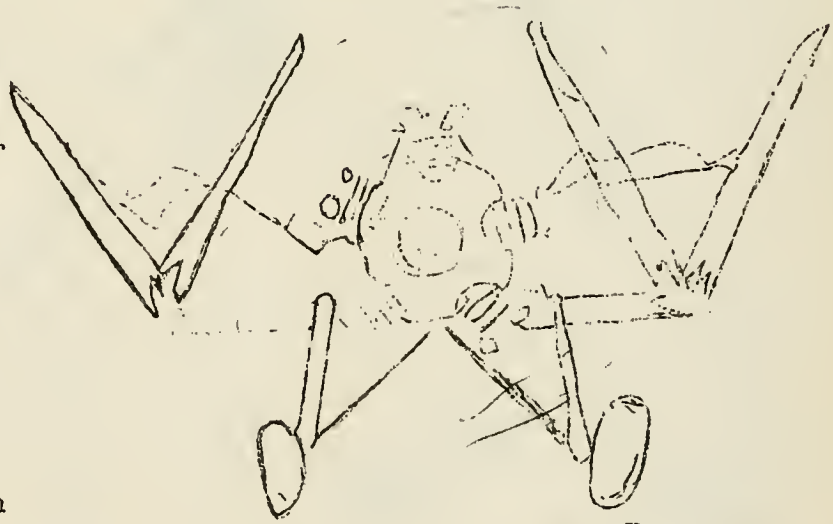
5. WARMING UP THE ENGINE: Don't warm up the engine. It will only run a few minutes anyway, and the longer it is run on the ground, the less flying time you have. After the throttle is open do not expose any part of your body beyond the edge of the cowling. It is not fun to have your face slapped be a rocker arm, or to be peppered by small bits of piston rings, valves, etc., that are continually coming out of what was once the exhaust valves.

6. THE TAKE-OFF: The take-off is in direct defiance to all laws of nature. If you have a passenger, don't try it.

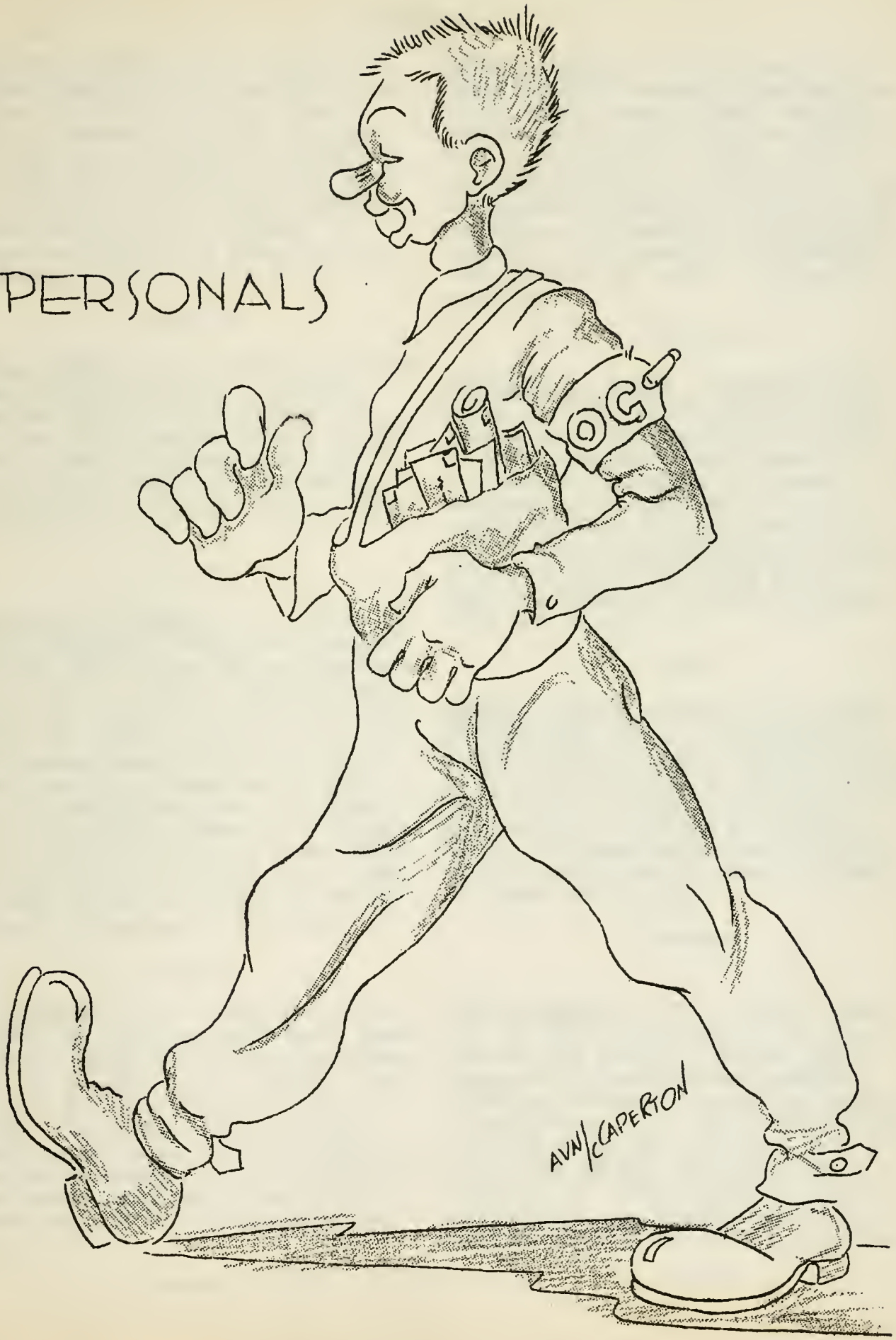
7. THE FLIGHT: After you have dodged through the trees, windmills, and chimneys until you are over the lake, you will see a large hole in the left side of the fuselage. This hole is to allow the stick to be moved far enough to make a left turn .Don't try it.

8. THE LANDING: The landing is made in accordance with the laws of gravity. If the landing gear doesn't collapse on the first bounce, don't worry, it will on the second. After you have extracted yourself from the wreckage and helped the spectators put out the fire, light a cigarette and with a nonchalant shrug, walk, "don't run," disdainfully away.

Submitted by PAT FINNEGAN



# PERSONALS



## PERSONALS

ANDERSON, WILLIAM C. III - Born in Calvert, Texas in 1915. Graduated from Calvert High School in 1932. Then attended Southern Methodist University for three years. Raunchiest dodo that ever came from Texas or any other state in the Union. Spent six years raising cotton and cows, so for a change of scenery and altitude he joined the U.S. Air Corps.

********

BROWN, NATHON J. JR. - Born in Port Arthur Texas on August 11, 1917. Attended Schreiner Institute from 1935 to 1938. Also Texas University Law School in 1938-9. Worked in Sales Department for Texas Co. from 1939 until 1941 in Corpus Christi, Texas. Ambition is to pass 40 hour check at Basic.

********

CAPERTON, JOHN FRANKLIN - Born August 29, 1919 in Santiago de Cuba, Cuba. Raised in Havana amid revolutions and hurricanes. Came to U.S. to college; attended Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, and after sailing the Gulf of Mexico with the P & O SS Company, went to S.M.U. in Dallas, Texas to major in Commercial Art and Spanish. Having spent the high school days watching Cuban Cadets fly PT-3$ and Vought Corsairs, harbored a secret desire to become an Army flier and after a diet of quarts of milk and pounds of bananas, succeeded in passing the physical.

********

CUPP, OLEN E. - Born in Mayfield, Okla. December 23, 1918, but calls Earth, Texas his home. Went to Texas Tech. in Lubbock, Texas and received a B. S. degree. Has 150 hours previous CPT flying time at Lubbock. Had always wanted to be an Army flier and at the moment his chief interest is passing the final checks. He would be more than glad to Pop To for an upperclassman if he could get to go to Basic.

********

CURREY, JAKE LEE - Born in Grosebeck, Texas in 1917. Graduated from Mart High School, Mart, Texas in 1936. Attended Texas Technological College from 1938 to 1941 trying to get the inside dope on Electrical Engineering. Then, for reasons too numerous to mention, joined the Army Air Corps. Pet ambition is to fly a new Ryan PT-21 with enough HP to climb more than 300 feet per minute. He also likes to be O.D.

********

DUCKWORTH, T. GUNTER - Materialized one day in June 1920 in San Antonio, Texas. Attended St. Marys University of Texas for four long years. Was a member of the Phi Gamma Theta Fraternity. Became interested in flying when the C.A.A. started the CPT. Believes that flying cubs is easier than flying Ryans. Dreams all day about that wonderful saying "Basic at Randolph", because thats home sweet home to him.

********

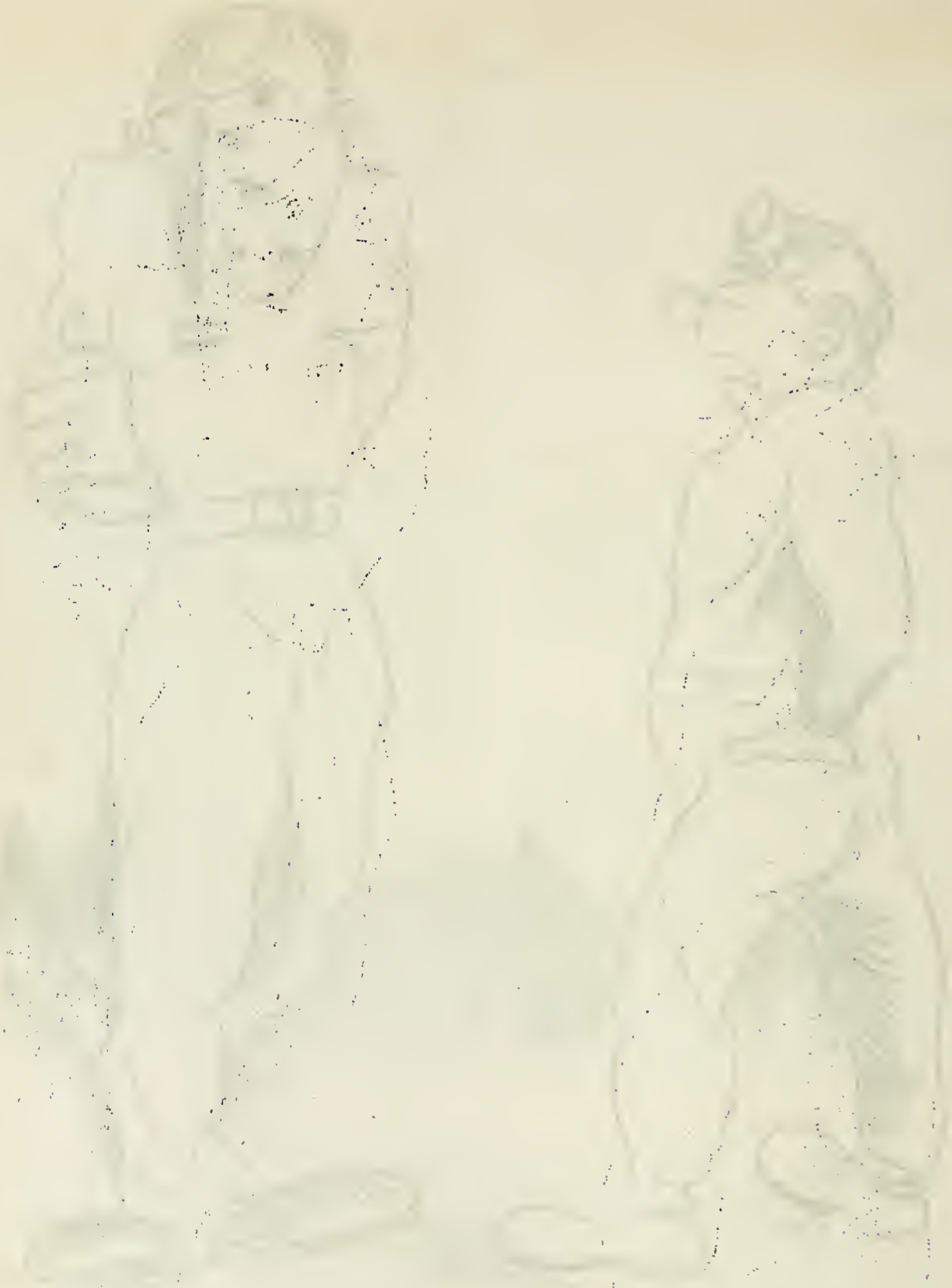
EDWARDS, JAMES A. - Born April 18, 1917, in Huntington, Texas. Attended grade school in Dallas, Texas. Went to college at Schreiner Institute at Kerrville, Texas. Tried to major in math and Electrical Engineering. Afterwards joined the U.S. Marines and became interested in aviation. After being discharged, joined the Army Air Corps, May 30, 1941.

********

ELLIOTT, CARL V. - Born in Vinita, Okla. July 21, 1916. "Crossroads of the U.S." Attended high school at Vinita. Spent three years at Northeastern Teachers, Tahlequah, Oklahoma. Majoring in football and campasology, quit school when the girls got tired of the same old line. Made a cruise with the Navy and decided those ships were too slow so decided to join the Air Corps. He believes he will be an authority on check rides when he finishes.

********

TELL ME SOME MORE ABOUT THESE "FORCED LANDINGS..," MY DEAR MR. WHILIGAN ———.



EVANS, HARRY W. - Born June 13, 1917 at Bedford, Iowa "Crossroads of America". Moved to Joplin, Missouri where he was introduced to mining. Activity lagged so he entered the University of Missouri. Member of Pi Kappa Alpha and pledge president. Ambition was a degree in journalism. Writing didn't produce the desired action for this adventurous soul, so he asked Uncle Sam for a position in the fascinating Aviation Cadet Corps. Distinguished himself among cadets as the first one up on Sunday mornings.

********

HARP, JAMES R. - Born at Eufaula, Okla. on October 9, 1916. Attended Junior College at Warner, Okla. Then took off for Texas for further education. Attended East Texas State at Commerce, Texas. Had not been in plane before joining the Air Corps. His biggest ambition is to see the Army Check Rider hold thumbs up.

********

HARRIS, CLAUDE S. - Born at Roby, Texas September 19, 1918. Graduated from Roby High School and attended Texas Tech. College at Lubbock for three years and one half. Had three Civil Pilot Training courses at Texas Tech. in 1940 and 1941. Prior to joining the Air Corps was ferrying for Breedlove Aerial Service at Lubbock. Joined the Army Air Corps to learn how and what flying was all about, despite other reasons advanced by 41-I.

********

HIGGINBOTHAM, FREDERICK R. - Cruised in on an eventful day in June, 1920 in Gorman, Texas. Was a very brilliant scholar in the first three years of school, but began to get negligent and lax in school work and pay more attention to what was happening elsewhere. Went to Texas A. & M. in 1938, 39, 40, and 41 but didn't learn enough to speak of. Acquired various names as a Dodo such as "Percy", "Van Schiller", "Finnegan" etc. Thinks that Graham, Texas is the greatest place in the world. Ambition is to have some bars and to go back to that sweet little woman. Got the idea of flying by watching buzzards flit around.

********

HODGES, PHILIP - Born at Sayre, Okla., March 27, 1919. Attended college at Southwestern State College, Weatherford, Oklahoma. He now claims Tahlequah as his home. His greatest ambition is to be a good army flier.

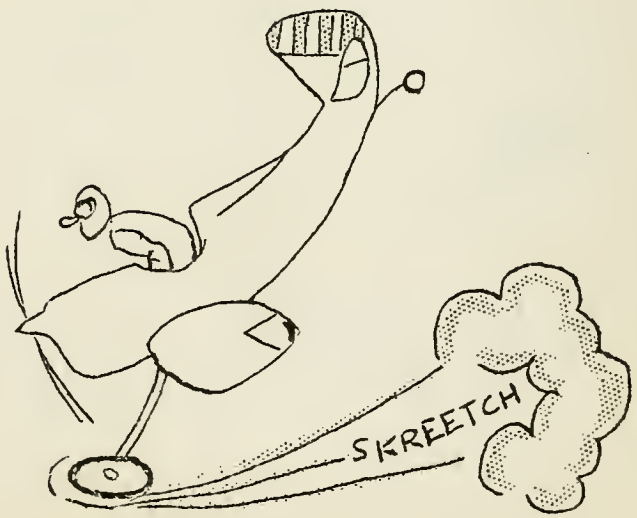
********

JOHNSTON, GEORGE H. - Born May 24, 1918, in Leadville, Colorado. Attended High School in Santa Fe, New Mexico and graduated from University of New Mexico in 1940. Majored in government and Pre-Law. Affiliated with Beta X. Chapter of Sigma Chi Fraternity at N.M.U. Became interested in flying while in school and took primary and secondary "Wings" with the U. S. Air Corps.

********

JOHNSTON, HENRY RANDOLPH - Born in Russelleville, Alabama April 21, 1915. Attended school at West Texas State Teachers College, Canyon, Texas and the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico. B.A. degree in 1939 with a major in economics and a minor in government. Member of Pi Sigma Alpha Honorary Government Fraternity. His favorite sports are tennis and swimming. He worked as Field Finance Supervisor for the National Youth Administration of New Mex. prior to joining the Army Air Corps.

********



Now what was it, I forgot?

LEE, JACK - Home is Olamogordo, New Mexico. Born there January 14, 1914. Worked for cattle ranches all the time that was not spent in school. Colleges attended were New Mexico Military Institute two years, lettered in boxing while there; University of Arizona, one year and New Mexico A.& M. three years. Degree- Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

********

LOUDERBACK, DALE E. - Born, Tulsa, Okla. December 2, 1918. Attended high school at Seminole and finished one year of Junior College at Seminole and transferred to University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla. From there he went to East Central State Teachers College, Ada, Oklahoma where his flying career began. His greatest ambition is to be able to sleep on the flight line without being called "Rip".

********

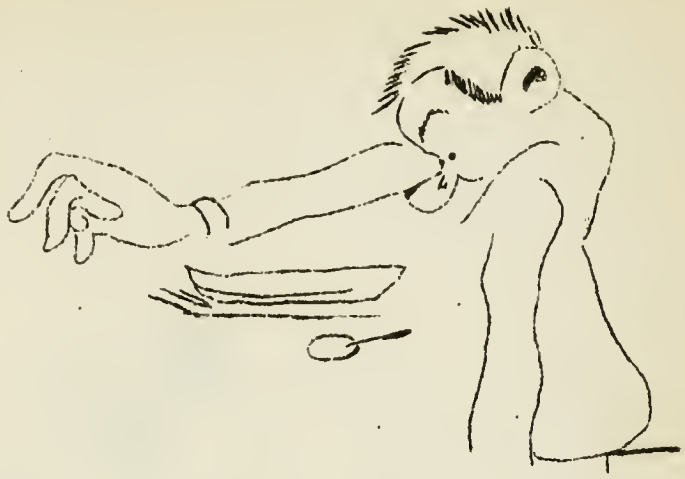
MAXEY, A. B. - Born in Gage, Oklahoma August 4, 1920. Home town is Las Vegas, New Mexico. Schools attended are Colorado A. & M. and New Mexico Highland University at Las Vaas. Has three years of college, majoring in Forestry, minoring in Chemistry and Speech. Athletic awary in tennis. Affiliated with Alpha Kappa Theta Frat. Ambition is to encourage and promote aviation. To "Keep 'em Flying".

********

McATEE, ROBERT H. - One of the two Missourians in 42-A. He has called Springfield, Missouri home for 22 years. Spent two years at Southern Methodist University. Then two at Southwest Missouri Teachers College. Was a Delta Chi at S.M.U. Lettered in track. After graduation came to the Army Air Corps and thinks it is plenty O.K. Always interested in flying, buying time for a while and then taking the primary and secondary C.A.A.

********

MITCHELL, M. O. - Born in Bonham, Texas in 1920. Graduated from Highland Park High School, Dallas, Texas. After 86 hours of majoring in College Chemistry he decided his hair didn't grow like a scientists should grow, so he joined the Army Air Corps as an aviation cadet.



Likes flying better than anything else he ever did and by all means he hopes he doesn't have to go back to chemistry. Oh yes, he has red hair.

********

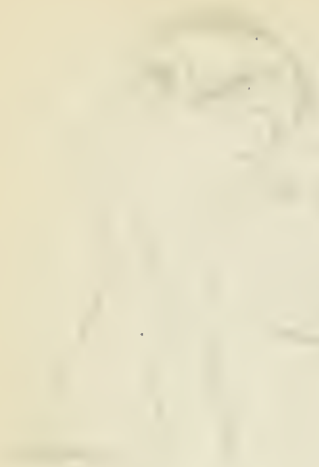
MURPHREE, HAROLD E. JR. - Born May 6, 1919 in Miami, Oklahoma but soon moved to Texas. Lived there ever since, mostly in Houston. Went to Rice Institute for four years and came out with a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering. Had been interested in flying since knee high to a duck, and having decided that running a slipstick was a dull future compared to flying, took advantage of the opportunity and ended up in San Diego as an aviation cadet. Hopes he sees Texas again.

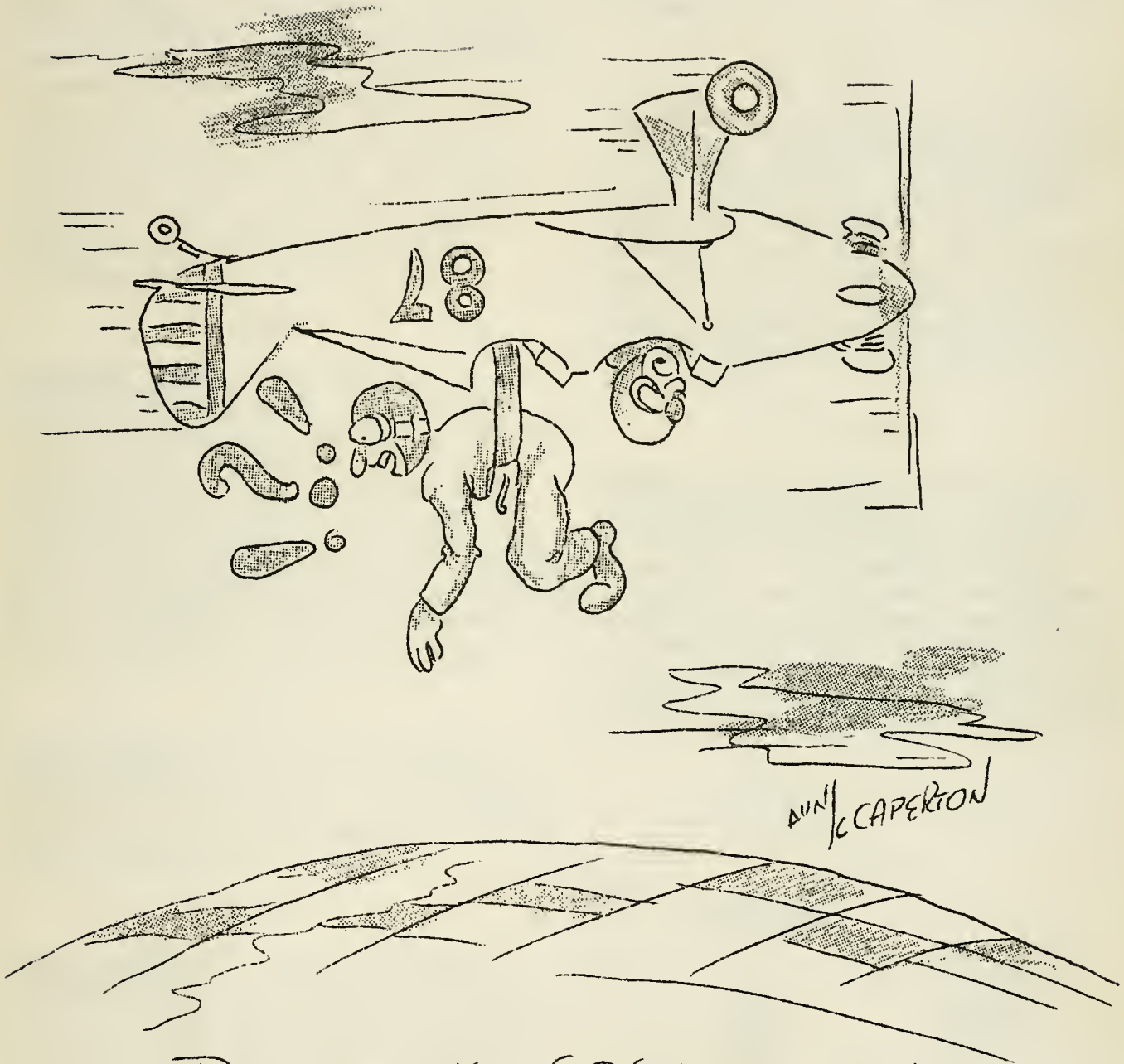
********

PENNINGTON, WILLIS - Born Aurora, Ill. Attended the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico 1935-38, majoring in accounting. Played football in 35-36. Associated with Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. Worked as an accountant for Forest Service in Albuquerque. Finished both C.A.A. courses and decided to join the Army Air Corps.

********

PICKETT, LAWRENCE JACKSON - First saw the light of day and smelled the air in which he was to fly on a ranch in Northern, New Mexico, May 28, 1918. Migrated to Las Cruces, New Mexico when one year old. Attended New Mexico A. & M. and received a Degree in Civil Engineering May 19, 1941. Holds






PLEASE, MR. GRISWOLD, LET'S HAVE JUST A LITTLE MORE RUDDER PRESSURE.....

— o —

PICKETT, LAWRENCE JACKSON (Continued) Reserve Commission in Infantry. Had 40 hours of previous flying time when he came here. He got the flying fever two years ago but waited until he got his degree before joining the Air Corps.

********

POLK, FRANK L. - Born Cheyenne, Oklahoma December 18, 1917. Attended Southwestern State College, Weatherford, Oklahoma for 4 years receiving a B.S. degree in Commerce with a minor in Speech. Had 40 hours of previous flying time before joining the Army Air Corps. He really likes to fly and the more he flies the better he likes it. The next thing he likes best is the idea of going to "Randolph Field" for basic.

********

SCHAEFER, WOODROW W. - Born in Yoakum, Texas October 31, 1914. Finished high school in Yoakum and attended the University of Texas in 1936-38 studying Petroleum Engineering. Transferred to Texas A. & M. in Kingville and received a B.S. degree in Natural Gas Engineering in 1941. Took primary and advanced C.P.T. before reporting for Army Service. Intends to go into Army Aeronautical Engineering after completion of flight training.

********

SMITH, ARES A. - Born in San Antonio, Texas May 23, 1919. Attended St. Mary's University of San Antonio for 3 years, 1938 through 40. Took Primary C.P.T. flight training at St. Marys.

********

SMITH, EVERETT D. - Born, reared and received all of his schooling in New Mexico. Evidentally he likes this state. His main hobby seems to be collecting letters from Ft. Sumner, New Mexico. Ambition is to be a Lt. in the Air Corps. Started his flying career in the C.A.A. bomber battalion, flying high speed Aeroncas, powered by a gigantic sixty-five horse power spit-fire engine. He thinks the Air Corps creates plenty of excitement. Likes all kinds of acrobatics and fully intends to make good.

********

STEELE, FINLEY K. - Born in Brownwood, Texas, October 27, 1916. Graduated from San Angelo Jr. College and attended University of San Antonio one year. Majored in Social Science but gave it up as a bad job. Became interested in aviation through the C.P.T. program. Highest ambition right now is to go back to San Angelo, Texas for Basic.

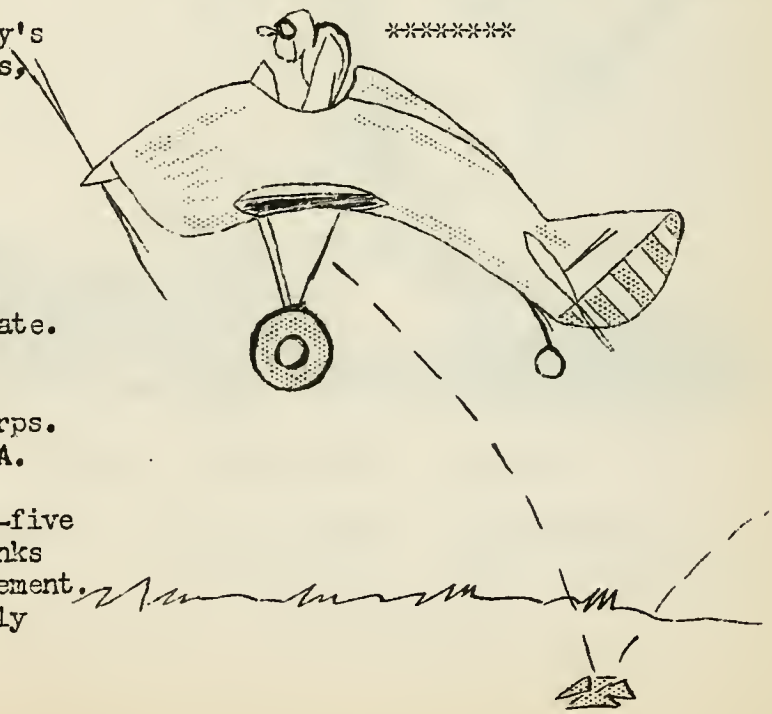
********

TEAGARDEN, J. W. JR. - Born and reared in Dallas, Texas. Graduated from Highland Park High School. Went to Terrell Junior College and Southern Methodist University both in Dallas. Had an Insurance Agency for two years. Became interested in aviation and joined Air Corps. Hopes he can survive. Was a pledge in Kappa Alpha Fraternity. Has the distinction of submitting in the last personal.

********

THOMPSON, CLAY E. JR. - Another Texan, a product of the Panhandle. Graduate of Amarrillo High School. Pursued higher education at Amarillo College, Texas Tech, and Stanford. Specialized in Speech and gave up radio announcing and commercial recording to join the Air Corps. Found that that experience did no good here - with only a oneway gosport Claims Lubbock, Texas as his home town.

********



DODO, DON'T YOU HAVE THE LEAST IDEA WHY YOU'RE POPPED TO...? ——————— WELL?

VARNER, RALPH EVERETT - Born February 23, 1920 at Pumpkin Center, Oklahoma and then moved to Ruthdale; the aggregate population of which was 19. A big town boy. Attended Coffeyville Junior College at Coffeyville, Kansas, after being graduated from high school at Delaware, Oklahoma. Thought he would like flying, so he joined the A.C. Spends his time looking for letters from his "Oklahoma Gal".

********

WALSH, FRANCIS R. - Saw first light of day on April 18, 1919 in San Antonio, Texas. Struggled through 3 years of college at St. Marys University in San Antonio. Member of Phi Gamma Fraternity. First bitten by flying bug in 1940 and took C.P.T. primary course. Thinks that Ryan airplanes are best primary trainers, and that the only good-looking girls in the world came from Texas and still believes in the song, "The Girl I Left Behind Me".

********

WEBB, MILLARD A. - Born at Dimmitt, Texas in 1920. Attended grade and high school at Dimmitt. Claims he rode the school busses (from model T's on up) 100,000 miles before he graduated from high school. Attended Texas Technological College at Lubbock, Texas for three and one half years, majoring in Vocational Agriculture. After "practice teaching" vocational agriculture one semester, he decided the Army Air Corps would be better than teaching. He managed to get primary and advanced C.P.T. courses at Lubbock before joining the Air Corps.

*********

WHITEHORN, KENNETH W. - Born January 13, 1919 at Pawhuska, Oklahoma. He attended Pawhuska high school where he lettered in football, basketball, track and golf. He later attended Northeastern State College, where he was a member and president of Phi Sigma Epsilon Social Fraternity, also a member of the football, basketball, and track teams. He was graduated in May 13, 1941, with a B.S. degree, and spent the first two years getting his degree before joining the Army Air Corps.

********

WILLIAMS, EUGENE T. - Born Bixby, Okla. July 17, 1915. Roughnecked in every oil patch in the following states: Oklahoma, Kansas, Illinois, and Texas. Spent most of his time in Texas. Was working out of Odessa, Texas when he enlisted as an Aviation Cadet. Took Pet Prod. Engineering at the University of Tulsa, Tulsa, Oklahoma. Member of Pi Kappa Alpha, played two years of football, but the latter interferred with engineering labs, so it was dropped from the schedule. Always wanted to fly so he quit the oil patch and joined as an Aviation Cadet. Likes to dance Texas Style.

********

YARBROUGH, W. R. - Born in Penner, Texas, May 22, 1920. Moved to Dallas where he spent several years and then moved to the "Focal Point" of Heaven II at Plano, Texas. Attended the College of Marshall at Marshall, Texas where he was president of the Delta Chapter of Phi Sigma Nu. While in College became an authority on "tonks" and navojoeing. He had the primary, advanced, and apprentice instruction course of the C.A.A. Decided he wanted to really learn how to fly, so joined Uncle Sam's Air Corps. Has always been known as the "Yard-bird".

********

YOUNG, JOHN N. - Born Jan. 1, 1920 in Edgewater, Va. Graduated from Wellington High School, Wellington, Kansas in 1937. Attended Central State College, Edmond, Okla., where he majored in math and physics and received a B.A. degree, May 7, 1941. Member of the track team and lettered 2 years in track at Central. Likes swimming and photography and worked as linotype operator on a newspaper for 4 years. The "Air Bug" bit him 5 years ago and he hopes it continues to run in the family. Snap rolls are his favorite pastime.

********

ZOLLNER, MATTHEW L. - Born Terrell, Tex. Aug. 12, 1918. Attended high school in Oklahoma City, and 4 years of college at Okla. University where he lettered 3 years in basketball. Received a reserve commission in the Field Art. thru R.O.T.C., but found his love, flying in C.P.T.

********

WAITING FOR THAT

ARMY RIDE....

## RECOGNITION

This section of the Windsock will introduce to you our Lowerclassmen or better known as Raunchy "Dodos". During our stay here as upperclassmen, it is one of our duties as well as a pleasure to recognize the dodos as upperclassmen. The editors of this Windsock take pleasure in giving a short section of our issue to these potential upperclassmen.

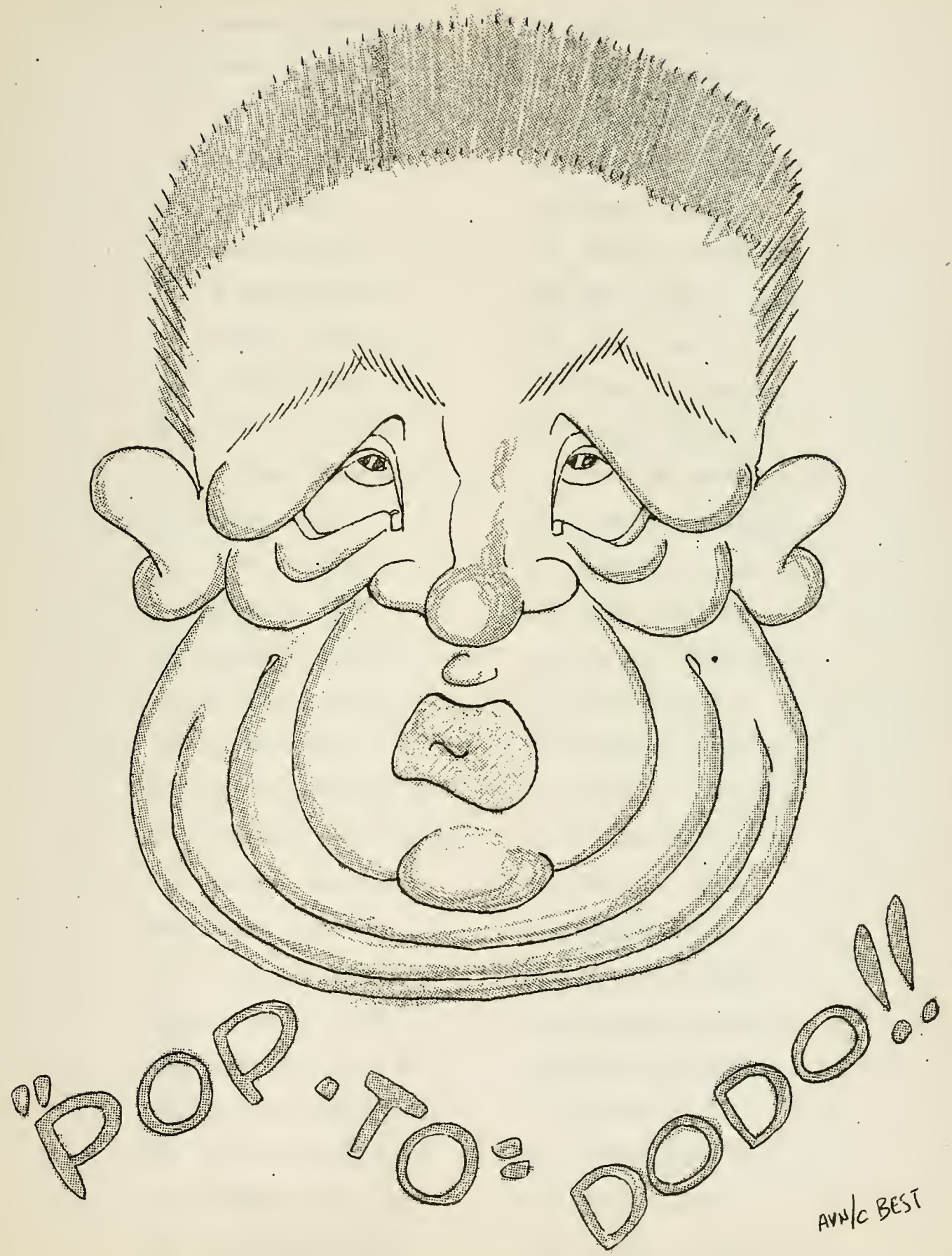
When a lowerclassman, the upperclassmen appear to be almost perfect, and beyond the limit of any further cultivation. However, the second five weeks here is far more important than the first. During the first few weeks the dodos are going through an orientation period and any upperclassman can find many faults in the beginners. But as they learn all the Customs and General Orders, as well as how to pop to and eat a meal correctly, the upperclassmen find that they have to be alert to continue to be upperclassmen in manner as well as in name.

At this point, a vital and intensified program starts for the upperclassmen. In our entire three years of service, we will be subordinated more or less. This subordinance is lifted from our shoulders only twice - that is as upperclassmen at Primary and Basic. These two short five week periods give us an opportunity to see the reactions of others to our commands. We soon detect weaknesses in ourselves as future officers, but have opportunities plenty to correct the mistakes as well as a multitude of patient dodos as guinea pigs to work with. The dodos contribute much to our training as we do to theirs.

Fred Wolcott, the greatest hurdler of all times, has often said he was the great hurdler he was because Boyce Gatewood was always just one step behind him. We will finish here just one step ahead of our dodos and we'll be just as good as they force us to be. As they become acclimated to this life we find we move from the frivolous to the serious side.

The editors of this Windsock thank the Dodos for their contributions to this publication and wish them all the best of luck.

- Avn/C Schaefer, W. W.


"POP·TO: DODO!!
AVN/C BEST

CLASS 42-B

1. Barefield, Morris B.
2. Barrett, Thomas W.
3. Beck, Willard A.
4. Behr, Thomas S.
5. Beihl, Lester E.
6. Best, Ezra
7. Brasher, Harold C.
8. Brooks, Ralph C.
9. Burkett, Reinhold E.
10. Chapman, Walter S.
11. Choniski, William J.
12. Cochran, Fielding B. Jr.
13. Davis, Adrian A.
14. Depwe, Stanley M.
15. Driskill, Felix H.
16. Enright, Donald J.
17. Erwin, Roy B. Jr.
18. Gaines, John R.
19. Georgi, Howard M. Jr.
20. Gonzalez, Andres C. Jr.
21. Goodwin, James W.
22. Grubbs, James R.
23. Gustafson, Ernest E.
24. Haarmann, Udo Jr.
25. Hawthorne, Jesse J. Jr.
26. Hensley, Clifford P.
27. Holmes, Walter T. Jr.
28. Jarnagin, James L.
29. Jerrells, Wilber R.
30. Keefer, William E.
31. Kilgore, Joe M.
32. King, Eugene G.
33. Kinsel, Joe B.
34. Love, Floyd E.
35. Marshall, Ralph S.
36. Meyer, John C. Jr.
37. Mood, John L.
38. Moore, Terence O.
39. Murphy, John H.
40. McCarthy, Martin W. Jr.
41. McDaniel, Donald M.
42. McMahon, Joel D. Jr.
43. Pagel, Carl F.
44. Phelan, Edward H. Jr.
45. Ray, Evans G.
46. Robbins, Richard O.
47. Roitsch, Clarence A.
48. Simeral, George A.
49. Simmons, Hal F.
50. Skipper, Jack
51. Smithers, Edwin C.
52. Spearman, George W.
53. Stevens, Frank W.
54. Thayer, David S.
55. Trauth, Royce G.
56. Vaughan, Roy G.
57. Verginia, Frank J.
58. Van Derhoff, Ora W.
59. Warren, George B.
60. Whitlock, George B.
61. Whitson, William D.
62. Wilhite, Irvin J.
63. Wilkinson, Clark N. Jr.

## IMPRESSIONS

It's a long, long way from the plains of Texas, before the eager new Cadet is rewarded with a glimpse of the vast blue Pacific. He rides over picturesque hills, steaming desert, and great mountains.

Then appears Lindbergh Field, cradled between the mountains on one side and the expanse of water on the other. Indeed it is an awe-inspiring sight, and many a heart does double time. All the eagerness, doubt, and conflicting emotions surge frantically up in the bosom of the new "dodo".

The friendly and efficient attitude at the Administration Building soon helps to dispel some of the doubts, but the tenseness cannot help but remain.

The dire necessity of passing the final physical check becomes upper-most in all minds. The Army Air Corps is the only place for America's Young Americans.

The physical check over, the "dodo" who is very, very dumb, begins at once to start adjusting and being adjusted to an entirely new phase of life, and no one but his upper-classmen can make him hint that the life of a dodo isn't a thrilling adventure. "Pop to - Sound off - vibrate" all makes up part of the fun. And to you dodos, the time draws near: no more wearing those goggles around the neck, and then you will be asking, "What is the First Lowerclass Custom, Dodo?" -- Patience Dodo!

- Avn/C Pagel, C. F.

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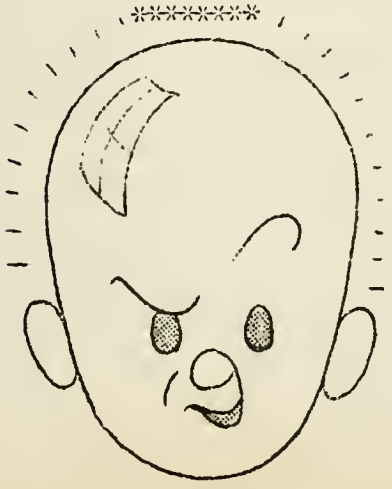
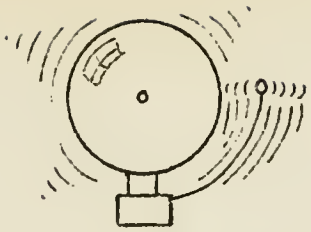




# "THE BUGLE"

## POP TO

"Pop to, Dodo, wrinkle that chin!
Eyes on a point. Wipe off that grin.
Shimmy a little; moan you two,
Right about face - now coo."

Such an ordeal a Dodo begets,
There is no peace for new Cadets.
"What is a Dodo?" someone inquires,
He's a neophite member of the Air
Corps Fliers.

He's an amoeba to be properly subdued,
From timber, a flier that has to be
hewed.
(Always unhappy) yet frequently gay,
His thoughts in the sky, ambition holds
sway.

Harried and worried by seniors all day
Polishing, marching, saluting - no play
"Pop to, Dodo!" -"No excuse, sir."
"Back in your ship, - as you were."

- Avn/C Enright, D. J.

********

## DODO

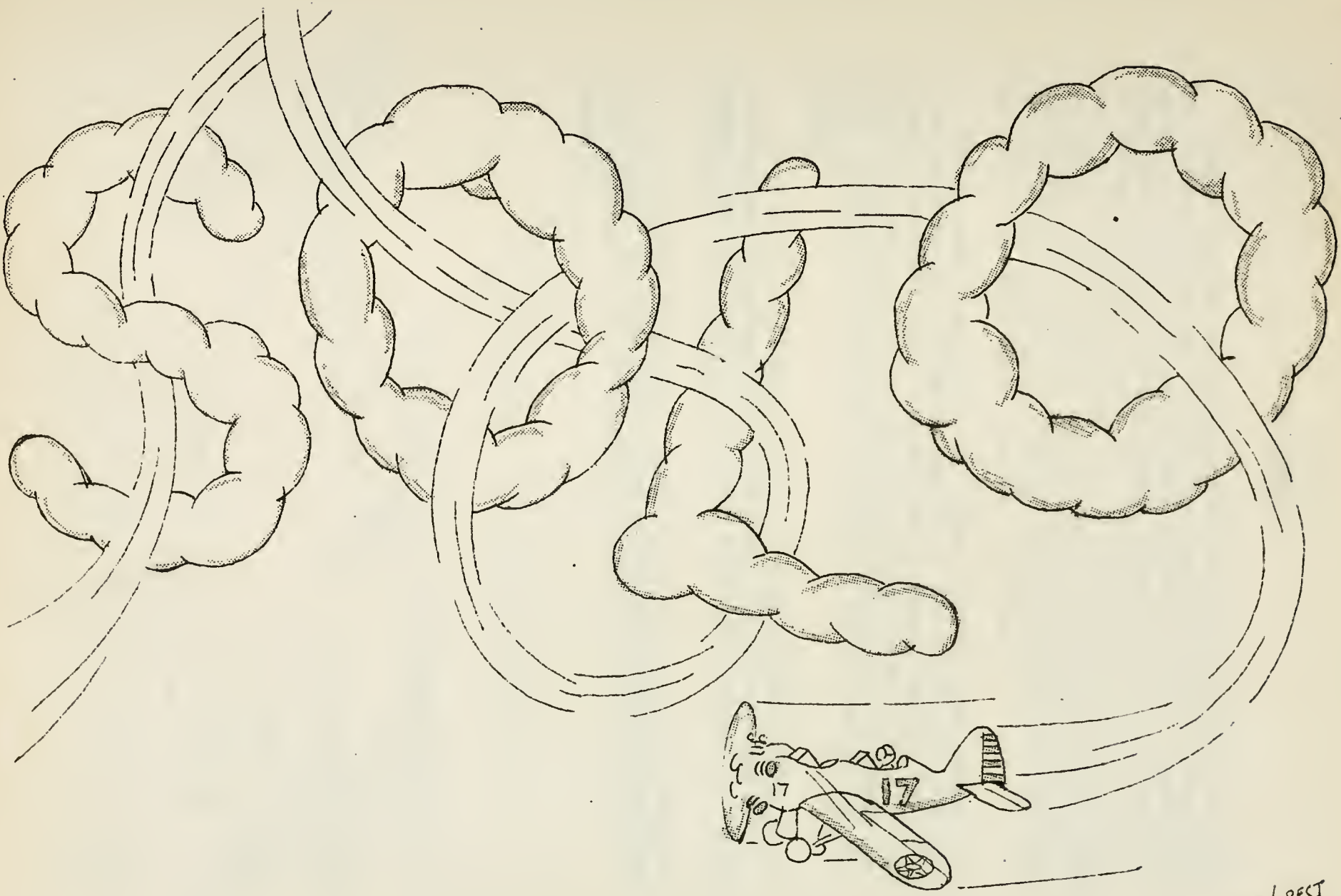
A Dodo is a funny duck,
Who's flying's purty sad.
Prob'ly used to drive a truck,
Ryans make him mad.

Might be with Heaven's sanction
And maybe Satan's too,
He'll some day be a flier,
They tell me such is true.

Tho' somehow I must doubt it,
As he flys those shiny rigs,
He'll prob'ly bust right out of here
With fourteen hundred gigs.

- Avn/C Best, E.

********




AVN/C BEST

# FAREWELL

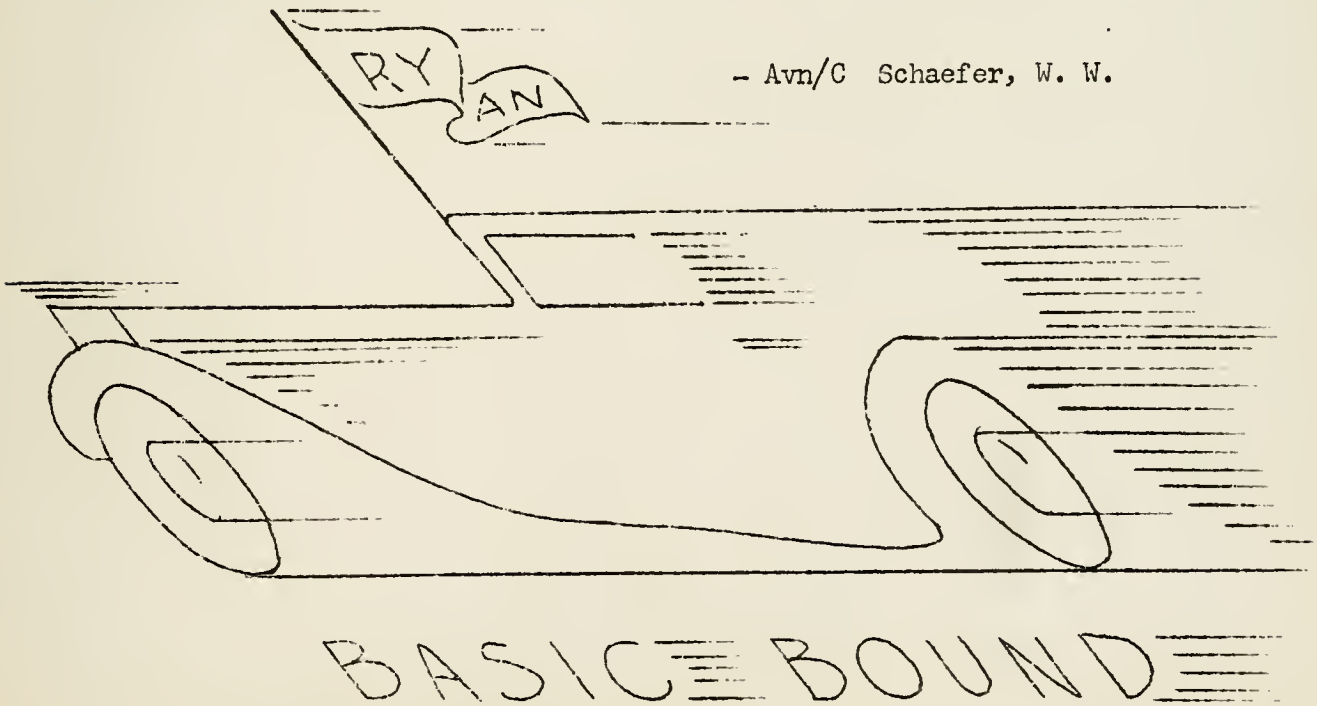
Did you say you were going to Ryan? Ah, what a place is San Diego. Yes, we are Aviation Cadets. What are those silly fellows doing at that table over there? Well, pop to yourself, dodo. Yes sir, I soloed today - A tea dance for us - In cadence count - Honor system, sir - I know all the customs and general orders and - Back in your ship - She was sure sweet at the Recognition Dance - Do you mean we are really upperclassmen - The thirty - What a bunch of Raunchy dodos - Now you are to plan a trip from to Brawley - The fifty - How many votes did the dodos give me? - Do you know the coreolis force is acting on you right now - The Army check. Yes, sir, I know what thumbs up means. On to Basic -

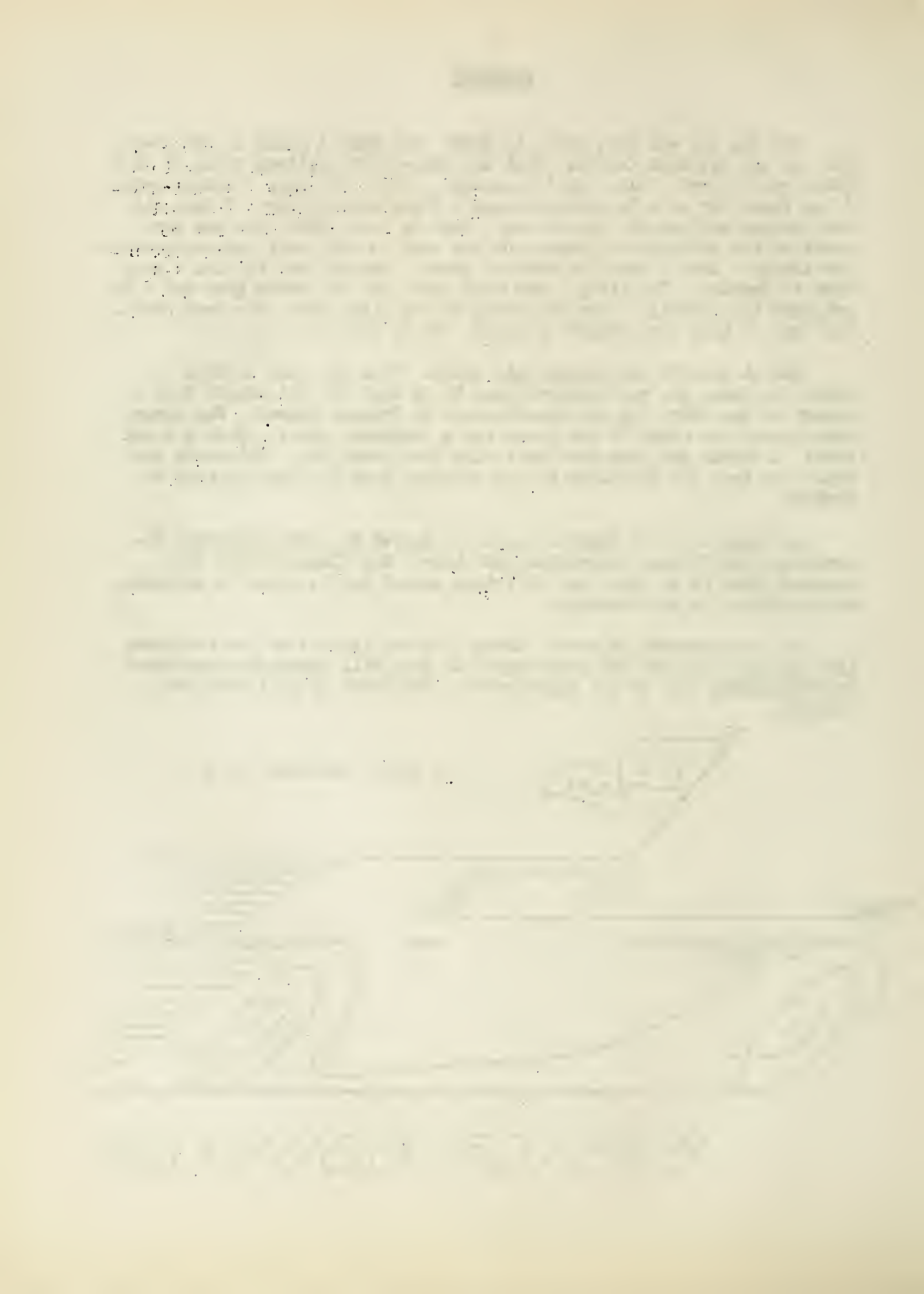
But it doesn't all happen this quick. When the time arrives to leave for Basic the realization comes to us that we will always hold a corner of our heart for the remembrances of Primary School. Can anyone ever forget the times he has hoped for a classmate who is up on a check ride? Or maybe you have been on a ride that meant all. Ten weeks here takes one from the frivolous to the serious, from the near perfect to perfect.

As we march on to tougher tasks, we regret to leave officers, instructors and friends associated with here. The Class of 42-A will remember Ryan as an exact and efficient school and is proud to graduate, but hesitates to say farewell.

But say farewell we must. Where life may lead us or the treatment life may give us, the ten weeks spent at Ryan will always be considered as outstanding days of our experiences. The Class of 42-A bids you farewell.

- Avn/C Schaefer, W. W.





WINGS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

Proud of its part in national defense---building planes and providing instruction that young Americans may win their wings---the Ryan organization pledges its continued cooperation with the U. S. Army Air Corps as the San Diego cadet training detachment enters its third year of effective operation.

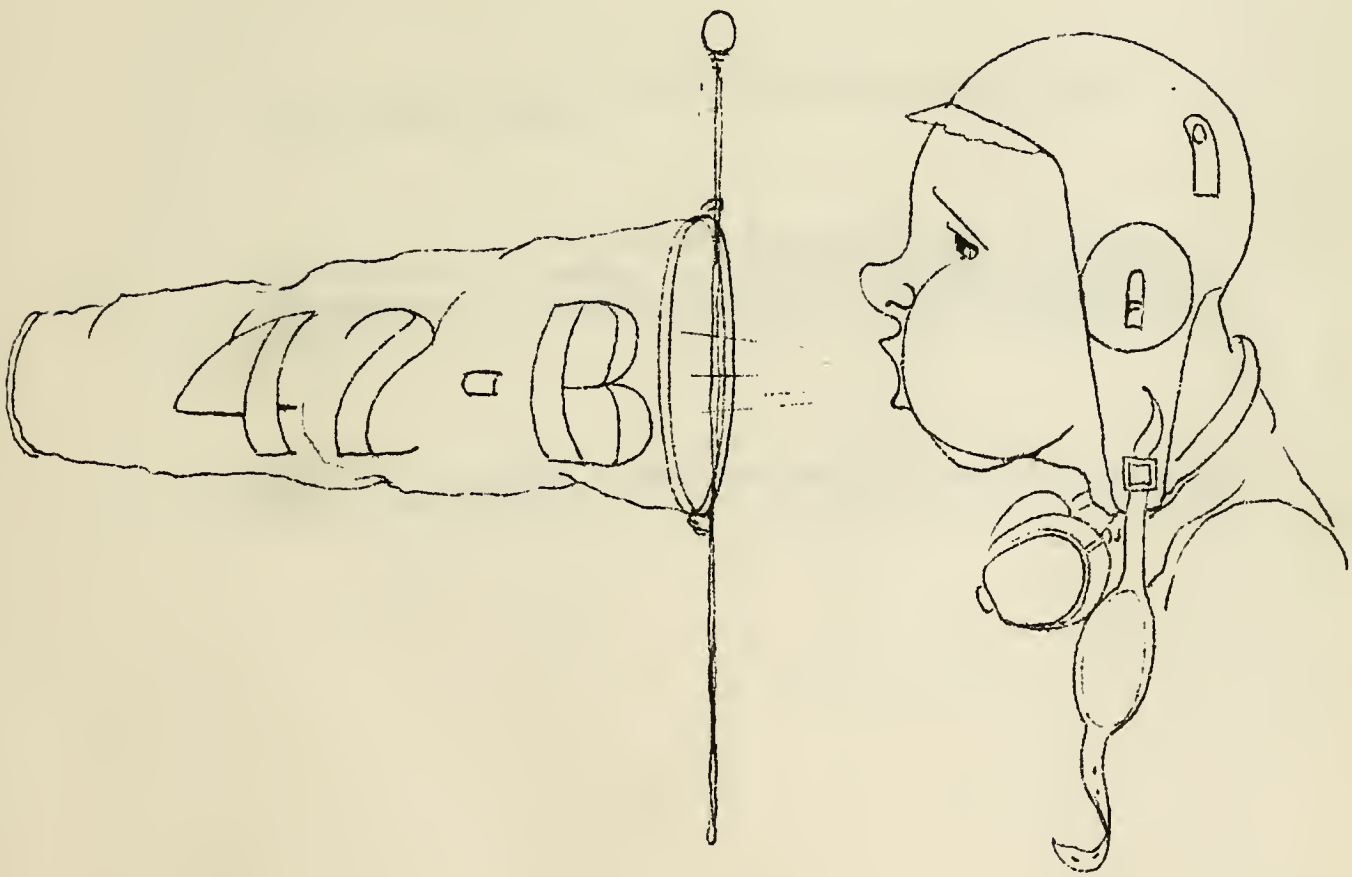
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

SUBSIDIARY OF THE RYAN AERONAUTICAL COMPANY

# Windsock

SEPTEMBER 1941 · SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

# The Windsock



D E D I C A T E D

to

F O R D M. M O N R O E
1st Lieut., Air Corps, whose
service to this Detachment as Com-
mandant of Cadets, Adjutant, Personnel
Officer and Public Relations Officer has
come to a close.

--- In sincere admiration for his military bearing and courtesy.

--- In grateful appreciation for his patience, his soundness of counsel, and for his continual eagerness to help an Aviation Cadet and contribute to his development and welfare.

--- To a true gentleman, we humbly dedicate this issue of our WINDSOCK.

"IN PARTING"

At the end of the most pleasant and the most interesting year I have ever experienced I am obliged to take leave of my many good friends and acquaintances here in San Diego.

For the past several months, in addition to my other duties, I have had, in the capacity of advisor, the privilege of assisting in the publication of the Windsock. I have found all concerned to be most cooperative. Through the hard work and excellent spirit of those Aviation Cadets who have contributed their time and talent, the Windsock has come to be recognized as one of the most outstanding of Air Corps School publications. To those of you upon whom the future of Windsock will depend, may I urge that you live up to the precedent that has been established by those Aviation Cadets before you who "burned the midnight oil" in order that their Windsock might be the best.

To the officers, Aviation Cadets, enlisted men, and civilian employees of this Detachment and to my many good friends in the Ryan School of Aeronautics, may I express my earnest and sincere thanks for all those things, large and small, which you have done to make my tour of duty here most pleasant and profitable for me.

May I leave one parting thought with you? We are all aware of the superior "esprit de corps" which has been and will continue to be a most important factor in the lives of all the personnel of the detachment here at the Ryan School. Keep up the tradition - "He's from the Detachment at the Ryan School, he must be a real fellow". Call it what you may, esprit, morale, tradition, we who have served here know what it is. There can be no attempt to define it, for like love, friendship and loyalty it is a spiritual force familiar to each of us, but which we may all use different words to describe. Keep up your spirit of good comradeship, your pride in yourself, your organization and your country, take a genuine and earnest interest in all that you do, make the most of your excellent opportunities, and I know that success will be your reward.

Adios and Happy Landings!

FORD M. MONROE
1st Lieut., Air Corps

Published by the

# AVIATION CADETS 42-B

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

September 1941

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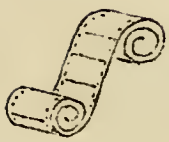

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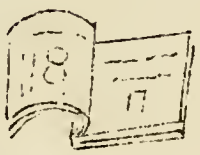
EZRA BEST



SECRETARY

BARBARA MOLLOY

COVER

WILLIAM WAGNER

ADVISORY

E. BERTRAM PIKE

## YOUR'S IS AN IMPORTANT JOB TODAY

While chasing the sun up high in the blue,
There can be no mistake that it's now up to you.
Your comrades, commander and Uncle Sam too
Are depending and counting on you to come through.

So fleet are the wings of time in flight,
So expedient the efficiency of every man's sight,
Now is the time to assemble aright
The experience and faculties of your unlimited might.

Think quick, think fast, do not delay!
Your's is an important job today.
The eagle you defend will never sway
As you take cognizance and wing your way.

With all your powers at your command,
With all the resources of this great land,
It's now your duty to act and demand
That liberty and freedom forever stand.

- Avn/C William F. Fadler Jr.

# A DREAM COMING TRUE

To many of our American youth today the desire and ambition to someday soar high in the blue sky has existed in the main part as do those flimsy dream castles of lovers and little children. Today those dream castles can materialize if the young men of America desire to make them - and they do!

Confirmation of the fact that they do can be had by glancing at the multitude of applicants for training as Aviation Cadets in the Air Corps, U. S. A. To many, the availability of this training has opened wide the gate to their lifelong ambition.

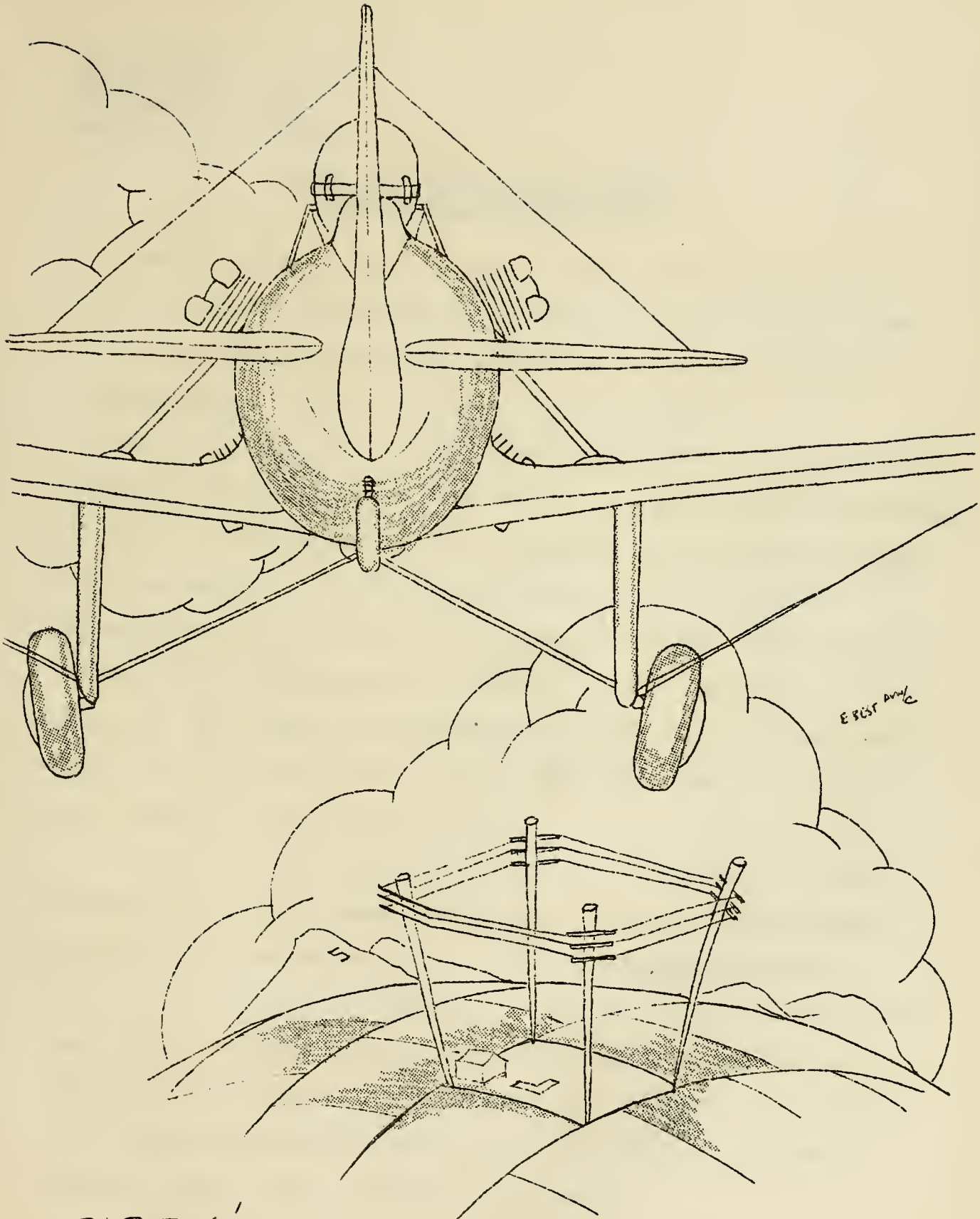
The dream has not come true, however, upon the mere gaining of entrance. There are left three trestles, each of which must be arduously scaled and traversed. Each trestle becomes successively more difficult to master, until at times the fledgling aviator comes near to despair. The names we give these dream trestles are: Primary, Basic, and Advanced.

In Primary he is introduced to the art of flying and is trained to have confidence in his plane and himself. The ten week training period here formulates a period of transition - transition from a civilian form of life to an entirely new and different type. Military. Were it possible to say which of the three phases holds the most essential position in the training, probably Primary would be that one - for it is then that the most earnest struggle must be made against the easier path of returning to happy-go-lucky civilian existance. It is at Primary that the sudden assimilation of much new and seemingly alien material must be accomplished.

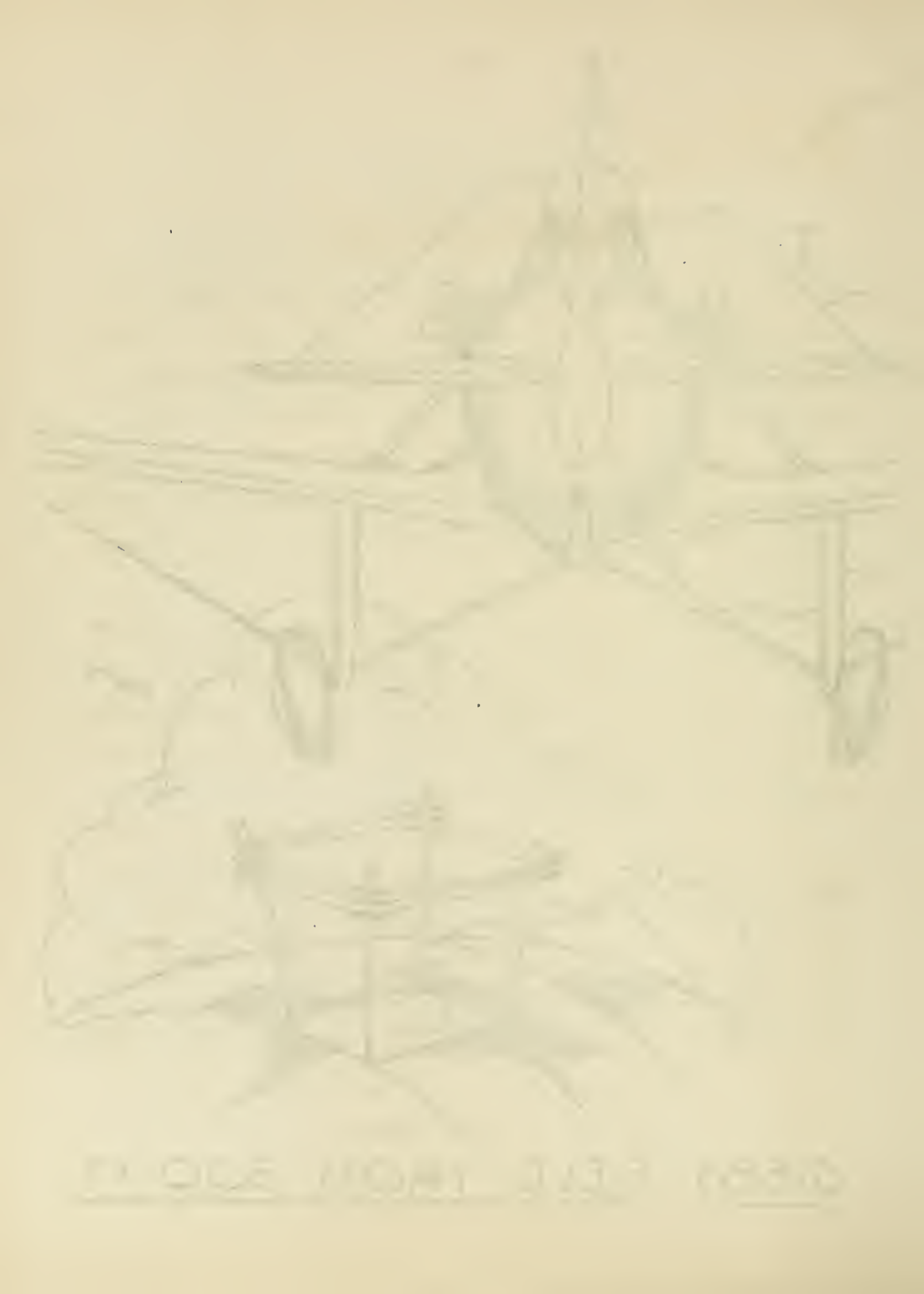
Then Basic, with its larger and more powerful ships - and the young American begins to feel the thrill of night flights, cross-country and formation flying. He begins, too, to have the ease of carriage, the feel of a budding officer in Uncle Sam's Army. The dream is taking final shape.

Advanced, and it is but a short ten weeks. The partings of room-mates, friends - ah! But it is a happy parting - for we are new officers in the Army Air Corps off to our new assignments - our dream come true!

- Editor



GIBBS' FIELD FROM 500 FT.



NEWS RELEASE
Public Relations Office
Headquarters, WCACTC
Moffett Field, California

## FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS ANSWER AIR CORPS' CHALLENGE TO "KEEP 'EM FLYING"

Unheralded hero of America's vast Air Corps expansion program is the Flight Instructor - the guy whose yearly task is to take 30,000 youths from U. S. farms, schools, and offices and mold them into astute, wide-awake pilots, worthy of a niche in Uncle Sam's great air armada.

It's a big job. WEST COAST AIR CORPS TRAINING CENTER files reveal that twenty three percent of the Aviation Cadets in the Training Center's seventeen schools, now operating have had flying experience before enrolling, and that the other seventy-seven percent hardly knew the difference between a top rudder and an end run, and have to be taught from scratch. Past experience or not, they ALL must acquire the specialized training demanded by the Air Corps. It takes nearly a thousand instructors to fill the assignment in the WCACTC, and at almost any hour of the day some of them can be found "on the line" coaching a group of officer hopefuls.

Initial task of the Primary instructor is to familiarize the budding wingman with flight instruments, the location of controls, and the process of starting and stopping the engine. With this information thoroughly assimilated, instructor and callow Cadet climb into the plane for the first dual flight. The first hop is usually a simple exercise consisting of straight and level flying, confidence maneuvers, and climbs. In the second week the instructor leads Joe Cadet into the more intricate problems involved in stalls, spins, and landings and take-offs.

(Continued next page)

FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS ANSWER AIR CORPS' CHALLENGE TO KEEP 'EM FLYING...Cont'd.

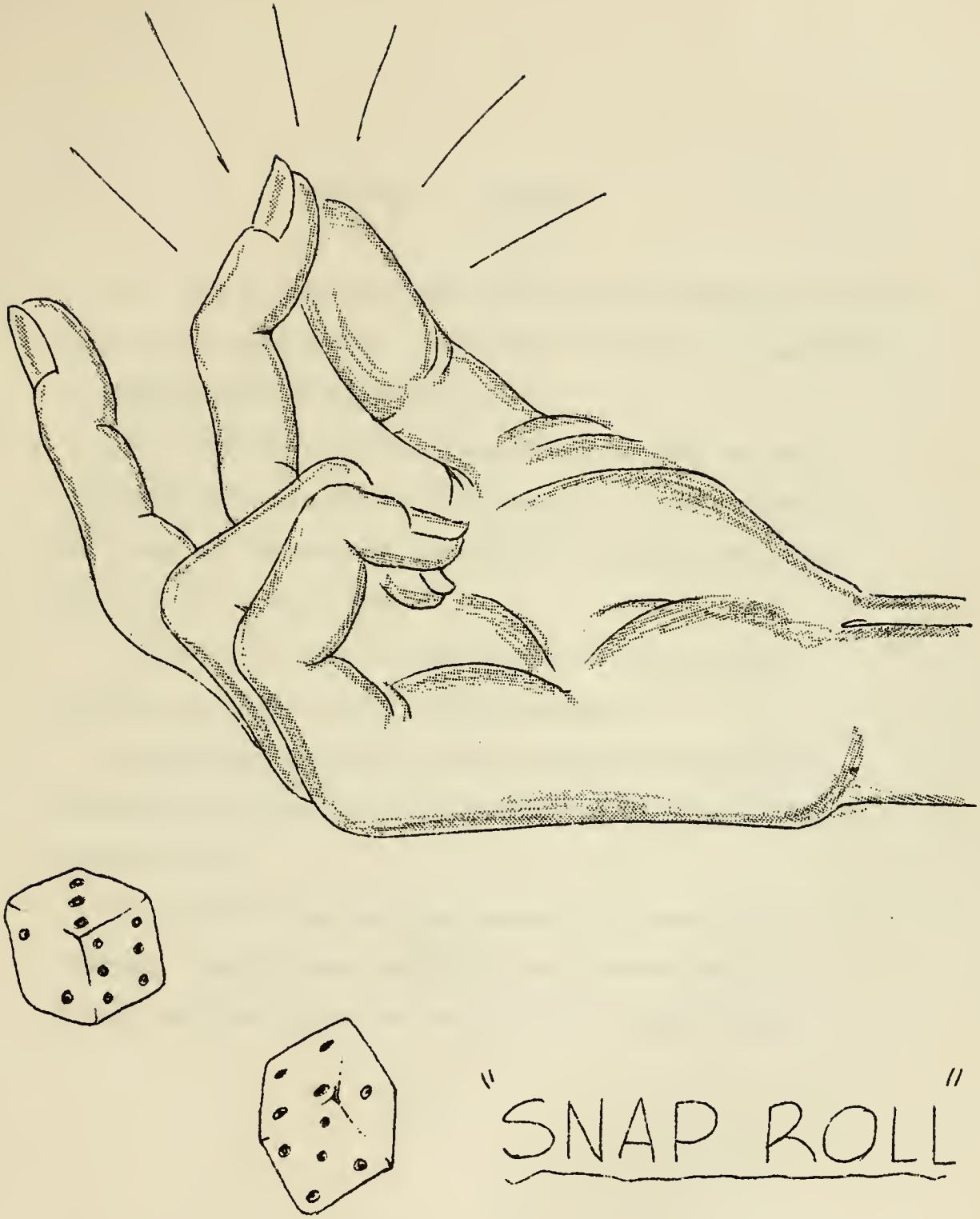
It's usually during the third week in Primary School that the Cadets' cherished dream of soloing becomes a reality. He "solos" that is, to a certain extent. During the first solo hours you can bet your new fall fedora that the tireless flight instructor isn't far away. Often times he tags behind the Cadet in a plane of his own, instructing via two-way radio. Sometimes he strolls the runway with neck crammed skyward, and fingers crossed.

After the third week, when the Air Corps hopeful has gained thorough confidence in himself and his plane, instruction swings into high. In rapid succession the instructor introduces his student to the problems of spot landings, lazy eights, loops, vertical reverses, and half rolls. During the 10th and final week of primary training, the unflinching instructor shows the Cadet the thrills of snap rolls, slow rolls, and Immelman turns.

In Basic and Advanced schools training widens into the field of instrument, night and formation flying. In all, every Cadet flies a minimum of 200 hours before acquiring the silver wings and gold bars that distinguish him as a flying officer. Every minute of those 200 hours are under the careful surveillance of an able coach.

Like the symphony conductor who leads his musicians through a transitional passage from one theme to another, so the sun-tanned flight instructor leads his students from the old into a new and glamorous life. Yes, it's a big job, and surely the instructor, as much as anyone concerned, is answering the Air Corps challenge to ..... "Keep 'Em Flying".

LET'S GO U.S.A.



"SNAP ROLL"

E. BESSAUW/C

# ∘ MANEUVERS ∘

ACROBATIC
&
OTHERWISE

## WELCOME, LT. ANDERSON

Lt. John D. Anderson began active duty here during the first part of our, class 42-B's, period here. We take this opportunity to most enthusiastically welcome him.

He is a graduate of the University of Nebraska and while there majored in Architectural Engineering. He was a member of the University football and golf teams and is affiliated with Delta Tau Delta Fraternity.

He spent the summer of 1940 in active service at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas and Fort Crook, Nebraska.

Before being ordered to present assignment, he held the position of architectural engineer with the Libby Owens Company at Toledo, Ohio.

The Windsock expresses the sentiment of class 42-B in extending a warm welcome to Lt. and Mrs. Anderson with the sincere hope that their stay here will be a pleasant one.

*** ***

# Officers

## KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

Class 42-B, you are well on the way through a thirty-week flying experience that is unequalled anywhere on this earth. As a class, you have set an outstanding record at the Ryan San Diego Primary School by getting more of your group over the first hurdle than any previous class that has been graduated from this school. "Our records prove it" - as your former Commandant of Cadets and our Adjutant, Lieutenant Ford Monroe, would have put it.

We are as proud of all of you as you are yourselves, but let us take care that we not be unwisely proud of our fine record. As a group you have done well, but as individuals you have a great deal to learn, and I know you are smart enough to realize it.

You'll find the Basic School a big step, and you'll wonder how you ever got through Primary, especially during those first few days of transition to the Basic training. That is a healthy feeling and a condition I know you all will experience at Basic. If you are alert, exercise your initiative and good judgment, you'll make the grade. If any of you should turn cocksure and careless, your chances of making the grade are nil, for there is no place in the Air Corps for you.

Keep in mind that the standards of our Air Corps have and will always remain high. It is your patriotic duty in this critical period to maintain the high standard and morale which can only be found in this country of ours.

Class 42-B - keep up the good fight! We'll be watching you and we're going to be proud of you. Keep going!

DONALD W. HAARMAN
1st Lieut., Air Corps,
Commanding

## GREETINGS CADETS - "SO-LONG" LIEUTENANT MONROE

In my new capacity as Commandant of Cadets I have the privilege of greeting a fine group of Aviation Cadets and the task of saying "so-long" to a splendid officer.

My contacts with you gentlemen, in the drill area as well as in the office, have been few, but I assure you they have been very pleasant. I am looking forward to closer association with you, officially and otherwise, in the not-too-distant future. Until that time much of the supervision of your military training will be in charge of Lieutenant Anderson, our very competent Assistant Commandant of Cadets, and the capable student officers whom we are, indeed, fortunate to have with us.

We are all proud of this detachment's reputation which has been earned in spite of various physical handicaps. Two contributing factors have been of prime importance in attaining this recognition. First our aviation cadets, intelligent and ambitious, as are all candidates who enter this training, have realized that their success is dependent upon approximately ten per cent aspiration and ninety per cent perspiration. The other reason for the splendid success of this school has been its superior leadership. The latter is truly exemplified by my predecessor, your former Commandant of Cadets, Lieutenant Form M. Monroe, who just recently enjoyed the distinction of becoming the first Air Corps Morale Officer for the entire West Coast.

Although I have known Lieutenant Monroe for only a short time, I have come to regard him as a friend and find it difficult to say "so long". His pleasant personality and understanding have made him well liked, not only by you cadets, but by all who worked with or associated with him. He took a keen interest in the welfare of everyone and was fair in his decisions. His apparently inexhaustible energy was one of his numerous attributes that inspired cadets under his command to do their best. The result was the unbeatable combination - work plus leadership - that consistantly produced graduates of this detachment who were outstanding in basic and advanced training and who held a large proportion of the high ranking cadet offices at more advanced schools.

Lieutenant Monroe has established a precedent that will be difficult to maintain. It is my desire to caution you aviation cadets that in the congenial atmosphere of compromise standards are constantly lowered. There is an inherent tendency to do things the easy way. Let's do our utmost to vindicate the standards set by Lieutenant Monroe and his former cadets by refraining from any compromise with anything "short of right".

AUGUST G. ROSS
1st Lieut., Air Corps,
Commandant of Cadets

# RECOGNITION DAY

Every dodo looks forward to Recognition Day. It does, and should, represent a day of achievement. No longer is he subject to the menial tasks of lowerclassmen - policing the area, square corners, taking a brace, etc., etc. On this day he comes out of his "hole".

For the last five weeks you of 42-B have had the opportunity to develop your initiative as leaders and increase your potential possibilities as officers in the United States Army Air Corps. Yours has been the task of passing on to lowerclassmen the customs of the Service and its cherished traditions. They, in turn, carry on when duty demands evidence of their right to recognition.

We, of the permanently assigned personnel of this Detachment, are justly proud of the record established at Basic and Advanced schools by those before you. It has been said that based on the Ryan School's past record you will immediately win recognition. By the same token, the high standard set for you demands an even greater initiative and aggressiveness as your scope increases.

As a final word, it has been our earnest desire to prepare you for any situation you may encounter at Basic School - may you always be equal to the situation.

"Keep 'em Flying!"

MERRILL H. CARLTON
2nd Lieut., Air Corps,
Assistant Supervisor

## KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK

To all members of Class 42-B, I wish to offer my congratulations and tell you that you've done a swell job. Perhaps you remember the day you arrived here at Ryan and received such a "warm" reception from the upperclass. The first few days were like a nightmare to you, at least they were to me when I was a Cadet, because you thought you came here to fly and all you did was drill.

Soon those days slipped by and you met your flight instructors. Yes, you were going to start to fly. Some of you had had previous time and thought you knew how to fly; others of you had never been up and knew you had a lot to learn. The past ten-weeks have served as a great leveler to both and made you realize, at least I hope they have, that you have a mission to perform to the best of your abilities. Your training here is but a small step, but in the right direction, to what you have to learn.

Just remember that anyone can learn to land and take-off, but to learn to fly the proper way is what we attempted to do. Mastering the controls is half the battle. It is so simple that an intelligence below the average is sufficient. While practice makes the master of any art, there are still two kinds of masters - the one who performs everything mechanically and the one whose mind governs his actions. The first can cope successfully with routine conditions, but the second is also expert in emergencies, and it is the second type which we think you men are.

Best luck to all of you at Basic and maybe some day our paths will cross again, so until then "Keep 'em Flying".

CARL E. DANNER, JR.
2nd Lieut., Air Corps,
Assistant Supervisor

## BECOME PROFICIENT OFFICERS

You Aviation Cadets are preparing to become flying officers of the United States Army. To accomplish this successfully, you should not attempt to attain super excellence in any one specialty, but to master all technicalities becoming an officer.

While in training you receive a well rounded education. Do not put one phase of this training secondary to another. Be a master of your academic work, your military drill, and your conduct becoming an officer, as well as being a proficient flyer.

In making yourself an efficient officer, you are helping to build a defense for our country which is so vitally important. If you will make a part of yourself the following characteristics of the good officer, you will be doing your part in upholding the glorious reputation of the Army of the United States.

Be cheerfully obedient because this leads to a better performance of your duties.

Be loyal by boosting your organization, and stand by it through thick and thin.

Be determined, as determination to win means success in battle.

Be alert. A good soldier may be pardoned for failure but never for being surprised. Should the unexpected happen, use your head and do something even if it is wrong rather than to lie down.

Take this advice for what you think it is worth. It was passed on to me as I pass it on to you. Take it with you to Basic and Advanced; develop it; and I'm sure you will benefit by it.

JOHN D. ANDERSON
2nd Lt., Air Corps
Asst. Commandant of Cadets

'Dodo' Tea Dance

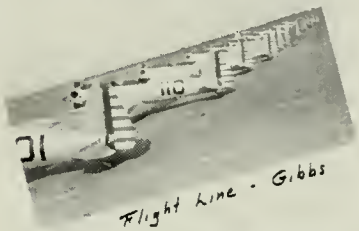
Hangar Flying

Open Post

Upper Ramp

'Ground School'

S's Across Road



Flight Line - Gibbs

Hmm, Could Be?

Idaho

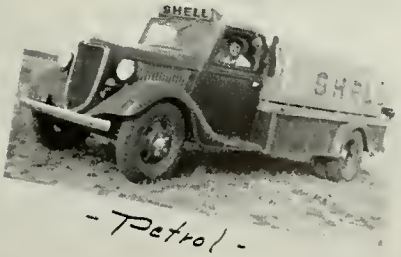
?

- Flaps -

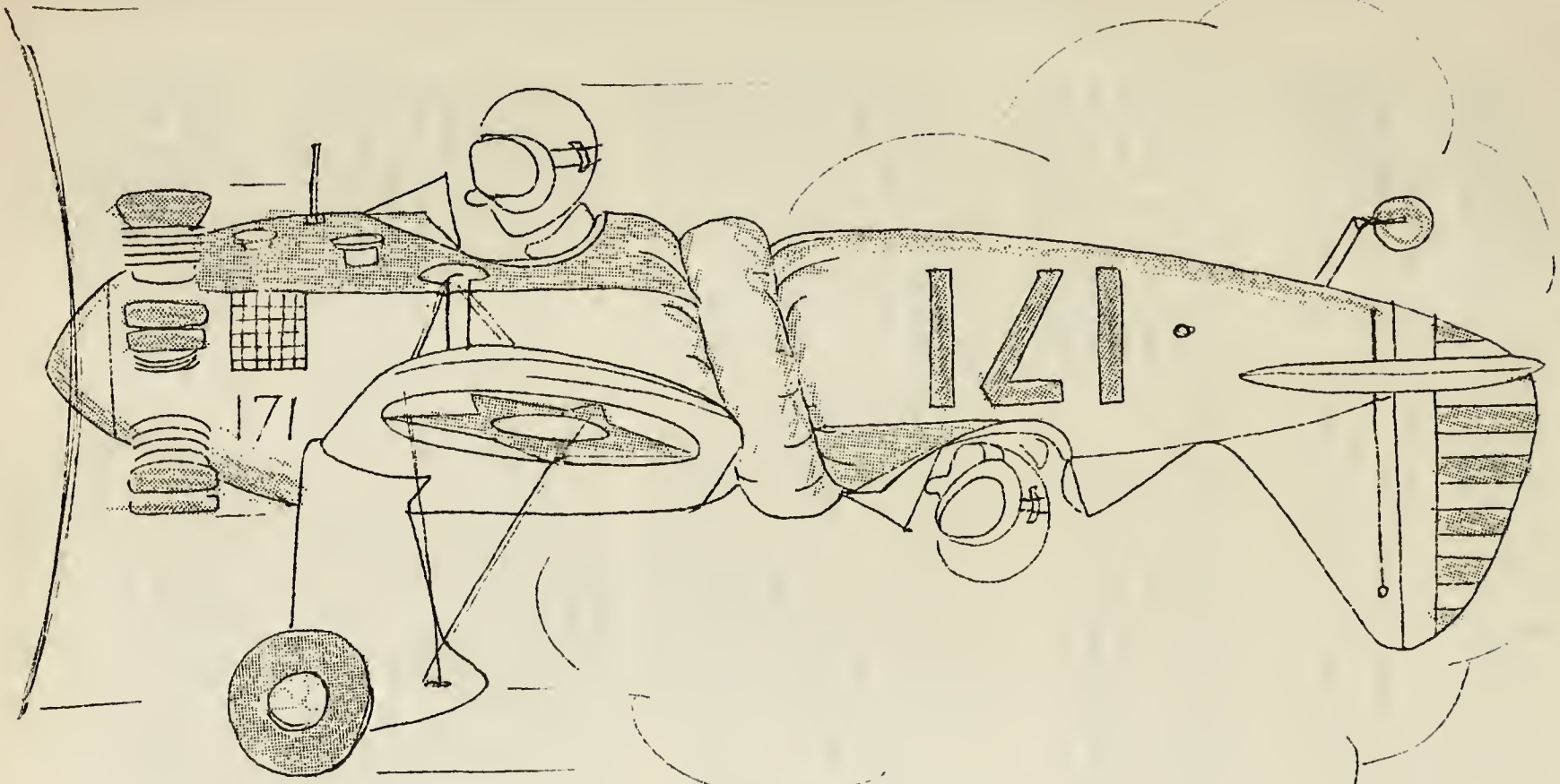
Pay Day?

A Marine's Version

Ryan Auxiliary




- Petrol -




LET'S GO A LITTLE EASY
ON THESE SNAP ROLLS!
MR. GEORGI !!!

E. BEST AVN/C

# YOUR FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

Thoughtful consideration of your flight instructor and his job of properly molding you into a qualified pilot, should be a definite and pronounced factor in the scheme of flight training.

The relationship between a student and his instructor is of utmost importance and for this reason the instructor must possess certain qualities and abilities which enable him to maintain an adaptability to this relationship. Hence, his duty is one of greater magnitude than is often realized by the recipient of his services.

His personal flying technique must be flawless, and include the ability to completely and properly analyze any part or combination of parts relative to this technique. His personality must be proper and capable of adjustment to the personalities of his individual students. He must be able to control his temper at all times (this is indeed a masterful achievement at times), and realize when to praise and when to censure. He must be completely understanding and tactful in the administration of his duties.

In the preceding paragraph, I have covered, generally speaking, a few of the qualities necessarily possessed by the instructor. However, the afore-mentioned relationship does not end there. A definite role must be assumed by you, the student, in order to successfully develop a workable partnership. It is your part to exhibit both in the air and on the ground, complete interest and enthusiasm in respect to your willingness to be taught to fly, and your determination to learn to fly. Your instructor, through his own capabilities, fully realizes whether or not you are upholding your end of the bargain, and he naturally derives much satisfaction and pleasure in the realization that you are doing your part, thereby creating a reciprocal relationship, which is positive to produce the best results.

And now, by the process of exaggeration, as a means of magnifying the consequential meanings of the preceding paragraphs, I take the fortitudinous liberty of presenting a portion of a discussion between a flight instructor and his student, upon completion of the last dual (instructional) flight. This particular student is a prototype of any student who feels that the instructor has the total job to do, and he (the student) need not give any particular thought to general application and interest. To commence - they (the instructor and student) have each removed themselves from the airplane and are standing nearby facing each other (there has been an interval of approximately ten seconds silence - seemingly a case of mute analyzation between the two).

Mr. Digit, the student, now speaks, "Sir, I am really proud of that flight. I believe I have finally acquired the "feel" of those chandelles." (The instructor is now racking his mind trying to determine what 'feel' Mr. Digit is talking about). He continues, "And Sir, those lazy 8's - I can see now what you meant about that axis point. I think my trouble has been too many axis points."

(Continued next page)

The instructor, with perfect control, now speaks, "Mr. Digit, I'm afraid you still don't quite realize the magnitude of your applied elevator pressure as you pull up into your climbing turn after gaining entry speed on your chandelles. Now as you surely must remember, I carefully explained to you yesterday, and the day before and the day before that, and demonstrated and emphasized in the air, that the elevator pressure is....etc." Mr. Digit, "Yes sir, as I recall you did mention something about that to me, but I guess I didn't absorb it very well...but the pylon 8's were much better, weren't they? - and, sir, did you notice those beautiful big breakers along the beach today - a wonderful day for swimming - let's see, oh yes, those chandelles - I'm sure, sir, that I'll be able to do an extraordinary job for you tomorrow. This must have been one of my off days. It won't be necessary to go over that use of the rudder and stick again. This repetition of explanations is a bit boring you know."

The instructor is about ready to speak. He has quickly put one hand behind his back in order that he might (unseen) clench and un-clench his fist a few times, which helps him to dissipate his emotional strain. (He is at that moment wondering how such an individual could have been propagated without someone's conscience bothering them.) He speaks, "Now I am sure Digit, that it is not yet quite clear to you what you are attempting to do in some of those maneuvers - let's take this model airplane and go over all this once more and question me if any part of it is not clear. Remember I am trying to teach you to fly - regardless of what you are teaching me. Now first we will.....etc."

Approximately thirty minutes of intensive discussion on chandelles, lazy eights, pylon eights and various other maneuvers has taken place - during which time Mr. Digit has tried diligently to make it appear that he was listening intently with complete absorption - and yet only managed to muster up a question or two - all information seemingly quite clear to his self-made mind. (By remote control, we find, that during this interim, Mr. Digit has, by virtue of his unusual diversified brain activities, been able, in his own mind, to re-live that beautiful Saturday evening expended with exotic Miss Stall (the partial, power-on type). The instructor, his energy well nigh spent, and his patience bent double, now states in a deep gutteral voice, "Digit, your capacity to absorb instruction is unspeakable - your ability to retain instruction is unspeakable, and not only that, you're without doubt the (instructional ethics will not permit continuation of this sentence).

The instructor now calmly and deliberately walks into the instructor's room, approaches the plastered wall (an incapacitated expression on his livid countenance) and placidly beats his head against said wall until the emotional vibrations in his body have again resumed their normal tempo.

- - - -

We now leave our two characters and return (without exaggeration) to the direct subject. Experience has proven that the greatest majority of students will whole-heartedly apply themselves to the task of learning to fly. This is principally due to the fact that learning to fly, and

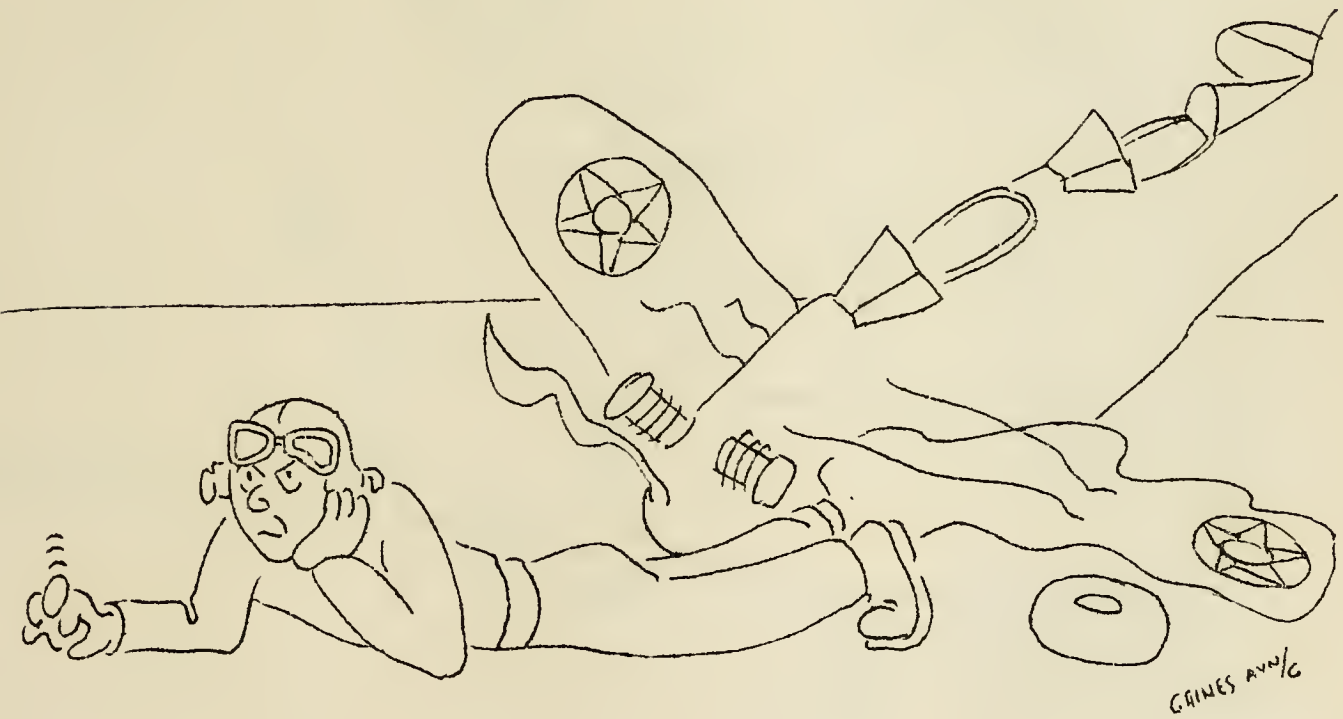
(Continued next page)

the continued improvement of this flying ability - seems to become a vital force within the individual, and once established therein, cannot ever be completely destroyed. At times, self-discouragement over lack of apparent progress, is apt to be present, but let not this condition deter from the spirit of determination to try, regardless. General aptitude, will, to a certain extent, be variable among students, but general application should always be to a standard.

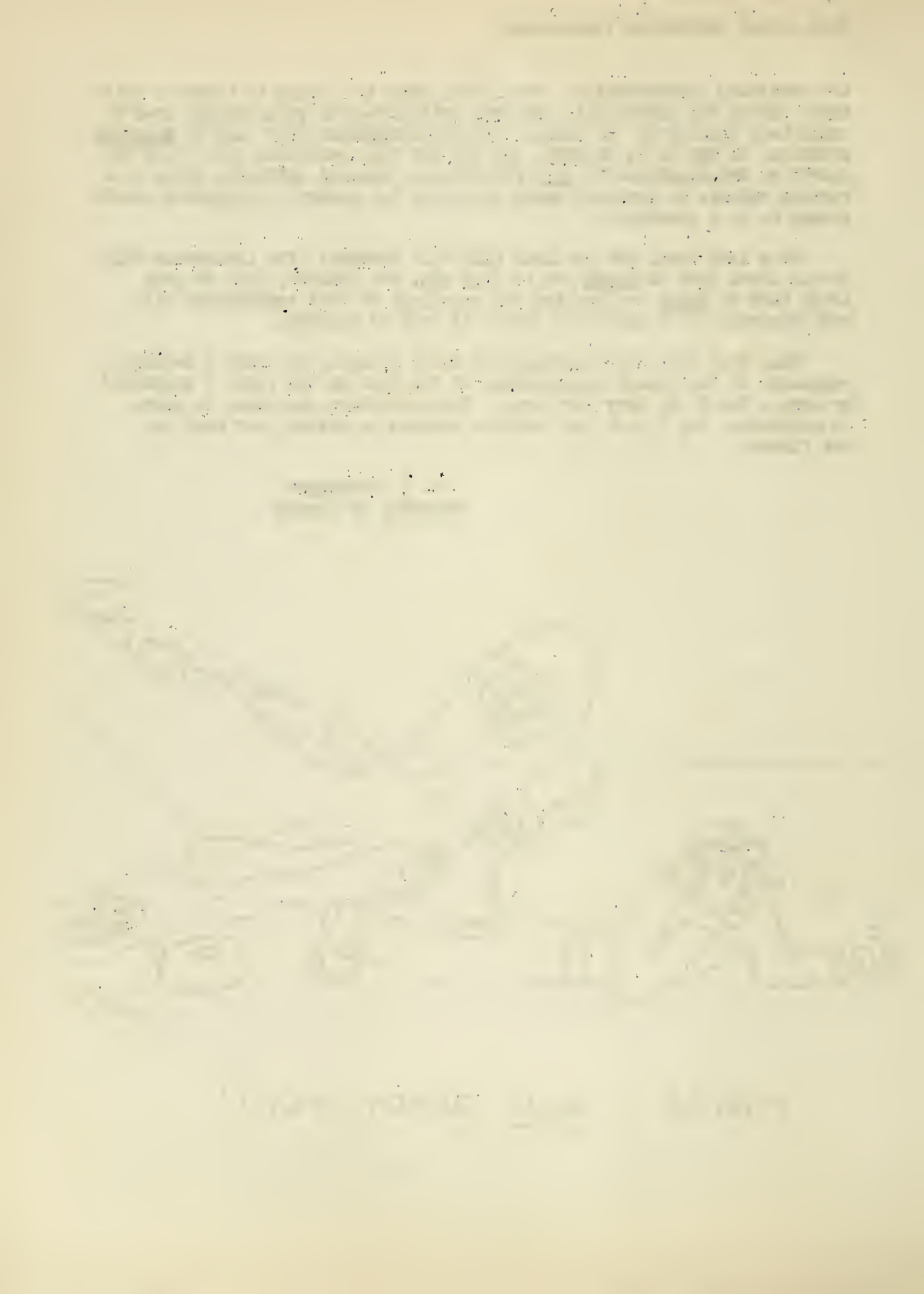
As a last line, let us close with this thought: The instructor will do his level best to teach you to fly; you, the student, will do your level best to learn to fly; and the resultant of this combination will most assuredly be a qualified pilot, if such is possible.

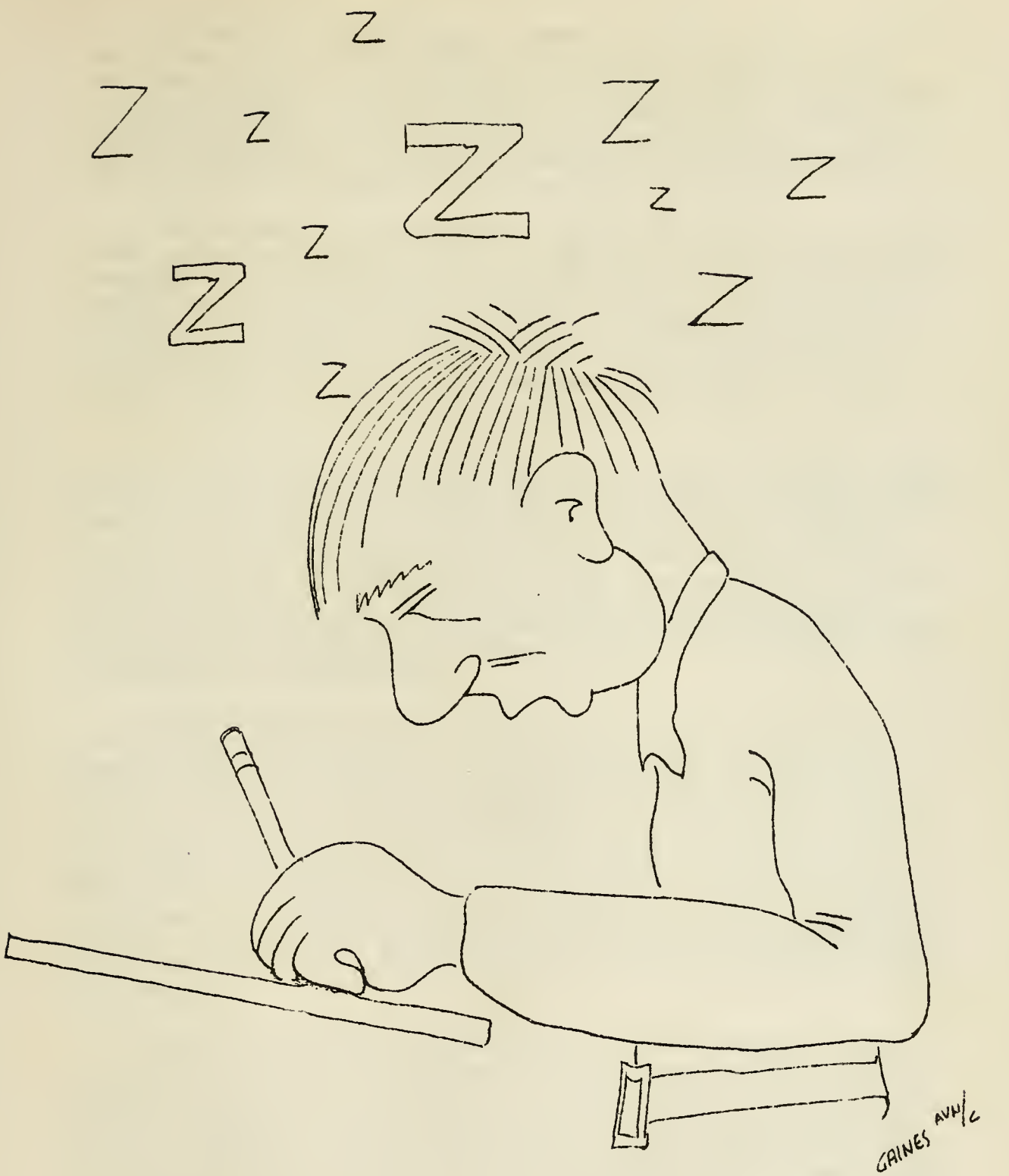
You, that have now progressed to basic training are each a definite component of the finest organization of its kind in the world - surpassed by none - The U. S. Army Air Corps. This privilege and honor is yours to maintain. May I wish you complete success in giving your best for the finest.

R. J. Kerlinger
Director of Flying




MAYBE I AINT READY YET!!






# GROUND SCHOOL

# SAN DIEGO - HONOLULU MASS FLIGHT

At seven A. M. the morning of January 29, 1937, aiding Lt. Wood at the controls of a new PBY we left the water on my longest, non-stop, over water flight. We were leaving a cold, rainy country and would not land again until we were back again in the balmy tropics. Keeping the manifold pressure at 35 inches and watching for any driftwood in the bay and standing by to adjust the elevator tabs as the heavily loaded PBY rose higher and higher on the step - this was my job!

After warming up the engines that morning we had again filled the tanks so that every possible quart of fuel was on board - just in case we needed it and in addition to the regular load we had our personal baggage and spare parts for the engines. Our crew included two radio operators, two mechanics and three pilots. The three pilots were needed because we were the leader of the second division of six ships and Lt. Wood would be back in the navigation room most of the flight and two pilots have to be at the controls at all times.

The take-off was rather lengthy because the wind was just shifting and this meant practically no wind to take off into, but the ship lifted from the water with no great effort and we immediately climbed to 10,000 feet to get the advantage of our automatic mixture control. Here we waited for the rest of the squadron to join us and when they all had reached our level we headed west in an easy, open formation. For three days preceeding there had been a 35 mile helping wind and we hoped to have the same that morning but when we got our first ground speed check in passing San Clemente Island we were dumbfounded to find that we were quartering into a 55 MPH wind!

After squaring off on our great circle course Lt. Wood went back in the navigation room and I took over. My co-pilot was a man by the name of Brett and we started the routine of 30 minute tricks at the wheel. I balanced off with the tabs and cut in the gyro-pilot, making slight corrections with the little rubber control knobs on the instrument. After about three hours on the "iron mike" I noticed that the oil pressure operating the system started to fall and soon the pressure was gone and we took over by hand and attempted to locate the trouble. It was not hard to find - - there was a leak in the system someplace and all our oil was gone. I did not mind this so much for daylight flying but it certainly would go hard at night with no horizon visible to check the level by.

The day was uneventful, we contacted our surface ships in regular order which proved our computations of wind velocity and direction were correct and that we were keeping on our compass course. The mechanics or radio men kept hot coffee brewing and we ate our lunches with zest at noon. Being well above surface weather, the air was smooth and when the sun went down we could see nothing under us but white, fleecy clouds. We closed the interval somewhat after dark so all the planes were easily visible from our cockpit - - the first division was several miles ahead so we had to keep watch for the five other planes of our division only.

About 11:30 P.M. I went back in the navigation room to stretch my legs and have a smoke and the crew chief was there also so I asked him how our gas was holding out - the old eternal question of the pilot on a long flight. I was astonished to hear him say that we had over half

(Continued next page)

the gas we started with and we had been in the air then over 16 hours! This brought home to us very forcibly, that our new automatic mixture control really was giving us performance with undreamed of economy.

This night flying was none too easy as our inclinometer was not sensitive enough to indicate slight changes in attitude and took constant handling. Here we realized that the 30 minute tricks at the wheel that I had started, were just about long enough and after we were relieved each time we really enjoyed the next 30 minutes of relaxation and since all our fuel was in the wings we could smoke in the hull which helped! About 3 A.M. we heard the first division talking about the storm they had run into and then I could just faintly see the outline of black clouds ahead of us so I called our division on the voice radio and told them to increase revs. by 200 and start climbing. We had about ten miles to go before reaching the storm and this was none too much for we were just barely above it at 16,500 feet - in fact, as leading plane and the lowest of our formation I was skidding through the tops of peaks of clouds all the time and we did experience a lot of turbulence and had our hands full for the next hour, keeping right side up but finally left it behind and dropped back to our 10,000 foot level.

About 5 A.M. our time (2:30 Honolulu time as we had been chasing the sun for 2400 miles) we sighted Macapoo Point on the eastern end of the island of Oahu where Honolulu is located. As a navigator would say - we hit our objective right on the nose and did not have to change our course $5^{\circ}$ to head straight for it. We had noticed no change in the air temperature at our altitude and when we dropped down to form our landing circle we realized that we were back in the tropics and that our fur lined flying suits were very much out of place and shed them.

It didn't seem as though we were doing anything so much out of the ordinary as we were flying along as we were busy all the time, but when we had landed we began to look back over the flight and it began to bulk bigger and bigger, to have taken 12 brand new planes and of a new design and to have thrown them over 2400 miles of ocean flying without a single major difficulty on the whole flight - - to have hit our six station ships right on the nose every 400 miles -- to have either weathered that storm as the first division did or to have climbed over it as we did; it began to look like a real turning point in Naval Aviation.

Within the following week a multitude of congratulatory radio messages and cables poured in from high Army and Navy commands in the States and from the manufacturers of planes, engines and accessories which made us feel good, but we really did take it as a "routine flight" and after a quick engine check over we started our bombing and gunnery program for the year, just as though we still had our old PM-1s and had never made any trip to San Diego after planes at all.

- HAROLD KARR

## GROUND SCHOOL NIGHTMARE

After many a Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon spent in intensive study and innumerable sleepless days spent in the quiet classrooms of the Ryan Ground School, aviation cadet I. M. Ronchi handed in his final examination to Mr. Bore, his instructor. Mr. Bore saved the examination for the enlightenment of the readers of the Windsock.

### FINAL EXAMINATION

NAME Avn/c Ronchi, I. M. INSTRUCTOR Mr. Bore

1. If we multiply PxLxAxNxK the result would be ideal.
2. When we add heat to a gas we blow up the molecular structure.
3. The collisions between the molecules of a gas produce confusion.
4. When combustion of the fuel takes place inside of the engine we say the maximum and the medium are combined.
5. If two like magnetic poles are brought together they exert a force of gravity.
6. A/F is a ratio by mixture of altitude to fuel.
7. The firing order of nine cylinder engines is progressive.
8. Airplane landing gears are designed so that failure will be complete.
9. What is included in the dead weight of the ship? the pilot & the engine.
10. The Hamilton 2 position controllable pitch propeller takes advantage of take off to put the blades in high pitch and landing to place blades in low pitch.
11. All carburetion troubles are serious troubles.
12. A cold exhaust on one cylinder indicates engine shut off.
13. In a spin the wing is in a rotating position.
14. What is radiation? the heat from the sun given from the earth.

(continued next page)

15. A Hygrograph uses a blonde to measure humility.

16. "LIFT" is represented by a vector perpendicular to the to thumb.

17. What is a great circle?

The course followed by round the world flyers.

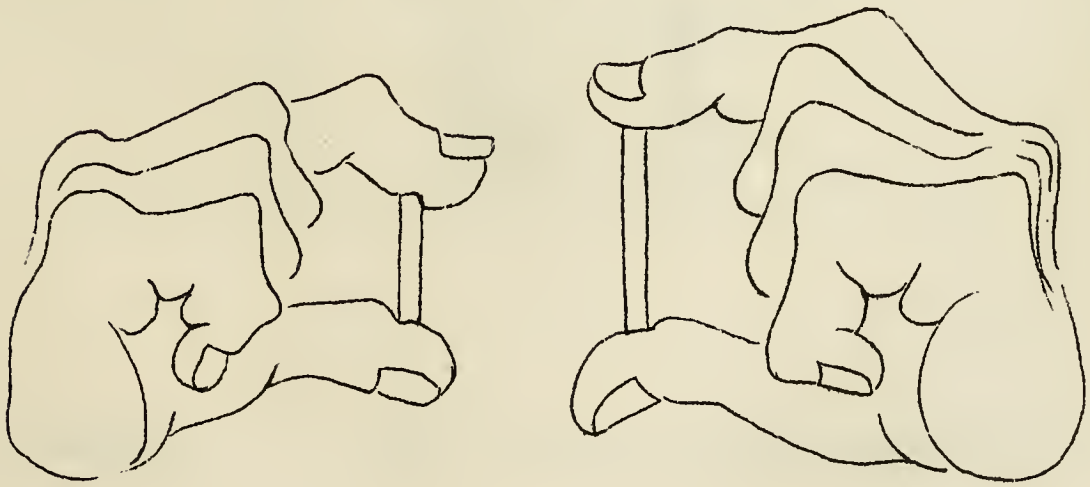
18. A rubber boot is used on the propeller to prevent icing.

*Note: Any similarity of this examination to that of any actual cadet is possibly coincidental.

Respectfully submitted,

E. Pye

G. W. Hofeller



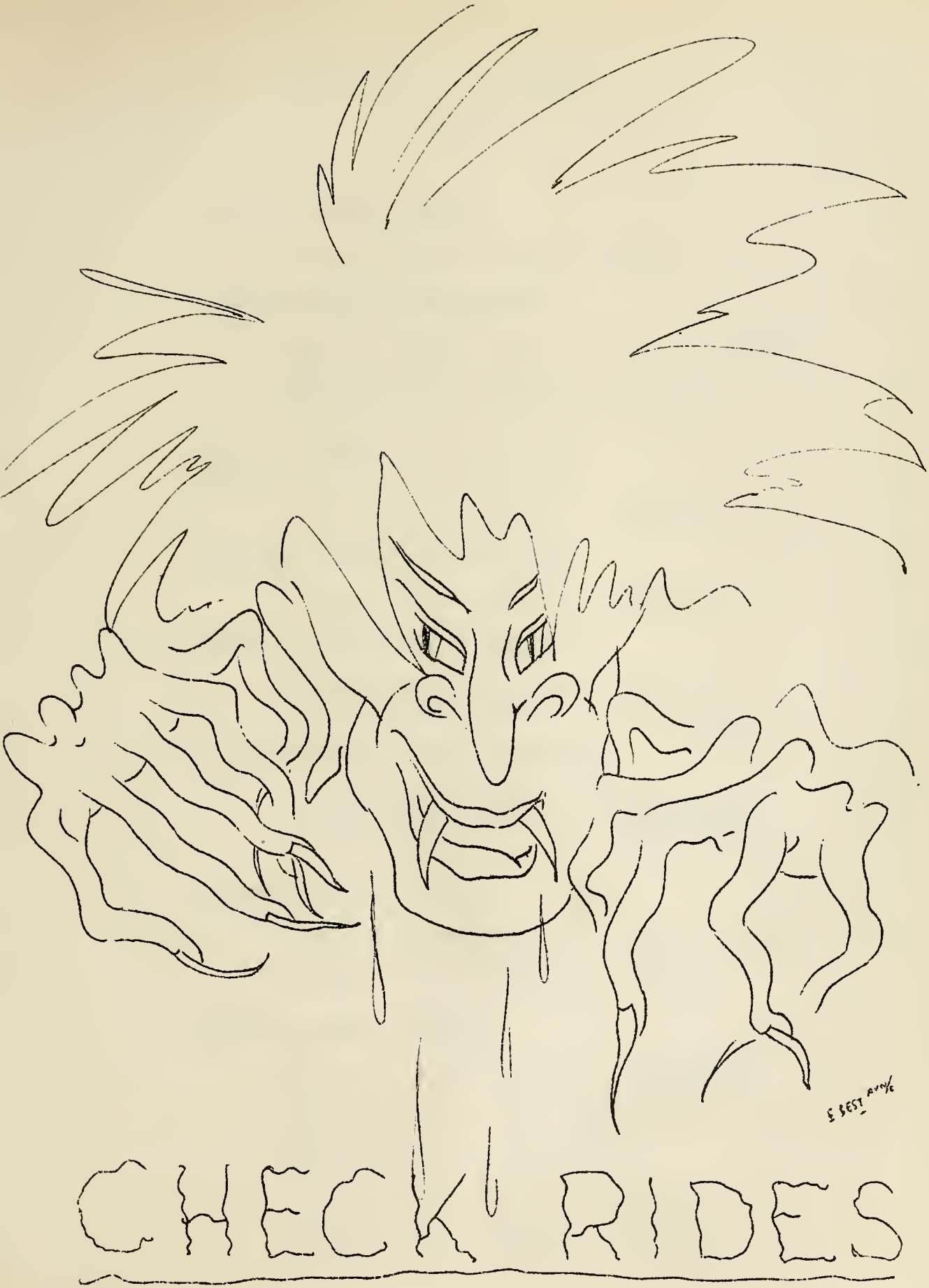
"NATIONAL DEFENSE"

BEST AVAIL

SORRY! NO LONG DISTANCE!

FLIGHT "C" IS SHOOTING A STAGE!

BEST. E. AVM/c


CHECK RIDES

## AVIATION CADET OFFICERS

## CLASS 42-B

### AVIATION CADET CAPTAIN

Aviation Cadet John R. Gaines

### AVIATION CADET LIEUTENANTS

Aviation Cadet Joe M. Kilgore (Adjutant)
Aviation Cadet Hal F. Simmons
Aviation Cadet Howard M. Georgi Jr.
Aviation Cadet James W. Goodwin

### AVIATION CADET SERGEANT MAJOR

Aviation Cadet James L. Jarnagin

### AVIATION CADET FIRST SERGEANT

Aviation Cadet David S. Thayer

### AVIATION CADET SUPPLY SERGEANT

Aviation Cadet Adrian A. Davis
Aviation Cadet Carl F. Pagel (Asst.)

### AVIATION CADET PLATOON SERGEANTS

Aviation Cadet Jesse J. Hawthorne Jr.
Aviation Cadet Morris B. Barefield
Aviation Cadet Fielding B. Cochran Jr.

### AVIATION CADET SERGEANTS

Aviation Cadet Walter T. Holmes Jr.
Aviation Cadet George B. Warren
Aviation Cadet George B. Whitlock

### AVIATION CADET CORPORALS

Aviation Cadet William J. Choniski
Aviation Cadet Clark N. Wilkinson Jr.
Aviation Cadet Roy B. Erwin Jr.
Aviation Cadet John L. Mood
Aviation Cadet Ezra Best
Aviation Cadet Roy G. Vaughan
Aviation Cadet William E. Keefer
Aviation Cadet Royce G. Trauth
Aviation Cadet Clifford P. Hensley

*** ***

As the time nears for 42-B to journey on to newer fields of aviation, namely the Basic and Advanced phases of training, this class looks back on many pleasant hours spent at Ryan School of Aeronautics.

Though at times events have seemed to happen in too rapid a sequence, the training received has been the finest possible, and it is easily understood why this school has been called the best primary school of aviation affiliated with the Air Corps.

To the flying instructors, 42-B expresses its deepest gratitude for spending many hours in passing on to them their knowledge of the art of flying. Their patience and understanding has been greatly appreciated.

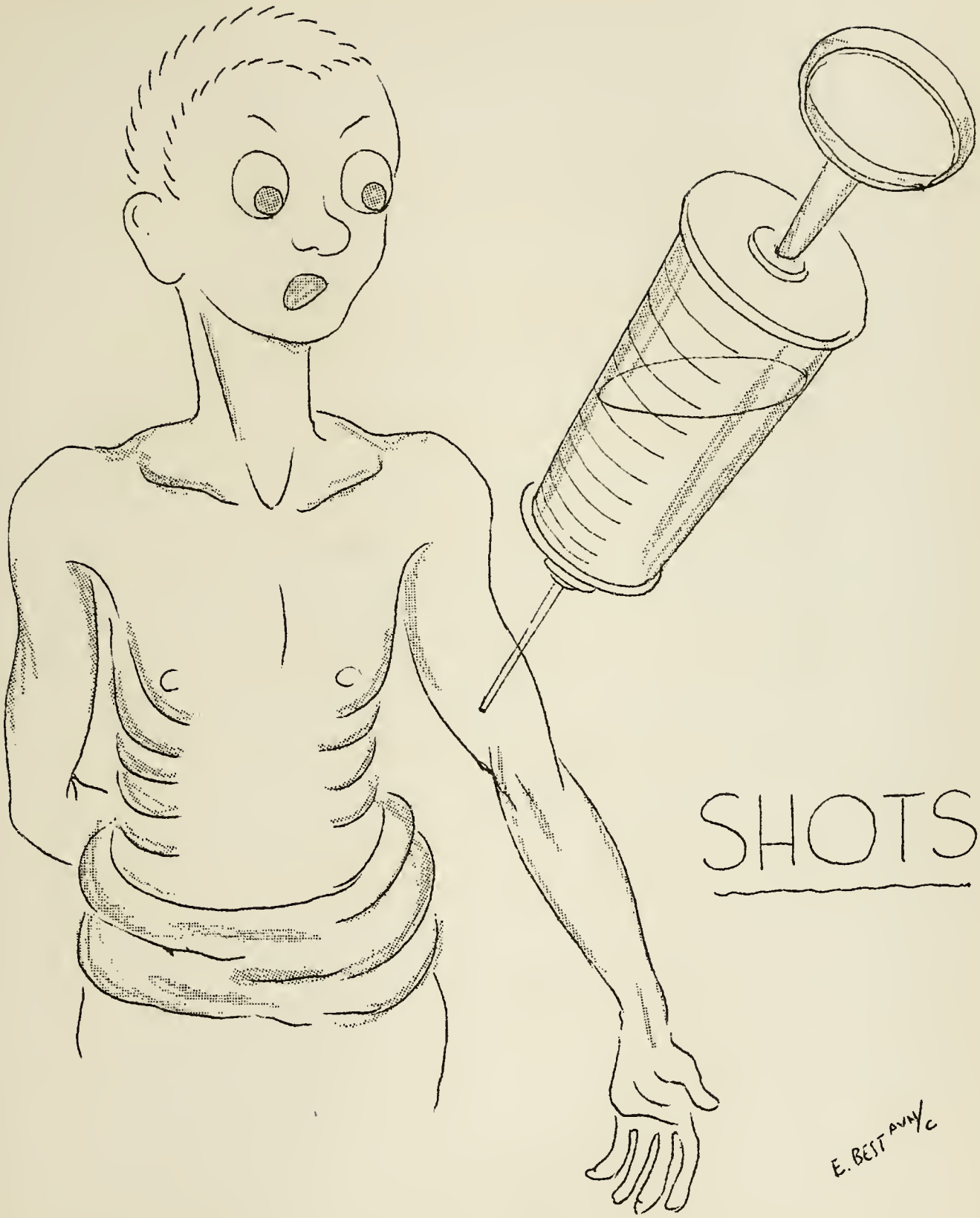
To the instructors in ground school who have so ably guided 42-B over the humps of necessary ground knowledge - "Thanks a Million".

To the Army staff, 42-B extends a fond farewell with the hope that in the near future they too may have the intelligence and military perfection which typifies an officer and gentleman in the United States Army.

To each mechanic, dispatcher, parachute rigger, and every other member of the operations staff, 42-B says, "So long friends, and thanks!"

It is with fondest memories that the class of 42-B leaves Ryan School of Aeronautics, and in passing the proverbial torch on to 42-C, every member of 42-B wishes the best of luck to each and every one.

Avn/C Gaines, J. R.
Aviation Cadet Captain
Class 42-B


SHOTS
E. BESTAVNY/C

# CLASS 42-B

John R. Gaines

Joe M. Kilgore

Hal F. Simmons

Howard M. Georgi, Jr.

James W. Goodwin

Monnis "Red" Barefield

Thomas W. Barnett

Thomas S. Behn

Lester E. Beihl

Ezra Best

Harold C. Brasher

Ralph C. Brooks

Reinhold E. Burkett

William J. Choniski

Fielding S. Cochran, Jr.

Adrian A. Davis

Stanley M. Depwe

Felix H. Driskill

Roy B. Erwin, Jr.

James R. Crubbs

Ernest E. Gustafson

Jesse J. Hawthorne, Jr.

Clifford P. Hensley

Walter T. Holmes, JR.

James L. Jernagin

Wilber A. Jennells

William E. Keefer

Eugene G. King

Lloyd L. Love

Ralph S. Marshall

John L. Mood

John H. Morphy

Martin W. McCarty

Donald M McDaniel

Carl F. Pagel

Edward H. Phelan, Jr.

Richard O. Robbins

Clarence "L.A." Roitsch

George A. Simeral

Jack Skipper

Edwin C. Smithers

Frank W. Stevens

David S. "Nig" Thayer

Royce G. Trauth

Roy G. Vaughan

George B. Warren

George B. Whitlock

William "Horizontal" Whitson

Irvin J. Wilhite

Clark N. Wilkinson, Jr.

# PERSONALS

BAREFIELD, MORRIS B.

Born in San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 16, 1918. He attended high school in San Antonio and later the University of Texas at Austin. He participated in track there and was captain of the team in 1941. He received his B. S. in Education. Became interested in flying while working at Duncan Field. His ambition is to complete Army Air Corps training and be stationed in Texas.

**********

BARRETT, THOMAS W.

One of the two Utahns of 42-B who claims Provo, Utah has been his home for 24 years now, come Sept. 6th. Graduated from Brigham Young University at Provo with a major in Chemistry and a secondary Teaching Certificate. Took up flying to get a better view of prospective ski sites. Greatest ambition is to take a ride with his instructor in the back seat. Thinks Ryan School and the "Texas" Air Corps are tops.

**********

BECK, W. A.

First seen floating down in a parachute over the town of Chico, California. He moved from there to Stockton, Calif. where he has resided ever since. Graduated from that local high school and attended College of Pacific and Menlo Junior College. He got the urge to see how high the ceiling was and consequently joined the Air Corps in the spring of 41.

**********

BEHR, THOMAS S.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut. Attended Shortridge High School in Indianapolis. Moved to Texas in 1936 and attended the University of Texas. Ambition is to get his wings and receive a regular Army commission.

**********

BEIHL, LESTER E.

Fell off the storks back over La Junta, Colorado in 1918. Ground schooled in Denver schools and chandelled into higher education at the Colorado School of Mines. Ground looped into Sigma Phi Epsilon and nosed over in amateur boxing and basketball. After straight and level flight for some time throttled back and shot into the blue sky with the Army Air Corps. Characterized by being the only man from Colorado and is mighty proud of it.

**********

BEST, EZRA

Cropped up one fine day in October 1918 just in time to catch the last train out of Chicago and has been traveling ever since. Started to be an architect but figured that pushin' a throttle would be more fun than a pencil. So he took a stab at Uncle Sam's mental calisthentics and by some fluke sneaked by. Just now, tho, he figures he's livin' on borrowed time 'til that 60 hour check.

**********

BRASHER, HAROLD C.

Born February 19, 1918 in Cargell City, Texas. Graduated from Iraan High School. Attended Schreiner Institute, Texas Tech., and University of Texas Law School. Roughnecked from the Rio Grande to the Great Lakes in any oil field that needed a hand. They didn't furnish parachutes on derricks, so joined the Air Corps.

**********

BROCKS, RALPH C.

Born in La Grange, Georgia in 1919, but was taken to the Rio Grande Valley before he was old enough to resist. Attended and was graduated from the University of Texas with a degree in physics and mathematics. Found the Army Air Corps to be desirable and enlisted. Spends his week-ends waiting for the Monday morning mail from East Texas.

**********

BURKETT, REINHOLD E.

Born On Oct. 22, 1917 at New Braunfels, Texas. After graduating from high school in 1935 he set out for San Antonio to make a place for himself

BURKETT, R. E. (Continued)
in the business world. Finding this rather dull, his interests switched to aviation, so he joined the Army Air Corps. His only ambition now is to get that pair of wings.

**********

COCHRAN, FIELDING B. JR.

First appeared in Houston, Texas on March 24, 1920. He moved to Corpus Christi, Texas at age of eight years and upon graduation from C.C.H.S. attended the University of Texas as a member of Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. The majority of his stay at San Diego was spent in keeping the "Sig Formation" precendent alive and interfering with telephone and radio facilities on the West Coast. His greatest ambition is to find a meek and subtle check rider.

**********

CHONISKI, WILLIAM J.

Born January 19, 1916 in Buffalo, New York. Moved to Texas where he attended the University of Texas and got his B.S. in physical education June 1941. Joined the air corps because he loves to fly.

**********

DAVIS, A.A.

Born February 4, 1917 in Orange, Texas. After twelve years moved to Port Arthur, Texas and finished high school there in 1935. Tried being a refinery worker before entering the University of Texas in 1939 to become a pre-law student. After getting in the Air Corps, didn't take long to decide that he'd rather fly than be a lawyer.

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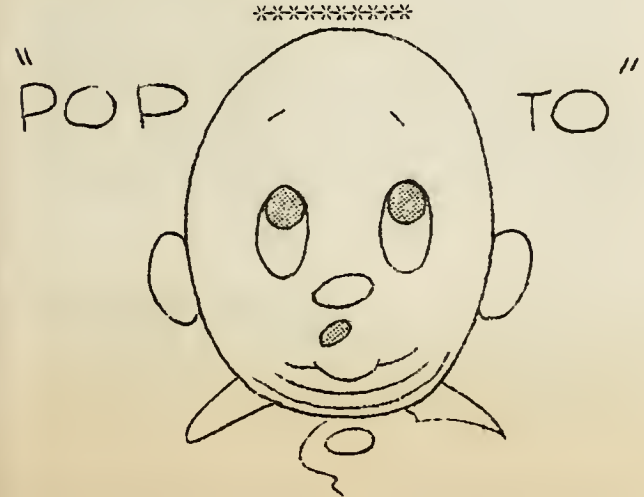


DEPWE, STANLEY M.

Born in Orange, Texas, Jan. 2, 1916. Graduated from Orange high school in 1933 and wasted his time in vegetable stands and service stations until 1937. Attended University of Texas three years where he majored in Geology. His ambition is to fly one of those big ships that you can hang on the prop.

**********

DRISKILL, FELIX H.

Born 1918 in Sabinal, Texas. Breathed this country air for seven years. Wound up at Austin, Texas in 1936 - attended the University of Texas - business administration the major - affiliated with Delta Sigma Pi. Was a cracker jack florist when he joined the Air Corps.

**********

ERWIN, R. B. JR.

Born in Loraine, Texas in 1920. Graduated from Calvert High School in Calvert, (Boogertown) Texas in 1938. Attended Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas for three years. Was president of freshman class, member of University Honor Council, Student Senate, Mask and Wig Club, and soloist for university chorus. Got the urge to fly while taking the C.P.T. course at Southwestern.

**********

GAINES, JOHN R.

First inhaled the ozone at Clarksville, Texas on the morn of July 9, 1917. Pursued a normal course of education at Las Cruces, New Mexico for 15 years and finally decided on Chemical Engineering. Got Bachelor of Science Degree in Chem. Eng. at New Mexico A. & M. in 1939 and still can't figure out why. Served with Air Corps as administrative second lieutenant for 9 months and fellow air corps officers talked him into learning how to fly. Still trying to learn. Hobby - flying. Favorite sport - flying. Favorite food - flying. Favorite topic of conversation - women.

**********

GEORGI, HOWARD M. JR.

Born in Oklahoma, migrated to five different states from New York to Calif. but validly Texan by choice. Particularly inclined toward horses, aircraft, parachute troops and a girl in Houston - horses like Mr. Georgi - the other factors are either variable or remain unknown, but time will tell -favorably, we hope.

************

GOODWIN, JAMES W.

Born September 19, 1916 in Grandbury Texas. Moved to Amarillo shortly thereafter and claims it as his home. Graduated from high school there and then went to Altus Junior College one year. From there went to the University of Texas for three years. Lettered in football two years as center and was co-captain elect for 1941.

************

GRUBBS, JAMES R.

Born in San Antonio, Texas March 2, 1916. Lived for a short time in Sealy, Texas and then moved to Houston where he attended John Reagan High School. There he participated in all sports. Entered the University of Texas in 1936, majored in physical education and played football three years. His greatest ambition is to be able to please a check rider.

************

GUSTAFSON, ERNEST E.

Born at Crosby, Texas in January 1917. Attended Sam High School, Houston, Texas. Attended Corpus Christi Junior College for one year and took the Primary C.P.T. course there. First intended to get a degree in Petroleum Engineering but the C. P. T. course changed that ambition. Fortunate enough to have sufficient math to pass the Army Air Corps examination at Randolph Field, Texas. Worked for The Atlantic Refining Company before joining the Air Corps.

************

HAWTHORNE, JESSE J.

Born in Mansfield, La. May 11, 1919. Lived there one month and spent the rest of his life in the mosquito fested city of Port Arthur. Spent 3 years at the University of Texas studying Physical Education. Played football for two years at the University. Ambition - to be a navigator on a B-24 with a Ryan trained pilot on the first floor.

************

HENSLEY, CLIFFORD P.

Born December 12, 1917 at El Campo Texas, But claims Louise, Texas as his home. Stayed around the University of Texas until he had enough hours to become an aviation cadet. Has about decided that there is more to learning to fly than passing the physical exam and having the required number of college credits. He hopes some day to receive his wings and catch up on lost sleep.

****************

HOLMES, W. T. JR.

Born in Higgins, Texas on February 4, 1919. Lived in all parts of Texas, where he grew up with the idea of becoming a flyer. Attended school in Whitewright, Texas, and received B. S. degree and C.A.A. primary from North Texas State Teachers College at Denton. Decided an air minded school teacher couldn't do justice to the general public, and gave his all to the Army Air Corps. Greatest desire is to be an "Ace Bomber Pilot".

****************

JERRELLS, W. R.

Born at East Bernard, Texas, March 3, 1917. Finished high school at East Bernard High in 1935. Attended junior college at Schreiner Institute, Kerrville Texas in 1937-39; The University of Texas in 1939 - 41. Took an interest in flying and enlisted in the Army Air Corps.

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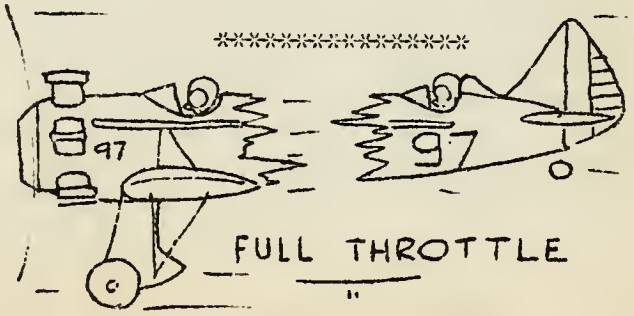
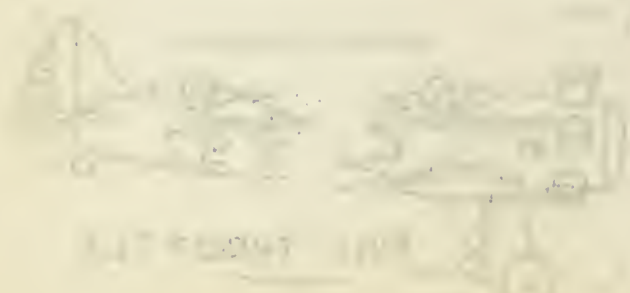
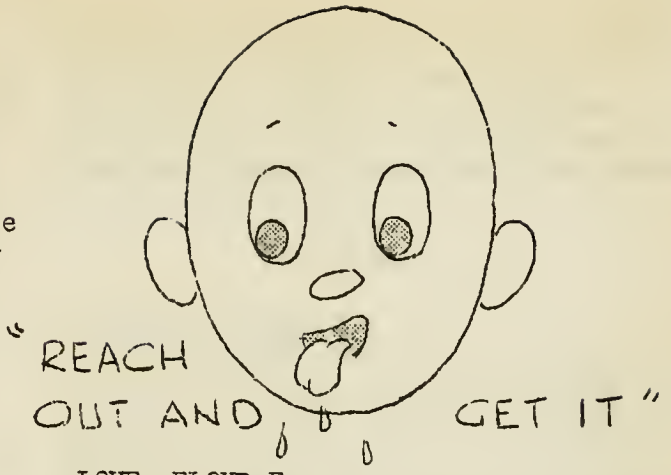




JARNAGIN, JAMES L.

Born July 25, 1914 in Greenville, Texas and shortly thereafter moved to Phoenix, Arizona. While there he attended Phoenix Junior College. Has tried doing everything and some things of his own invention, but has never quite conquered the seed that was implanted by an Air Show he saw through a crack in the fence in 1922. Chief ambition is to be a hot pilot in the U. S. A.C.




**************

KEEFER, WILLIAM E.

Born February 17, 1919 at Westwood California. Attended Torrance High School where he lettered in Basketball and Track. Later attended Compton Junior College where he was active in the Alpha Sigma Chi fraternity. After two years of plowing through a science major he got the "Air Bug" by taking C.A.A. primary and advanced. From then on his one ambition was to be an officer in the Army Air Corps. He is also a firm believer that not all the beautiful girls come from Texas but rather from Los Angeles, California.

**************

KILGORE, JOE M.

Dropped into West Texas on December 10, 1918, when the stork stalled and spun in. Has lived in the lower Rio Grande Valley for the last 12 years - minus 5 spent at the University of Texas Law School where he was a member of Delta Theta Phi. Hopes to get back to good old Texas.

**************

KING, EUGENE G.

Born in Brawley, California on the 8th day of August the year 1918, A.D. Moved to Ocean Beach, California for 5 years, then back to Brawley. There he attended the Brawley Union High, and Junior College. Played football while there. Attended El Centro Junior College one semester, and there took up government training in C.A.A. Received private license, then decided to join the U. S. Army Air Corps. Plans to keep them flying for the U. S. Army the rest of his life.

**************

LOVE, FLOYD E.

Born in Clarksville, Arkansas, October 27, 1917. He attended the College of Ozarks in Clarksville, Arkansas for two years. During the summer months, he tramped most of the Rockies as a U. S. Park Ranger. He then attended Arkansas Tech and took C.A.A. Training there. Later worked as a U. S. Border Patrolman, but finally gave in to the Air urge and the call of the Army Air Corps.

**************

MARSHALL, R. S.

Born in Morgantown, West Virginia, September 8, 1917. Has lived in Calif. most of his life but took out enough time to get his education at the University of West Virginia. Majored in Mechanical Engineering but took enough Aeronautical subjects to get the flying fever. Wanted to continue flying after passing the C.A.A. Primary & Secondary Courses - thus the Air Corps.

**************

MOOD, JOHN L.

Born in Amarillo, Texas, March 21, 1919. Attended high school at Amarillo and Fort Worth until 1936 when he enrolled at the University of Texas. After a year there, attended Texas Christian University and N.T.A.C. The last two years of higher learning were back at U.T. Law School where he tired of pondering the texts. Finds the Army Air Corps at Ryan School much better than his life of a private in the 124th Cavalry.

**************

MURPHY, JOHN H.

Local boy, born in San Diego on April 11, 1919. Attended San Diego schools and in 1934 entered New Mexico Military Institute. Likes Army life very much and someday in the near future hopes to get those dearest of all possessions, his "Wings".

**************

McCARTY, MARTIN W. JR.

Born December 22, 1917 at Lamkin, Texas. Finished high school in Crosbyton, Texas in 1935. Attended Texas Technological College, Lubbock, Texas from 1936 until 1940 when he received a degree in Petroleum Engineering. Had Primary and Secondary C.A.A. before joining the Army Air Corps.

**************

McDANIEL, DONALD M.

Born in Lantry, South Dakota (pop.23) December 10, 1917. Attended Spearfish Normal School, Spearfish, S. Dak. for two years, lettered in Basketball and majored in Primary C.P.T. Took secondary C.P.T. at Denver, Colorado and was Apprentice-Instructor at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Has approximately 110 hours of previous flying but likes Army flying best. Doesn't care where he goes to Basic - just so he goes.

**************

PAGEL, CARL F.

Was born in San Antonio, Texas on Friday, June 13, 1919. In 1925 moved to Hallettsville, Texas which has remained his home ever since. Graduated from Hallettsville high school in 1937 with letters in football, track, and tennis. From 1937 until 1941 attended the University of Texas at Austin, Texas, majoring first in geophysics and then in Foreign Trade. Has been thoroughly enjoying life and main ambition is to continue doing so.

**************

PHELAN, EDWARD H. JR.

Born in Los Angeles, California November 8, 1918. Graduate of Loyola High, Los Angeles. Attended University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana and University of California. Took Primary C.A.A. at California Institute of Technology. Worked as a machinist, thought he would like flying better than machining aircraft parts, so joined the Army Air Corps.

**************

ROBBINS, RICHARD O.

Born February 20, 1917 at Prescott, Arizona. Attended Prescott Schools and graduated from Arizona State College at Tempe, Arizona with B. A. in Commerce. Member of Tau Sigma Phi, a local fraternity. Ambition is to forget how advanced C.P.T. did things and learn to pick up the Army way, and to find a dodo from Arizona.

**************

ROITSCH, CLARENCE A.

Born in Swiss Alps, Texas on July 6, 1917. Moved to La Grange, Texas. Attended high school there, a letterman in all three major sports. Went to Texas Lutheran College, continued with football, basketball and track. Received B.A. degree at Southwestern University and also primary C.A.A. training which gave him "air fever". Result: Aviation Cadet, U. S. Army.

**************

SIMERAL, GEORGE A.

Born in Salem, Oregon but before he was old enough to protest his folks migrated to California. Spent his childhood on a farm (that's where he gets the rosy cheeks). After finishing high school went to work for a stock and bond house for six years. The next two years were spent building up his own farm implement business. Since it gets pretty hot in the San Joaquin Valley the summers were used for the University of Southern California's Summer School. Old age was creeping up so he enrolled in the regular session at U.S.C. to complete the required college credit for the Air Corps.

**************

SIMMONS, HAL F.

Born March 1, 1919 in Kerens, Texas where he graduated from high school in 1936. Attended Schreiner Institute in Kerrville, Texas from 1936 to 1938. Sought further education, etc. at the University of Texas from 1938 to 1941. Was a member of Delta Tau Delta. Took C.A.A. primary in the spring of 1941 and becoming interested in flying decided to give up one ambition that of becoming an M.D. for another, that of becoming a flyer in Uncle Sam's Army Air Corps.

*************

SKIPPER, JACK

Born in Kilgore, Texas on July 3, 1919. Attended Longview high school, Kilgore Junior College, and Texas University. Favorite sports are football and softball. Ambition is to be sent to Randolph Field, Texas for Basic Training.

*************

SMITHERS, EDWIN C.

A product of New Jersey, born at Newark. Attended Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa. for three years. Member Lambda Chi Alpha and Varsity Club. Majored in Business Administration whenever it did not interfer with baseball or basketball. To help relieve the congested population of the East migrated westward to San Bernardino, Cal. Watching the bomber squadrons at nearby March Field brought about a desire to fly the "big fellows". Hopes he can stay in the Air Corps and fly whatever they will let him.

*************

STEVENS, FRANK W.

Born in Angleton, Texas, Dec. 18, 1917. Attended Angleton Grammar School and High School - graduating in 1935. In the fall of 1935, started chemical engineering at Rice Institute in Houston, Texas. Two years later - decided to study law. After four years at the University of Texas, received an L.L.B. and a license to practice law in Texas. Chief ambition now is to become an officer in the Army Air Corps.

*************

THAYER, DAVID S.

Born in Rock Valley, Iowa July 29, 1918. Since 1923 has claimed Texas as his home. Attended the University of Texas for 3 years and lettered in football 2 years. Once visited Randolph Field and got the flying bug. Chief ambition - to get those wings.

*************

TRAUTH, ROYCE G.

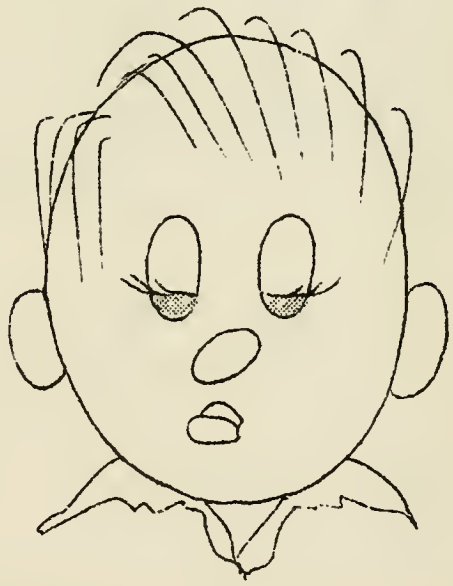
Born at New Orleans, La. Dec. 10, 1920. Graduated from Alamo Heights High School in San Antonio, Texas. Then attended St. Mary's University of Texas for 2 years. While there became interested in flying and joined the Army Air Corps. Is hoping he will get to see Randolph Field as an Army Flyer.

*************

VAUGHAN, ROY G.

Born January 6, 1920 in Liberty Hill, Texas. Moved to Amarillo, Texas in 1926 and attended grade school and high school there. Sought his higher education at the University of Texas where he majored in accounting. Got in the Air Corps because it seems to offer more than any other branch of the service.

*************



"FIRST BELL!"

WARREN, G. B.

Better known as Brent; attended Texas University for 2 years and was a member of Alpha Tau Omega. Upon retiring from school, joined the Air Corps to learn to fly. Now would rather fly than eat - since when flying it does no good to eat. Chief ambition is to be sent to Randolph Field, Texas - Chief interest - a Texas girl.

***************

WHITLOCK, GEORGE B.

Born March 3, 1920 in Superior, Nebr. Came West to Idaho in 1932. Attended high school in Boise, Idaho and spent 3 years at the University of Idaho. There tired of school and wanted to try flying. Was a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity. Played football and was a member of the "I" Club. Took business administration for two years, then changed major to physical education. Ambition - get his wings - then a wife.

***************

WHITSON, WILLIAM D.

Born March 25, 1920 and reared in Denton, Texas, the little city of beautiful girls. Attended North Texas State Teachers College and Texas University. Majored in Business Administration. Applied for C.A.A., but was rejected and decided to try the Army Air Corps. Heart remains in Texas and cannot be convinced that the Texas Rangers weren't the greatest fighters of all time.

***************

WILHITE, IRVIN J.

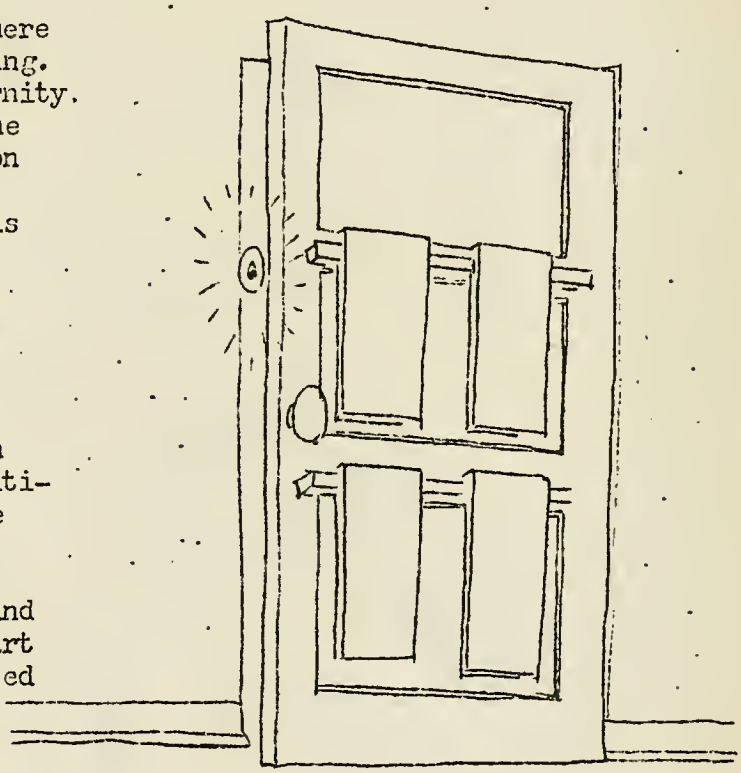
Born at Stickney, South Dakota in 1920. Attended grade and high school there, but went to Idaho for 2 years of college. Primary C.P.T. convinced him that he wanted to know how to really fly. Therefore - the Army Air Corps.

***************

WILKINSON, CLARK N. JR.

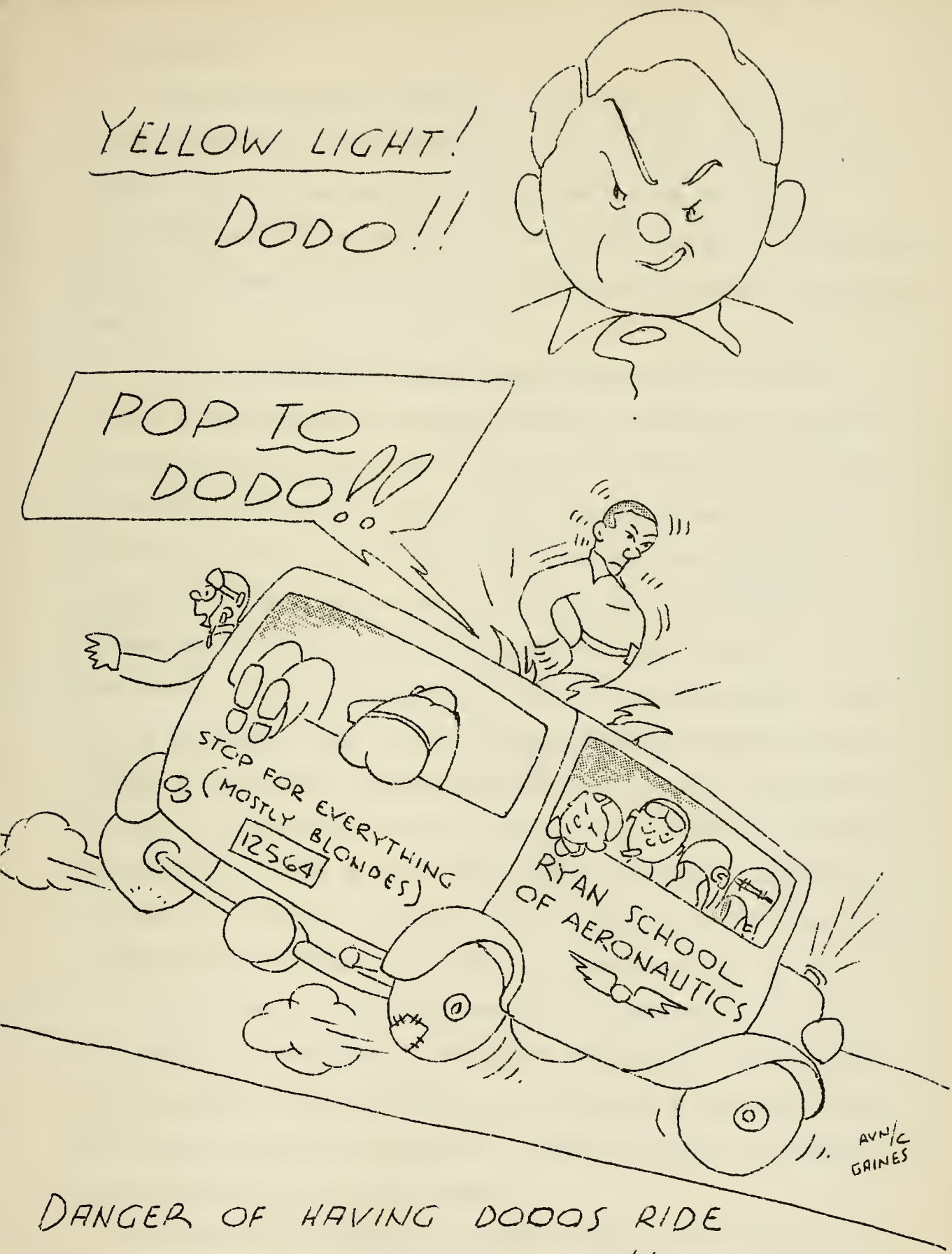
Born in Austin, Texas, but moved shortly thereafter to Longview, Texas. After graduation from Longview high school, went back to Austin and entered the University of Texas. While at the University he studied Business Administration and Petroleum Engineering and was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity. If it hadn't been for the draft, he probably would never have been in an airplane, but once there, the "old bug" bit him and he is praying that the next stop will be Randolph Field, Texas.

***************



"BACK IN YOUR SHIP"

"MR WHITLOCK"




DANGER OF HAVING DOOOS RIDE WITH UPPER-CLASSMEN!!

Avn/C Lusk, D. W. September 15, 1941

Dear Editur:

I wuz told to rite a artickle for thu windsok, but sins I can't think of anything to rite I desided to rite a lettur to the editur which I don't exspekt to hav printud but which fakt I don't kare about.

My subjekt in this hear lettur to the editur will bee a disertashun on the ruff treetment of us dodos which is not reely too ruff but just as it shud bee.

In this heer plase us dodos is treetud like we was just plane ameebas or furst kuzins to a buntch of worms. We are told to "pop two" which if you don't allredy no is a posishun of atenshun wher you burry your chin in your nek so far that you get rinkles in your adams appul, push out your chest, pull in your stomack, and shuv your eyeballs up under your fourhed - then we are told to moane, which is not hard too do becuz we feal like moaning in that posishun; then besidse all this we hav to lern a lot of theengs with big wurds in them and say them at the dinnur tabel where weshud bee filling hour stomacks but insted just set an fill our mowths with unpernounsabel sentensus and watch the upperclassmen get thu best peaces of chikun and stuff - only yousually we don't hav chicken but hav plenty of stuff. Then also at thu tabel we are maid not "yes men" and "no men", but insted are maid "go ahead" men and "reech out and get it" men, and sometimes I think we must not bee men at all.

After our meel is done, finished, and we think that we kan go two our rooms for a breef respite, whut hapens butt thu upperclassmen deside to bee a buntch of traffik signuls and start hollering "red lite", "green lite", and "yellow lite" an sometimes I think a traffik lite has moore in its upper storie than a uppurclassman.

Ther are meny othur things too, Mistur Editur, but as one of thu raunchiest dodos of 42-C I wunt you to know that we all like it, and wudn't trade this part of our lives as dodos fur anything.

Yurs trulie,

A raunchy Dodo

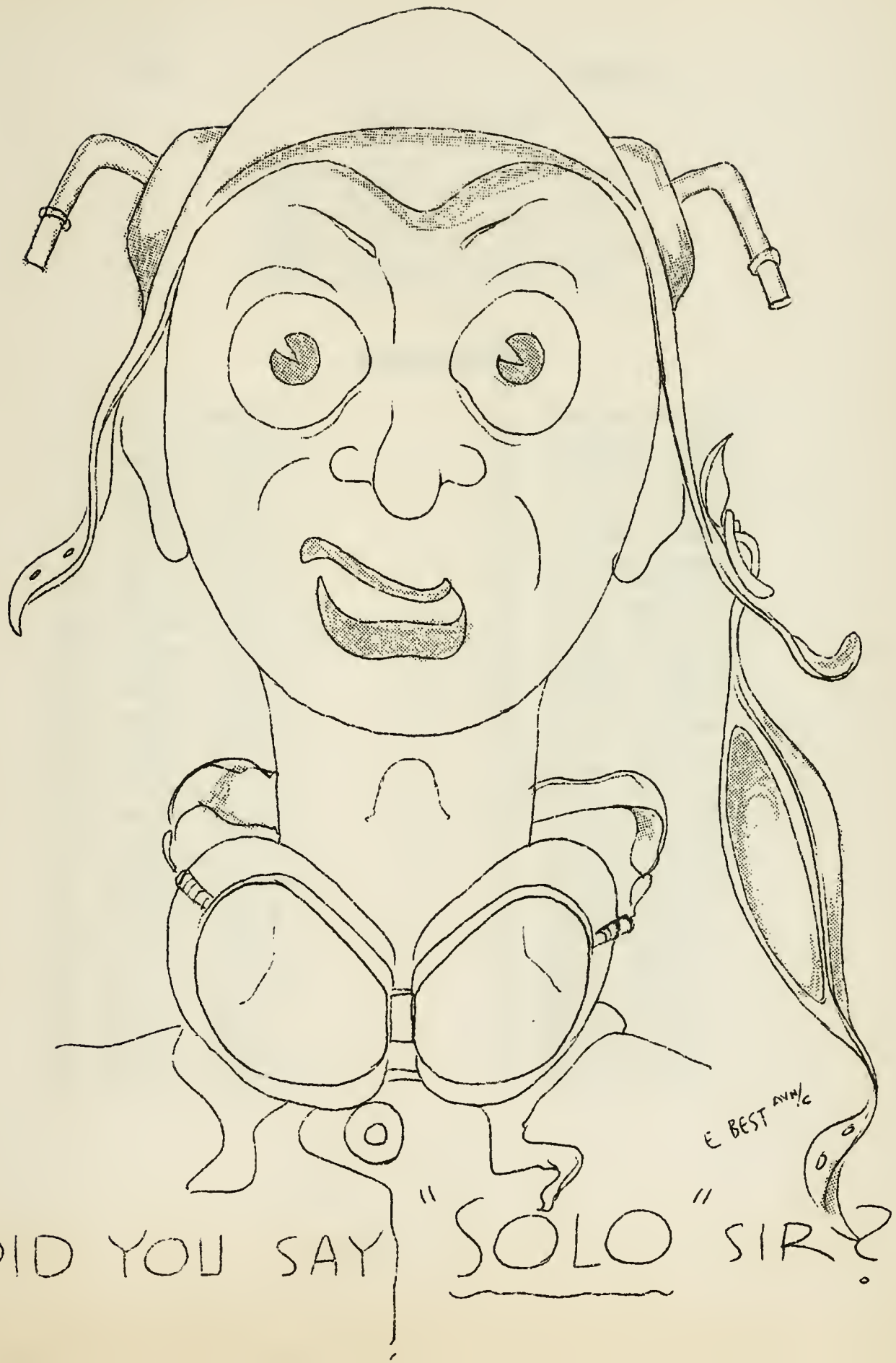
OUR DODOS

And so, the Windsock takes pleasure in presenting the dodos, that unprivileged class who for five weeks must endure the presence of their upperclassmen, with their whims and fancies as to how a lowerclassman should be trained to realize his duty and responsibility as a new member of the Army Air Corps Cadets.

Soon the lowerclassmen will realize their ambition and take over as we move on to Basic. We sincerely wish them the best of luck - and "Keep 'Em Flying", dodo!

THIS DODO KNEW HIS LOWER CLASS CUSTOMS

THIS DODO DIDN'T KNOW HIS LOWER CLASS CUSTOMS


E BEST AVN/C
DID YOU SAY "SOLO" SIR?

ROSTER CLASS 42-C

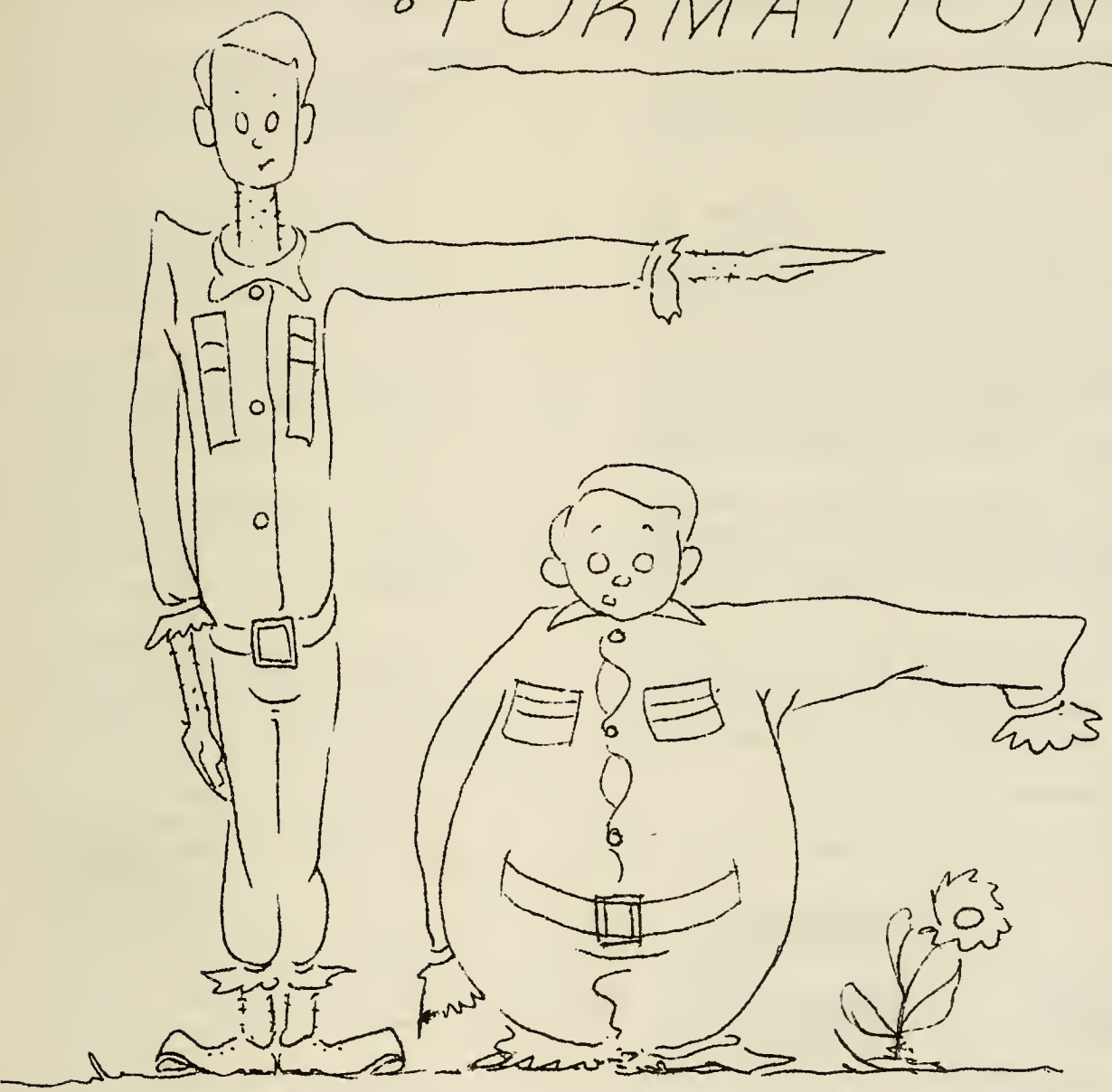
## Student Officers

Cochran, Wharton C., 2nd Lt., C.A.C.
Harris, John F., 2nd Lt., C.E.
Home, Justus MacM., 2nd Lt., Inf.
McMillan, Donald L., 2nd Lt., C.A.C.
Poole, Edgar T. Jr., 2nd Lt. Inf.
Thompson, Clyde A., 2nd Lt., Inf.

## Aviation Cadets

1. Acord, Randall K.
2. Alexander, Elmo W.
3. Archer, Ripley W.
4. Bigger, Carl R.
5. Bollmeier, Warren S.
6. Breuer, Noel E.
7. Brill, Allen A.
8. Butler, James H.
9. Carlberg, Robert L.
10. Carnes, Garland L.
11. Chapman, Walter S.
12. Cooper, Arthur A.
13. Dorsey, Robert S.
14. Downie, Edward R.
15. Fadler, William F., Jr.
16. Ficken, Bryce H.
17. Freed, Benjamin S.
18. Green, William B.
19. Hadden, Will A., Jr.
20. Henderson, Jack B.
21. Humphreys, Robert P.
22. Johnson, Norman C.
23. Koterba, Robert F.
24. Lewis, Herman W.
25. Lusk, Don W., Jr.
26. Malec, Charles J.
27. Martin, Bill H.
28. Maulick, John H.
29. Millikan, Willard W.
30. Nelson, Lucian E.
31. Niemants, Marion L.
32. Nunnally, Jeff D.
33. Nuuttila, Edwin C.
34. Pierce, Russell K., Jr.
35. Proctor, Jack T.
36. Prosser, Quentin T.
37. Schlegel, Eugeme G.
38. Schul, Clyde E.
39. Scott, Robert R.
40. Seale, John E., Jr.
41. Shattuck, Amos B.
42. Sherman, Darrell R.
43. Shonerd, Clyde G.
44. Sites, Clarence G., Jr.
45. Smith, Orin F., Jr.
46. Stern, Frank E.
47. Tally, Louis H.
48. Tankersley, Dudley C.
49. Thomas, Evans C.
50. Thompson, Stanley W.
51. Trager, George K.
52. Vargas, Rudy
53. Waldeck, Ralph R.
54. White, John L.
55. White, Lehman C.
56. Wiley, Eugene M.
57. Willis, J. Vern
58. Wilson, Jack M.
59. Wilson, John R.

# ·FORMATIONS·



DRESS RIGHT DRESS!!

BEST AVN/C

## FLIGHT "D"

Flight "D" at Ryan School
Fly so calm and so cool;
Of the flights, they're the smarter,
If you doubt, ask Mr. Garner.

He's the check-rider of section D,
Each mistake he'll always see;
An hour period of doing well,
Is his cue to give you hell.

Mr. Dixon is next in line,
A navy pilot of refine;
He's flown the best in his time,
Top instructor and he's mine.

Mr. Wilson works hard all day,
But at night he sure does play;
He loves to fly and to teach,
His boys think he is a peach.

With a grin from ear to ear,
All the women call him dear;
Loops and spins, he'll split your ribs,
At the controls is Mr. Gibbs.

De Martini is smallest of all,
Don't you spin from a stall,
Or on your neck, he'll surely jump,
He keeps your flying from a slump.

Young and handsome, Mr. Weller,
Soloed first in a cellar;
Instructor now at Ryan School,
Flying is his only tool.

In the air and on the ground,
At the court and on the mound;
Clean and spotless and never messy,
That sir, is Mr.Paul Bessey.

So you see, we're really set,
Better instructors we never met;
Potential pilots we hope to become
On to Basic and then some.

- Avn/C Choniski, W. J.

************

Upperclassman - Pop to, dodo!

First Day Dodo - Pop who, sir?

************

## My Son

Oh little boy, where have you gone?
Where is your drum, your horn and gun?
Your tired little pattering feet,
Your curly head I rocked to sleep?

You loved the songs I used to croon,
And have me tell you of the moon.
The funny face, whose happy grin
Would seem to beckon you to him.

You loved the tiny little stars
That twinkled at you from afar.
Your dimpled hands outstretched would rest,
As though to give them a caress.

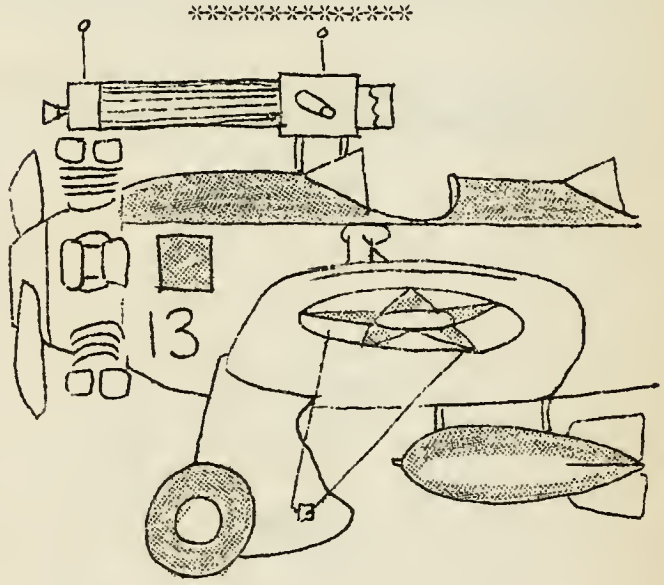
I little dreamed that they would be
The things to snatch my babe from me,
That as a man you'd soar above,
Among those things you used to love.

Now when I waken in the night
And hear an airplane in its flight,
I wonder what your thoughts must be,
So near the stars - so far from me.

I hope they'll bring you peace and love
For fellow man - and God above,
And guide you safely on your way
Back home to me, for this I pray.

- Blanche Fox Wangemann

************




BRING ON THE ENEMY!

## STAINLESS STEEL

Stainless steel is an alloy steel, practically immune to rusting and ordinary corrosion. It acuminates the surgeon's scalpel; it renders precision instruments accurate; it is filling big defense jobs assigned to it 100%. It has "what it takes!"

Gentlemen - the position of U. S. Army Air Corps pilot requires men having the qualities of stainless steel. The pathway to our goal is one of strict discipline and is exposed to rigorous weathering. Without being tempered with unyielding courage, and a capacity for endurance, we rust and crumble by the wayside.

The day of the "iron man" is past. However, flying demands stamina. It makes a claim on mental ability and general intelligence. Flying the Army way commands a mind-body harmony - a dynamic body directed by a flexible mind. Today the man of stainless steel is supreme!

Aviation Cadets have strong, sound bodies; good, trained minds. What is that extra something that must be added before we can become Army flyers?

(1) We must develop the power of meeting any situation, however novel it may be, successfully, by proper behavior adjustments.

(2) We must have the ability to assimilate the proper inter-relationship of presented facts to guide our actions toward the desired goal.

(3) We must have the ability to make definite and firm decisions and to put them into effect quickly.

The intense period of training demands other qualities, namely: steadiness and consistency under fire, acuteness of mind, willingness of heart, and an earnest desire to progress.

Gentlemen, let us pledge a tempered salute,
To our ultimate and treasured ideal!
Firm, steady, alert, acute,
The Army Air Corps flyer, wrought of
stainless steel!

- Avn/C Hadden, Will A.

**********

## ROOM INSPECTION

Attention!
Room Inspection!

Who's room orderly?
Come here quickly,
These curtains are filthy with dust
And under that stove is plenty of rust.

Room orderly!
Yes sir!
See this brass,
Mister, it needs more class.

Room orderly!
Yes sir!
There is dirt in this bathtub,
To get it out you've got to rub.

Room orderly!
Yes sir!
You know which way these pants should
face,
Next time be sure they're in their place.

Gentlemen -
This room is raunchy.
Give them some gigs!
Who do you think you are, Kappa Sigs?

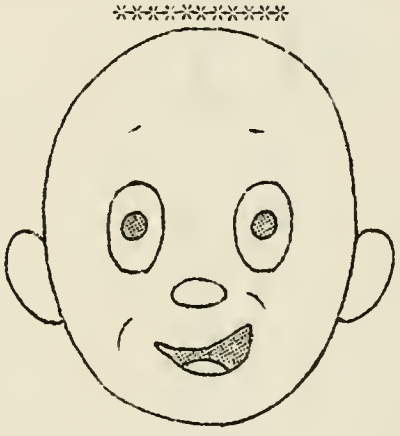
- Avn/C Scott, Bob

**********

Upperclassman - What's the population of Texas, dodo?

Dodo - Including the aviation cadets at the Ryan School of Aeronautics, sir?

**********



## RECOGNITION DAY

## AN ODE TO A DODO

Here's to the dodo - dumb but true,
Who takes his chances and likes them too,
Who spreads his wings with a flair,
And often ends up - lost in the air.

Poor, poor little raunchy dodo,
Spreading his wings as those before,
Yes sir, No sir, to those he adores,
No excuse sir, pop to sir; till he
deplores
Of spreading his wings above.

Red light; green light; often his command.
Ever present to those who demand.
Sound off; wipe it off; pop to from there
And never desiring over three inches of
chair.

But he's a good dodo as dodos go,
Always griping - till he's a bore.
Till five weeks have passed -
And he's in control at last -
Of that unprivileged class - the dodos.

- Avn/C Nunnally, J. D.

*************

## ROOM INSPECTION

"Class 42-C; turn on your lights!"
That's what we hear in the middle of the
nights.
We fall out of bed and come alive,
For there's room inspection at 6:45.

"There's a hair in the tub
And bombers in the light."
Why didn't we start
Cleaning up last night?

Those shoes are not shined,
The towels aren't straight,
Now hurry with that blind,
We're gigged if we're late.

From the time they enter
Till the time they leave,
They're finding something
About which to beef.

But what the heck!
We don't care,
If we didn't like it
We wouldn't be here.

- Avn/C Downie, Edward R.

*************

## Keep 'Em Flying

A dodo is anything but a smart cadet,
Popping to and keeping in line.
This is his ordeal and he should not
fret;
If good at this, he's bound to shine.

Five weeks pass, and he's going strong;
The dodo now has more donfidence.
In come new ones, a roaring throng,
They wonder soon if they have any
sense.

Finally, lives of great flyers oft
remind us,
We should make our flights sublime,
And when we've finished as cadets,
Aid the dodos and "Keep 'em Flying".

- Avn/C Green, W. B.

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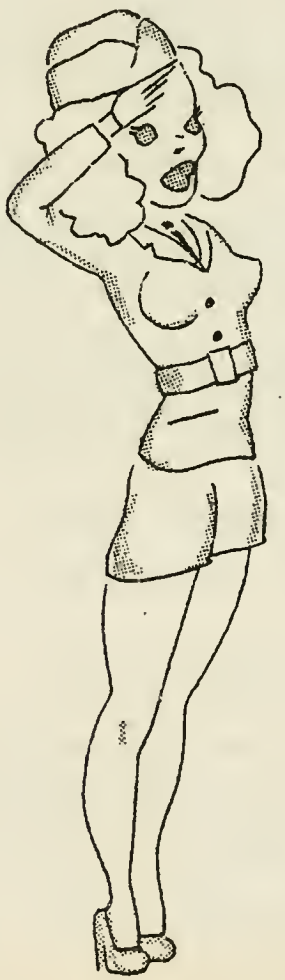


## DODO'S PLEDGE

Tough? You bet! Let me tell you, sir,
About the ways of this life.
From five o'clock till ten o'clock,
A "dodo" knows nothing but strife.

A "dodo", sir, to the upperclass,
Is a creature nil learning or lore
Who must be versed, in what's good,
what's worse,
Not complaining - just asking for more.

With "on the line", "back in your ship",
"Pop to" and customs to say,
If you get through, you'll know that you'll
do,
And the training - well it's there to
stay.

It sounds pretty bad. True, you'll get
mad,
At the drills, the ground work, mess-hall
"goo".
But with all that you've had, in the end
you'll be glad,
For you're doing what you're wanting to do.

With your "wings" on your chest, comradship
with the best,
And your minds, hearts, and souls coming
through,
We'll all "keep 'em flying", even though
it means dying,
For "Uncle Sam" and "The Red, White & Blue".

- Avn/C Thomas, E. C.

************

## "The Life of a Dodo"

A dodo drills and tries to please,
Stands at attention and can't sneeze,
Move your hands and they chew your seat,
"Dress up that line and make it neat!"

Inspection is always rough as a bear,
They scream and cry when they find a hair.
You polish the brass and clean the floor,
Be ready to "pop to" at three knocks at
the door.

The upperclassmen eat while the dodos wait,
When we sit down, it's "eyes on your plate".
A dodo shouts, "I have roaming eyes!"
Another takes off and tries to fly.

There's a certain way to ask for food,
If you don't ask right, you'll stand up
and "coo".
Eight customs are required,
While seven dodos show how engines are
fired.

The life of a dodo is pretty swell,
Although we jump to every bell,
We eat and sleep and try to fly,
We're just a dodo until we die.

- Avn/C Lewis, H. W.

************

## PATIENCE, DODOS

The life of a dodo is a miserable one;
From early morning 'til day is done
Orders are shouted at such a fast rate,
That the dodo stays in a ruffled state.

So much is to be learned in a short while
"On the double" becomes the custom & style.
The upperclassmen seem very stern
When they try to help the dodos learn.

When meal time comes and he should be
relaxed,
The dodos energy & endurance is taxed.
Room inspection at the start of the day
Keeps the dodo's mind off his play.

The dodos do not mind the restriction,
They all have the firm conviction,
And hope that they can some day say
"Pop to, dodo!" in their own polite way.

- Avn/C Humphreys, R. P.

************

## A DODO'S PRAYER

Sir, new aviation cadet Doe, J. D., Sir,
Sending up a prayer;
May they pin gold wings upon my chest
And let me keep them there!

- Avn/C Brill, A.A.

************

"FORM 1"

BEST. E AVN/C

STATUS TODAY – *Hardly worth mentioning*

TOTAL FLIGHT – *Entirely too long*

NO. OF LANDINGS – *One - rather extraordinary*

Cadet Lt Goodwin

"Pop-to" Lodo

5 Minute Recess

Cadet Lt. Simmons

Cadet Capt. Gaines

Structures Lab

F. T. 21

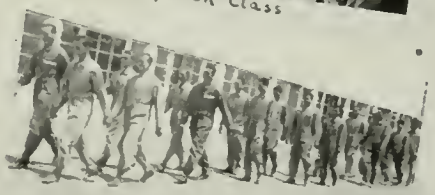
Saturday's Drill

Pay Day

Navigation Class

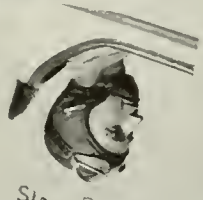
Flight D

Flight Line



Gig Formation

Cadet Lt. Georgi



Slow Roll!

"Flaps" McCarty

Cadet Lt. Kilgore

# THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES

From one airplane and a handful of "daredevils" in 1909 to the second largest arm of the United States Army in 1941 is the record of the Army Air Forces. Today the Air Forces are surpassed in size only by the oldest fighting force in history, the Infantry.

On August 2, 1909, an airplane was purchased. To tend this ungainly contraption of wood and cloth, the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps was formed. By July 1914, this branch of the Signal Corps had become so popular that it was composed of 16 officers and 77 enlisted men.

At the close of the World War, the Air Service, as it was then called, had expanded to 18,000 officers and 135,000 enlisted men and several thousand airplanes most of which were designed around British and French models. These impressive figures rapidly decreased with the demobilization of the A.E.F. to less than a thousand officers and a few thousand enlisted men. This small number of men spent the next 20 years in research and development of all types of aeronautical craft and equipment. The results of their excellent efforts are apparent today.

In 1938 approximately 2,000 officers and less than 50,000 enlisted men undertook the present expansion program of the Army Air Forces. This work is still going forward. The outlines of this tremendous task are, however, becoming apparent as revealed in the attached chart of the organization of the Army Air Forces.

The aviation component of the United States Army is the Army Air Forces. The Army Air Forces is composed of two branches, the Combat Command and the Air Corps. Each has different functions and different responsibilities, which are to be outlined.

## AIR FORCES COMBAT COMMAND

The Air Forces Combat Command (formerly GHQ Air Force) is the striking arm of the United States air power. Except for those units assigned or attached to task forces, overseas garrisons, or other commanders, it has control of all Army aerial operations.

The basic organization for continental defense is centered in the four Air Forces, which make up the Air Forces Combat Command. The present four Air Forces are comparable to the original four Air Districts in their territorial boundaries. The headquarters of each Air Force is the same as it was in the district organization. The following is the present organization:

| Old Organization | New Organization | Headquarters |
|---|---|---|
| Northeast Air District | 1st Air Force | Mitchel Field, L.I., N. Y. |
| Northwest Air District | 2nd Air Force | Geiger Field, Spokane, Wash. |
| Southeast Air District | 3rd Air Force | MacDill Field, Tampa, Fla. |
| Southwest Air District | 4th Air Force | March Field, Riverside, Cal. |

Each of these decentralized field armies of the air has many operating bases within each Air Force area. With the speed and the range of the modern Army warplanes, each Force is in a position to support the other within a few hours.

The Air Force consists of three major elements, the Interceptor Command, the Bombardment Command, and the Support Command.

The Interceptor Command is a tactical unit designed to intercept and fight enemy bombing and fighter airplanes. In addition to interceptor planes an interceptor command has service troops, an aircraft warning company, a medical detachment, and operating personnel.

The Bombardment Command will be the backbone of the Air Forces, charged with destroying hostile objectives. Details of organization are not yet available for publication.

The Support Commands of each of the four Air Forces have been created to provide effective and close support to the Army's ground units. The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Support Commands will operate with the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Field Armies respectively. In addition to the four Commands just mentioned a 5th Support Command, which is directly under the Air Forces Combat Command operates with the Armored Force. The support commands include observation aviation (both lighter and heavier-than-air), light bombers, dive bombers, aerial photographic units, gliders, and air transports for parachute troops and air landing troops. This unified grouping of aviation elements has been done to insure direct support of ground units and the success of their missions.

## THE AIR CORPS

The Air Corps is the other major component of the Army Air Forces. Procurement of personnel, material, and the operation of the entire training program for the Air Forces is the responsibility of the Air Corps.

The Materiel Division is the Air Corps' insurance that its aircraft and equipment are the best men can produce at the existing developmental stage. It is the organization that searches out solutions to aviation's unsolved practical problems and then sees that the Air Forces benefit by these discoveries without delay.

Genesis of today's Materiel Division was the War Department's decision in 1917 to set up an engineering laboratory at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio. The valuable work performed by this division received recognition in 1926 when a permanent home was established at Wright Field, Dayton. The organization, in addition to its engineering and research activities, also received the functions of supply, procurement, and maintenance of all Army aircraft and equipment.

During its twenty years' existence the Materiel Division has figured - directly or indirectly - in every important aircraft development, commercial or military. To accomplish the tremendous task set before it required astuteness in the handling of finances during the lean years, when the public thought of possible war was the farthest from mind, to assure that the Air Forces would not be found wanting if and when the emergency appeared.

The thoroughness with which this was done is evident in the warplanes of the United States today. It is also evident in many other products, one of these being silk. Farsighted officers visioned the possibility of such a shortage and developed successful and efficient substitutes.

The importance of the great Air Corps laboratory at Wright Field cannot be over-emphasized. Around the results of its efforts revolves the entire program for Air Forces expansion. Had it not been for the men at Wright Field the Air Forces would be in practically the same position as the Air Corps in 1917 with respect to equipment.

The expansion at Wright Field is going forward. One of its most recent acquisitions is the development of the world's largest high speed wind tunnel to test not only the airplanes of today but those of tomorrow.

Also at Wright Field is the headquarters of the Maintenance Command, which has control of the eleven Air Corps Depots and the Transport Service, the latter being the largest material transport service in the world.

## TRAINING AND OPERATIONS DIVISION

The Training and Operations Division handles all matters pertaining to training of aviation cadets and enlisted men. Training of aviation cadets (which term includes pilots, bombardiers, and navigators) is done by the Air Corps at its three training centers; the Southeast Training Center, the Gulf Coast Training Center, and the West Coast Training Center. Headquarters of these three training centers are at Maxwell Field, Alabama; Randolph Field, Texas, and Moffett Field, California, respectively. Also being trained are enlisted pilots.

The three training centers under the 30,000 pilot program supervise the activities of 41 civilian schools giving 10 weeks of elementary training; 15 military flying schools and 3 civilian schools giving basic training; and 21 advanced military flight training schools, 7 of which are single-engine flying schools and 14 multi-engine training schools. In addition to these schools there are 3 flexible gunnery military schools, 1 civil navigation school, and 3 replacement training centers (pilot, bombardier, and navigator). There are 3 navigator schools and 6 bombardier schools.

The training of enlisted specialists is handled by the Technical Training Command, which consists of 3 replacement training centers, 14 civilian contract mechanic schools, and 5 Air Corps technical schools, the latter located at Chanute Field, Illinois; Scott Field, Illinois; Lowry Field, Colorado; Wichita Falls, Texas, and Biloxi, Mississippi. Technicians will be trained at the rate of 100,000 a year at these schools.

The Ferrying Command which is under the Chief of the Air Corps is charged with the duty of flying the Lease-Lend equipment from the factories to stations on the coast whence they are delivered to the various countries. Personnel of the Ferrying Command is composed of Air Corps officers and some civilians, who have received training on the different types of equipment being allocated under the National Defense Program.

The Buildings and Grounds Division is concerned with the establishment of new fields and the erection and upkeep of facilities at all of the different fields. Exclusive of the fields at the civilian flying schools the Air Forces are now or will be operating from approximately 248 fields in the continental

United States. These include 34 Combat Command Stations, 48 flying and technical schools, 11 depots, and about 155 miscellaneous installations. For the establishment of the new stations and the expansion of the existing stations approximately $260,000,000 have been appropriated.

## AIRPLANES

Airplanes called for in the current Air Forces expansion program will consist of about 40 per cent trainers and transports, and 60 per cent tactical airplanes. Transports include both materiel and personnel transports.

Of the combat planes a balanced Air Force is being constructed. In this connection, the particularly American development of heavy bombardment planes of the B-24 and B-17 type is now being recognized by foreign experts as having a tremendous tactical advantage. Likewise, due to the Air Corps' development of precision bomb sights, our bombardment aviation has developed an enviable record for accuracy in both high and low altitude horizontal bombing.

The new dive bombing planes, being supplied to both the Air Forces and Navy, which observers consider superior to any in existence elsewhere, are now being delivered and will take part in the Fall maneuvers with the Combat Command.

Because of the geographical situation of the United States, power-driven airplanes have obviously demanded first consideration but experiments with multi-place troop-carrying gliders are being vigorously pursued.

From trainers to heavy bombardment airplanes, military aircraft have so many points of difference from commercial airplanes as to form an almost completely new manufacturing problem. Cruising speeds of warplanes must be almost double those of commercial airplanes and they must be capable of operating at extremely high altitudes under the stresses and strains of combat maneuvers.

Armor plate, self-sealing gasoline tanks, power turrets, bomb sights, armament, oxygen, radio, and many other devices and instruments are only a few of the necessary military items with which warplanes must be equipped. All of these had to be specially developed for military use by the Air Corps.

Broad classifications of the Army Air Forces airplanes are:

Training Planes: Training planes are of three distinct types. PT denotes the Primary Trainer in which a student gets his initial flight training. After successfully completing his training in primary airplanes he starts to fly Basic Trainers or BT airplanes. Planes of the BT class are heavier and of higher horsepower. The flying trainee receives his final air training in an AT or advanced trainer type of airplane which may be either a single-engine or multi-engine airplane.

Observation: Observation airplanes act as the "eyes" of the ground Army. Observation is charged with the taking of aerial photographs of objectives, observing objectives and reporting the findings, and of adjusting artillery fire.

Transport: The transport is the cargo plane of the Air Corps. It is

used to transport both personnel and cargo between stations and on tactical missions.

Liaison: The liaison ship has as its outstanding characteristic the ability to land and take off in small areas. The tactical mission of this type of craft is that of transportation behind the lines of Ground Commanders. It also assists the artillery by adjusting fire.

Interceptor: The interceptor airplane is a fast swift-climbing airplane with heavy fire-power for interception of hostile bombardment and fighter airplanes.

Fighter: Fighter airplanes are small, fast heavily-armed airplanes for use in accompanyihg bombers on missions. They engage the hostile interceptors and serve as protection for bombers.

Bombardment Airplanes: Bombardment aviation is the principal striking force of the Air Corps. The planes of this class are of three types-light, medium, and heavy. They are characterized by fast cruising speeds at high altitudes over considerable ranges with heavy loads. The classifications of light, medium, and heavy are determined by the load carrying ability of the bomber.

Dive bombers: This airplane is for use with ground troops against obstacles delaying the progress toward their objective.

## AIR FORCES

The Chief of the Army Air Forces is charged among other duties with control of the Combat Command and the Air Corps. He is also charged with making plans for the supervision, coordination, training, and inspection of all other air units.

To aid the Chief of the Air Forces in the performance of his duties is the Headquarters of the Army Air Forces which consists of:

1. The Chief of the Army Air Forces.
2. The Chief of the Air Staff.
3. The Air Staff.
4. The Air Inspector.
5. The Air Adjutant General.

The Air Staff is organized along General Staff lines and consists of the following:

The Secretary of the Air Staff who coordinates the activities of the Staff.

A-1 Personnel. This division formulates policies on matters pertaining to the personnel of the Air Forces as individuals, and performs the essential planning and determination of personnel procurement.

A-2 Intelligence. This division performs the intelligence planning essential to fulfillment of the functions of the Army Air Forces.

A-3 Operations and Training: This division performs those functions pertaining to the over-all plans for the organization, training, combat, and service operations of the Army Air Forces and prepares directives and instructions pertaining thereto.

A-4 Materiel and Supply. This division prepares policies, plans, and directives pertaining to the materiel requirements of the Army Air Forces and for all essential allied activities.

Air War Plans Division: Prepares plans pertaining to the air phase of current war plans pursuant to War Department policies and directives.

Budget Section: Prepares budget requirements, and prepares plans and policies governing control and supervision of the expenditure of appropriated funds for the Army Air Forces.

Statistics Section: Analyzes and maintains statistical data for use in the planning activities of the Air Staff.

The principal function of the Air Staff consists of preparing the essential over-all plans for the Army Air Forces. Its operating functions are confined primarily to preparing those policies, directives and instructions essential in directing and coordinating the activities of the major components of the Army Air Forces. Staff functions of an operative nature that require the fulfillment of detailed Army Air Forces plans, are performed under the direction of the Commanding General, Air Force Combat Command, and the Chief of the Air Corps, by their respective staffs.

Above the Chief of the Air Forces is the Deputy Chief of Staff for Air who is directly responsible to the Chief of Staff on all matters pertaining to the Army Air Forces. At the present time, Major General H.H.Arnold holds the dual responsibility of being Deputy Chief of Staff for Air and Chief of the Air Forces.

Another innovation of the present organization is the Air Council, which is created for the purpose of periodically reviewing and properly coordinating all major aviation projects of the Army, and passing on matters of current policy. The Air Council is composed of the Assistant Secretary of War for Air (ex-officio); the Chief of Army Air Forces who is president of the Council; the Chief, War Plans Division (War Department General Staff); the Commanding General, Air Force Combat Command; the Chief of the Air Corps, and such other members as may be appointed from time to time by the Secretary of War.

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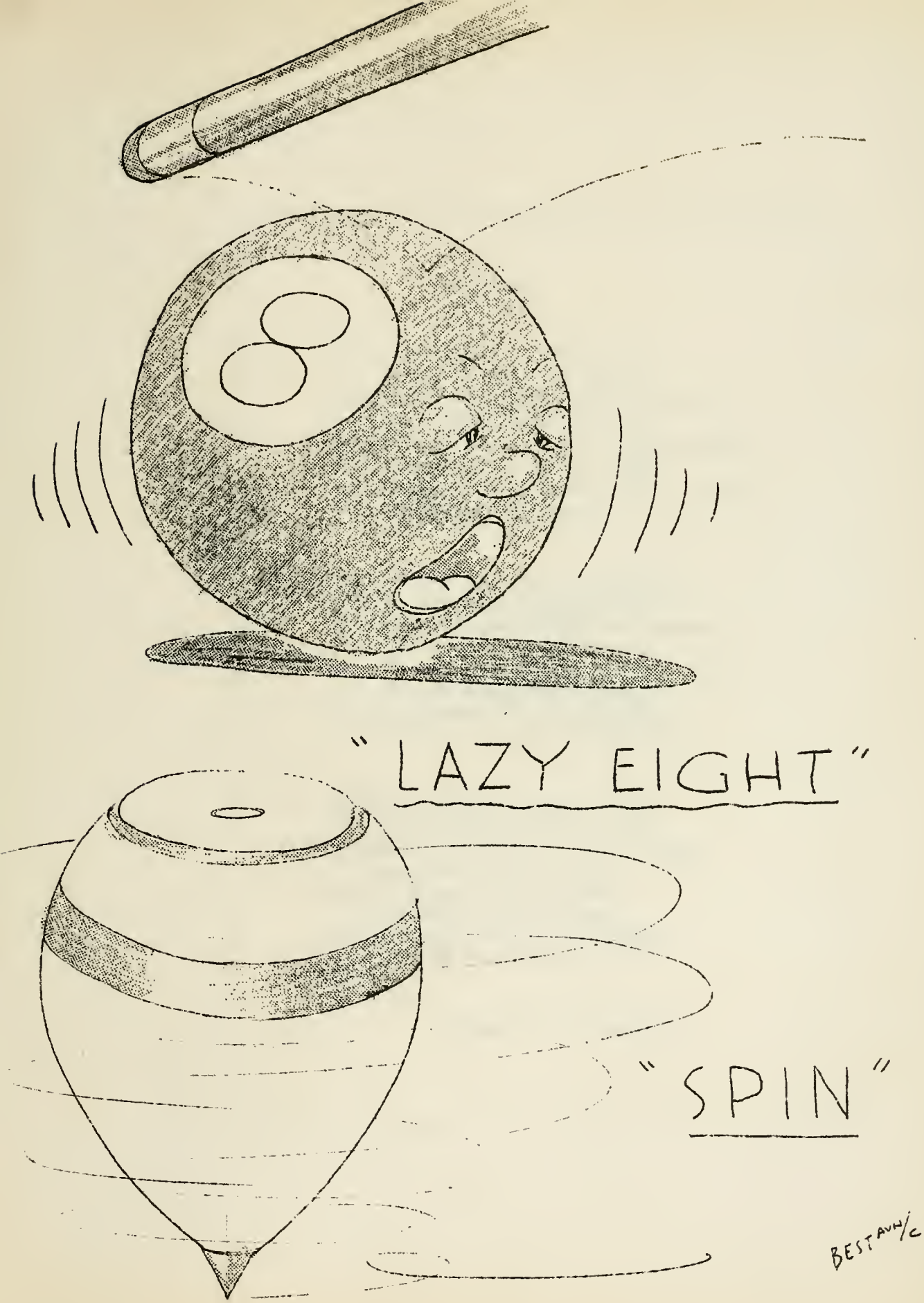
"LAZY EIGHT"
"SPIN"
BEST AVH/C

"ARMY DAY"

We've dedicated to the world,
A day to show our might,
Our hopes for freedom for the earth,
Our willingness to smite
Those down, who in their ruthless greed
Have trodden on the weak,
And robbed them of their rights to live
Or liberty to speak.

And as we stand among the throng,
To watch a grave parade,
Of armoured steel beyond our dreams,
Of faces sad, but brave,
We lift our eyes toward heavens blue
To see among the clouds
Another symbol of our strength,
And men of whom we're proud.

And in a solemn voice we call
On One who's higher still
To guide and guard us in our task,
And help us to fulfill
The promises of God and man
To lift a yoke of pain
And slavery from off the hearts
Of all downtrodden men.

– Blanche Fox Wangemann

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# Windsock

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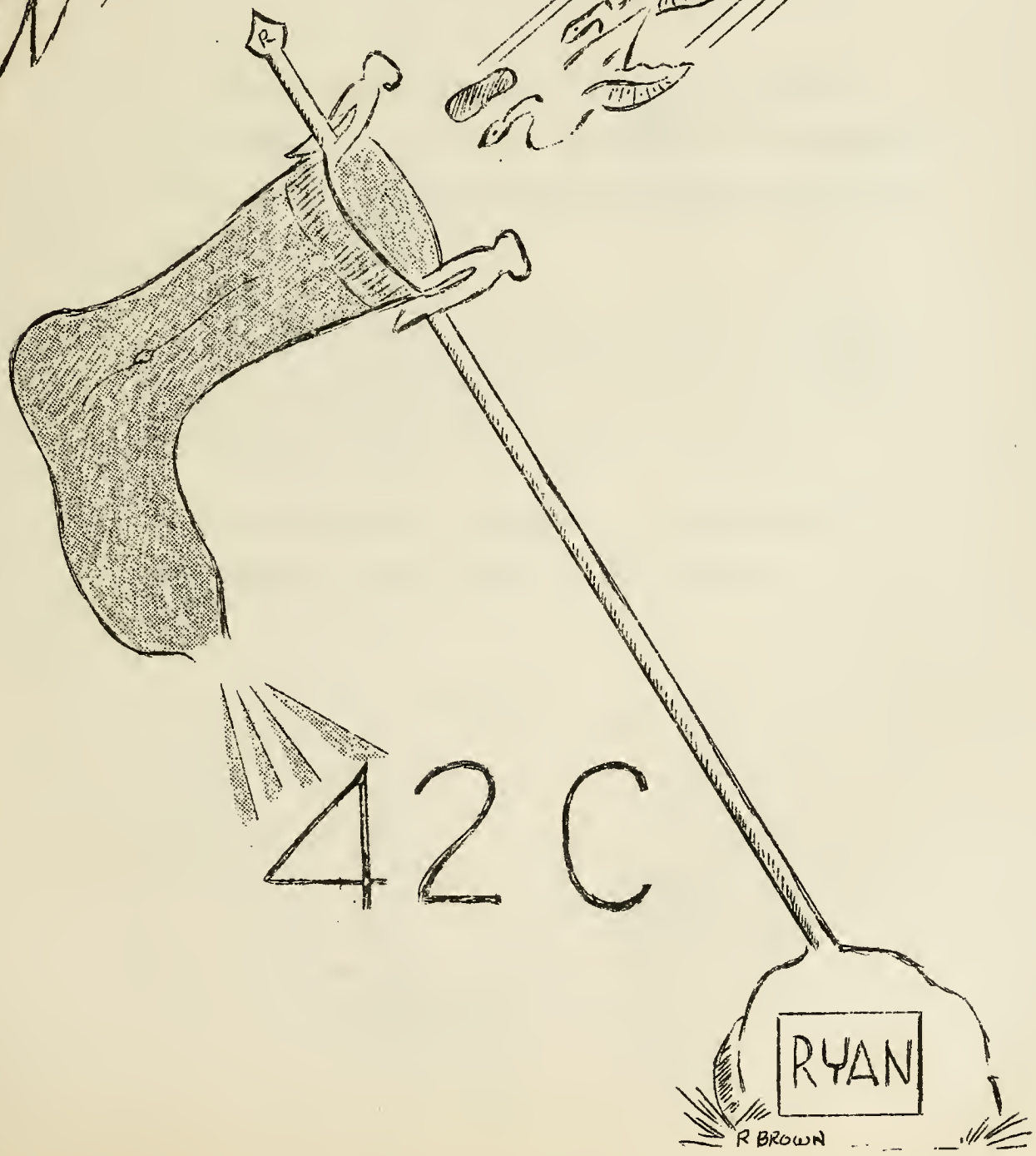
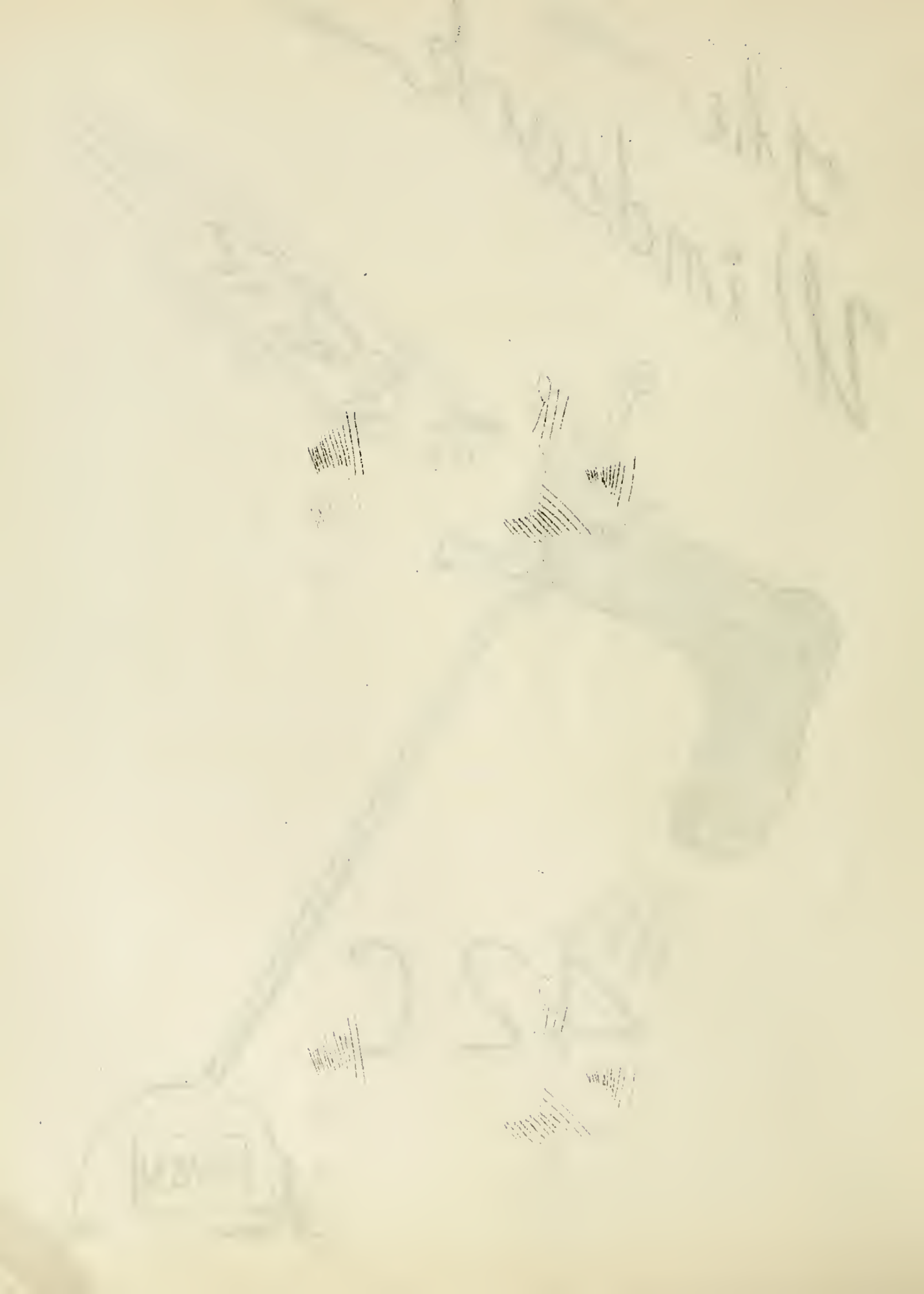
OCTOBER 1941

SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

# The Windsock





# D E D I C A T I O N

The members of Class 42-C dedicate this issue of the Windsock to the officers, instructors, and check-riders of the Air Corps Training Detachment, Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego.

It is with sincere appreciation that we set up this book as a symbol of gratitude to these men who have done so much to aid us in the attainment of our goal.

To the officers, instructors and check-riders, the members of 42-C say, "Thanks and Hasta Luego".

*** ***

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## TO THOSE WE LEFT BEHIND US

When Class 42-C descended on Ryan School 59 strong and rearin' to go, we all fully realized that in the short ten week stay here there would be some of us who, for some reason or other, would not make the grade. Now as the ten weeks draw to a close, we realize even more fully the truth of our earlier convictions.

A large number of our classmates and friends are no longer with us - not because they failed to make the grade as gentlemen and soldiers, not because they "couldn't fly", and not because of deficiencies in Ground School, but mainly because they could not rapidly enough assimilate the course of Military instruction. In this there is no disgrace. It is only unfortunate that they could not pursue their chosen work.

Some of these men received discharges and returned to Civil life; some are continuing their officer training in other branches of the service; and others, unable to resist the urge to continue their flying, have turned to the sky-lanes of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F.

It is to these men, the former members of Class 42-C, that we say "Keep fightin'", and may we someday have you as Navigators, Bombardiers, or fellow soldiers of another Army, and always as friends.

- EDITOR

*** ***

Class 42-C
Ryan School of Aeronautics
San Diego, California

Gentlemen:

With the coming of your class, this person celebrated his first anniversary with the Ryan Company. How time does fly! Over five hundred men have graduated from under my nose and many are on active duty in some part of the world or another. I receive and enjoy the many letters sent me by "the boys" and in almost every one, the fact is mentioned that they really didn't appreciate Ryan School until they left it.

I have made many friends in 42-C and have gotten to know all of you well. I would like to take this opportunity to thank each and every one of you for your sincere and willing co-operation, both at Lindbergh and on the auxiliary fields, and also to wish you all the success you want at Basic School. To those gentlemen who have chosen a different branch of the service, I can only say that you are very fortunate and honored to be one of the select few who will work in an executive position for "our" Uncle Sam.

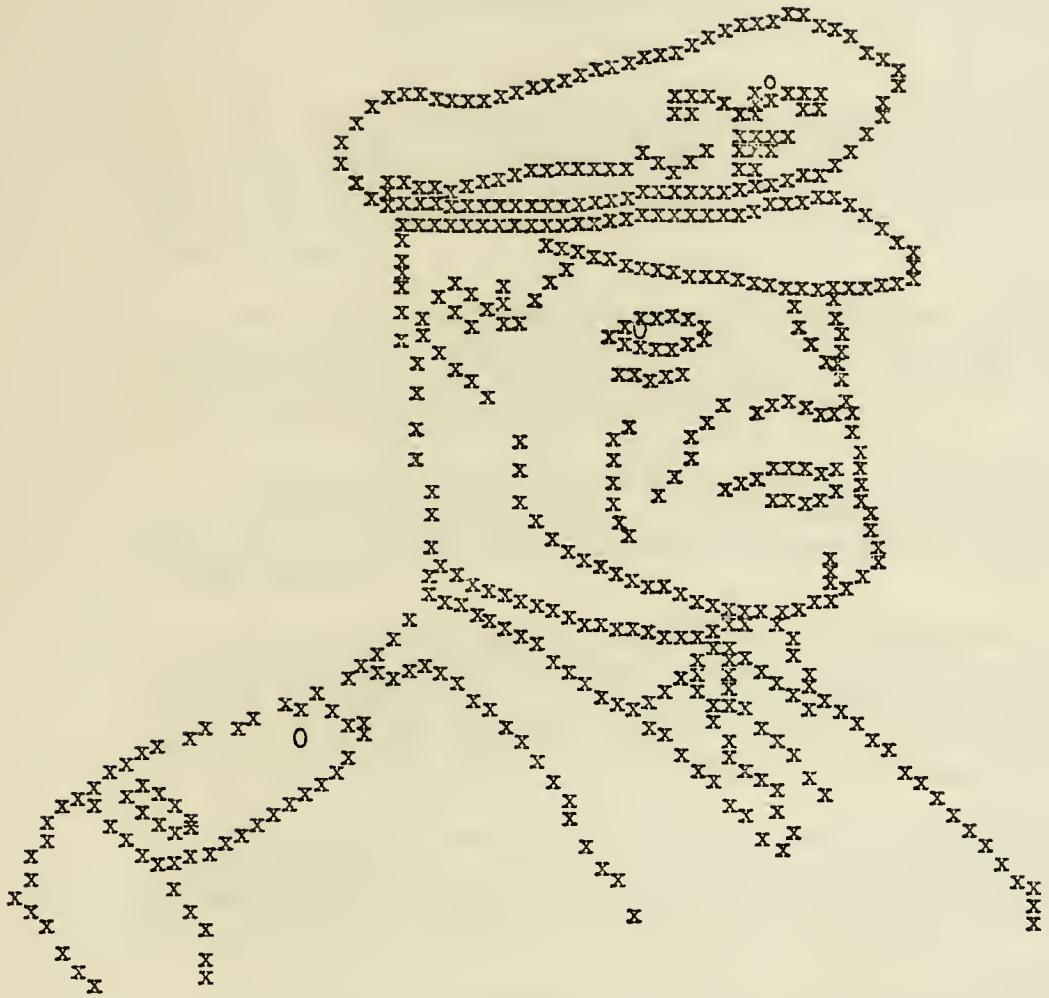
If you really want to show your appreciation for all the work put in to get you thru by your instructor, you will, no doubt write him often. You'll never know how many times he has battled in your defense, both on the ground and in the air. Write to him when you solo, when you pass a check, when something he has told you has just been very helpful. The first place every instructor goes to each day is the mail box - he wants to hear from you and always is proud of you and your letters. So take a few minutes a week and let him know that you're still in there pitching.

Despatchingly yours,

B. H. Montague

P.S. Write me too!!

** ** **



## WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU!

The task of the staff of officers assigned to this Detachment is to guide you and assist you to the successful completion of the Primary stage of your training as Aviation Cadets. We try to give you the best possible start on your careers in the Army Air Corps.

Our duty is to insure that each Aviation Cadet who is assigned to this School is given every opportunity to thoroughly prepare himself for the next phase of his training - the Basic Stage - and to begin molding you into Air Corps officers.

On the flying line we spare no effort in cooperating with you instructors in maintaining a high standard of training. We want you to develop smooth flying technique and the safest of flying habits.

In the engineering and maintenance departments we are particularly vigilant, assisting the men who keep your airplanes in such excellent flying condition. In ground school where you learn so much that is vital to your flying, we also study for the purpose of making your courses interesting and valuable to you.

Your recreation, physical training, and cadet detachment life are of special concern to us. We know how important it is to insure the success of your flying career that you keep in the best condition physically, mentally, and morally.

The high morale and the excellent record always maintained by the cadets who have trained here in San Diego give us a real satisfaction for our efforts in helping make the grade.

Class 42-C, we are very proud of you. Keep up the good work, and the best of luck in Basic!

DONALD W. HAARMAN
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commanding

ON TO BASIC, 42-C

Congratulations, 42-C! You can feel proud of having achieved the first goal in your advance toward success in one of the most exciting professions. A profession that requires the highest degree of efficiency, both mentally and physically; and only the best can survive. Your graduation from primary training completes one of the major steps in attaining your prime objective, a commission in the United States Army Air Corps.

Some of your classmates, perhaps your closest friends, have "washed out". Naturally we are sympathetic and regret that these men cannot continue with their pilot training, but we are unable to agree with the person who feels it is unfortunate. To the contrary, it is fortunate for these Cadets, who cannot meet the exacting requirements, that they are disqualified before they jeopardize their own lives. It is fortunate for you gentlemen, who are better qualified, that these classmates are eliminated before they endanger your lives. And it is fortunate for this nation that our officers and instructors persist in maintaining the highest standards in order that the United States Army Air Corps may always have the best pilots in the world. It is for these reasons that the process of elimination does not end with your primary training. Upon entering your basic training, competition for survival becomes more intense. You become more skilled. The ships you fly are la rger and more complicated. You compete with the outstanding Cadets of this training center. You are preparing to fly, not only individually but as part of a pre-eminent team.

It must be remembered that progress is not a continuous advancement. No doubt you will experience a few "let downs" but don't become discouraged. They will tend to toughen you for the bigger tasks ahead. I understand there is one inevitable impediment to undergo at basic. My advise to you is to polish up on assuming the position of a Dodo bird. I presume this is the upperclassmen's method of reminding you that all progress has its "let downs". It is also quite natural that the harder you push forward the more apt you are to slip a little - but keep pushing.

In this transition from the Civilian to the Military Life rigid mental and physical requirements were prescribed before you could be admitted, you have worked hard at this detachment and you will continue to be expected to produce, probably even more, at basic. As you advance in your training keep in mind the fact that you will eventually be more than excellent pilots, you will likewise be superior officers. You will not only fly well, but lead and direct well.

I wish each of you all the success in the world. On To Basic, 42-C!

-AUGUST G. ROSS
1st Lieut. Air Corps
Commandant of Cadets

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# THE FLIGHT SURGEON AND THE CADET

The relationship established between the various branches of the Army differ in many respects from the raltionships between the corresponding groups of individuals in civilian life.

None is more unique or notable or perhaps less understood than that existing between the Flight Surgeon and the Cadet. More is written and stated about the Air Corps than any other branch of the service, because it has captured the public attention thru the romance and adventure which it offers.

Quite naturally therefore, many things are stated about the Air Corps which have no basis in fact or fancy and are quite often expressed by persons remote from the service.

Perhaps the one relationship least understood and most misinterpreted is that existing between the Cadet, indeed between flying personnel and Flight Surgeons. The most persistent and difficult fallacy to correct, is that flying personnel should avoid the Flight Surgeon because, "he is the man who grounds us."

That is not the duty of the Flight Surgeon! Rather, his duty is to "Keep 'em flying", not just today or tomorrow, but for many years. Therefore, when the cadet is grounded temporarily, it is done only with the thought that permanent damage will result to the Cadet which may materially reduce his efficiency on his years of usefulness or even permanently remove him from the roster of flying personnal.

Since this is true the Cadet as well as all flying personnel should make free use of the facilities and training of his Flight Surgeon to prevent or correct any abnormalities during their incipiency while they can be corrected and before damage has resulted. Remember, too, that the Flight Surgeon is a doctor who not only will correct physical illness, but he is the man who will help solve the many personal problems with which life is bound to beset us.

Bear in mind, our duty is a common one. We are all striving, day and night, in schools, in factories, and at air fields throughout the country toward a single goal. That goal is retaining and perpetuating the supremacy of the air by the United States, against all transgressors foreign or domestic.

Melvin R. Wilucki
1st Lieutenant
Medical Corps.

# MILITARY DISCIPLINE

Many of you have entered the Air Corps with very little or no previous military training and have learned the hard way what military discipline means.

It is that mental attitude and state of training which renders obedience and proper conduct instinctive under all conditions. Respect for and loyalty to properly constituted authority is the basic principle upon which it is founded.

We feel that it is developed primarily by military drill, but every feature of military life has it's effect on military discipline. At the present time it is hard for you to see what effect drill has on military discipline, but as you advance in the course you will understand. At Basic School you'll become proud of the way you can execute the manual of arms, of your company's record in competitive drill, and, of course, of your own flying ability.

The old saying that "You have to have discipline on the ground before you can have it in the air" still holds true. Just remember that you as Aviation Cadets represent the Air Corps wherever you may be. Civilians judge us by what you do, how you look, and what you say. Therefore, do your part to maintain and uphold the respect and pride that civilians have for the United States Air Corps.

Good luck to all of you at Basic School. You're the cream of the crop, and I feel sure you'll "Keep 'Em Flying."

- CARL E. DANNER, Jr.,
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Assistant Supervisor

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You, the Class of 42-C have not felt the lack of variety, with three types of airplanes and this sudden burst of "liquid sunshine" to spur on your desires of conquering the snorting demon, you should establish an even more enviable record than those before you.

The fact that your flying schedule has carried on without interruption is indicative of the splendid moral of the Ryan Maintenance personnel. All PT-16A and PT-20A airplanes were in storage last Thursday morning. Returning these airplanes to an "In Commission" status was not a simple matter after months of inactivity. By noon, eight were available, and 24 were on the line Monday morning. All of this meant that some 85 men were worked early and late through the week-end to "Keep 'Em Flying".

I am certain that we all salute those in Maintenance whose efforts make our strict schedule possible. This is a splendid example of co-operation and loyalty to a common cause.

In a few months, having earned your wings, you will be called upon to justify the untiring efforts of the home-theater to keep you flying. This may seem somewhat premature as you leave Primary School, but millions of your countrymen are expending their efforts now so that you may be equal to any emergency in the future. With this in mind, honor demands that you expend every effort toward personal improvement both physically and mentally.

So with the best of good wishes, on to Basic School!

MERRILL H. CARLTON
2nd Lieut., Air Corps
Asst. A.C. Supervisor

## TODAY'S CADETS - TOMORROW'S OFFICERS

Cadets of the Army Air Corps are today working diligently to fulfill the quota of 30,000 officer pilots required by Uncle Sam each year. On the Cadet's part a difficult job is being undertaken. As a student he is striving toward a goal, that of becoming an Air Corp Officer. The competition and fear of being eliminated is harrassing to his existence as a trainee. This is a detriment to his given ability, as a man is not as efficient when under strain. Therefore the instructing personnel make, as a part of their program, an endeavor to reduce any such mental strain upon Aviation Cadets, and yet draw from them their fullest capacity for learning.

The Cadet, however, finds contentment from his daily grind when at night in bed he dreams of the time to come when he will be wearing the insignia of the Air Corps. The time coming for such glory is really quite short and it is well worth every cadet's concentration on the words of his advisors.

Seven and a half months go by with a schedule well filled, and each and every cadet surprisingly finds himself not looking foreward to relaxation after graduation but is zealous about his coming assignments as an army officer. As a full fledged officer he finds pride in his new job, his shiny wings and in personal satisfaction of having graduated from a difficult course of study. He feels like he is - an important cog in a huge piece of machinery. Anxious to impart his wisdom both in his practical work and in teaching others, he makes himself worthy of what he represents. And back in his mind one phrase, which he has so often heard since he began association with the air corps, he will whole-heartedly try to abide by, "Keep 'Em Flying".

JOHN D. ANDERSON
2nd Lieut. Air Corps
Assistant Commandant
of Cadets

****

"MUST YOU GET SO "CHUMMY" WITH THE PYLON MR. DOWNIE!"

# YOUR PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

This topic presents me with strong temptation to make a lengthy analysis of the developmental values that Physical Training holds for the Military Pilot. I might hope that the case will appear so complete, so inescapably true and obvious that you men of 42-C will govern yourselves accordingly, with some new convictions perhaps, with some merely re-inforced. But you and I realize that a general argument, presented by another in his own idiom and understanding, seldom translates itself into firm conviction that dictates action; especially if that action, such as physical exercise, often involves inconvenience and considerable effort. Thus it has been our wish that every man develop his own philosophy. That he think for himself and decide for himself in the light of his experience and ambition and also in the light of experience and suggestion of those who can and sincerely wish to contribute to his development. We want every Aviation Cadet to acquire a positive, explicit philosophy that will guide his actions and determine his career, and will expand with his growth and new understanding.

42-C, what is your philosophy of Physical Training? In what ways will the many activities of Physical Training help you to become a thoroughly capable military pilot? And do these beliefs of your's agree with some of the facts that we have at hand from the Flight Surgeon's office, from the operations data of tactical units and from the records of pilots that have preceeded you?

There is listed below a few of the important points that you must consider in deciding what benefits Physical Training holds for you; for you as a healthy, aggressive individual, for you whose ambition is to become the most highly efficient Officer and Pilot. The following paragraphs are merely notes with no particular order as they are written, with no attempt made to cover the subject. But they will stimulate your thinking and they will help you determine your philosophy.

1. <u>The Vocation of Aviation:</u> Is there any vocation known to man in which physical and mental condition is more important? Lieut. Col. Grow, former Chief Flight Surgeon of the Army, has said, "The best airplane in the world will be impotent against a much inferior machine if the pilot of the perfect airplane does not have the necessary 'stuff'. It requires only a shade of variation in human performance in the few short seconds of aerial encounter to make all the difference between victory and death".

2. <u>Total Physical Efficiency:</u> How many of us in our daily tasks operate at more than 50% efficiency? With the mind and every faculty in complete command of the body, think of the added achievement! And think of the necessity for increased efficiency in an Army that is expecting and demanding more out of its men than they have ever had to give before. Does the Flight Surgeon's examination attest that a Cadet or Officer is in good physical condition. I believe not; it shows merely the absense of defect and that the man is organically sound on one particular day. We can achieve excellent condition, strong, positive health only through a regular amount of vigorous exercise and sane, hygienic living.

3. Endurance: Is it possible to postpone fatigue in the air by a conditioning program? We know that an efficient body conserves energy. Don't you agree that a well trained consitiution can relax more easily, does not use reserve energy nearly as fast in doing the job, in resisting altitude and other flying elements that are so unnatural to the human mechanism? An immediate question you must answer is: Are you acquiring and accumulating the stamina to meet the varied conditions of terrain, climate, weather, altitude, and successive flight missions that are a routine part of your job?

4. Recreation - Emotional and Mental Release: Some Air Corps Commanders regard this goal as the chief purpose of the Physical Training Program, and it is extremely important that the Military Pilot and Cadet regularly gets his mind off flying and "clears the decks mentally". What is there that commands as much genuine interest and diversion as developing new skills and competing in some sport or athletic game? Few activities have as much real re-creative value.

5. A Higher Ceiling: Man's ceiling depends absolutely upon his physical condition. Within certain limits, the better his condition, the higher he can go, the longer he can operate under adverse conditions of pressure and temperature, and thus the greater handicap he can place upon the enemy.

6. Coordination: The fine coordination between hands, feet and eyes, the accurate judgement of speed and distance, coolness, determination to win, and courage. A good physical training program can and does contribute to the development of all of these factors. It will improve these qualities in every aviator, although we are the first to agree that many outstanding athletes can not fly and that is because they have never possessed that combination of senses necessary to make a superior pilot.

7. The Feeling of Well-Being: Has any well person at any time taken a good "workout" without feeling better for it? Activity is of special significance and value to the Aviator whose occupation is comparatively inactive and sedentary. It is not necessary to analyze all the physiological mechanisms involved. Just to be conscious that the legs are sturdier, the chest more solid, the mind clearer, one's personality more alive and every aptitude better able to attack the problems of the day, should be ample reward and satisfaction in itself.

Whatever your course, men of 42-C, you may forever be assured that a strong body and a healthy nervous system is a pilot's best asset; in war, it may mean the difference between life and death. In peace, between a long or a brief career in aviation.

E. BERTRAM PIKE,
Physical Training Director

******

# THE HIGH WING RYAN

Seated one day in the cockpit,
I was weary and ill at ease,
As my student wandered idly,
Down near the wires and trees.

His flying was smooth and nice -
As smooth as broken glass.
How I wished the flight was over,
My wheels rolling on the grass.

The airplane went into a spin,
The world went round and round,
Straight for old mother earth we sped,
Down toward her bosom bound.

The pull out was terrific;
In this I do not jest,
My feet went through the floor boards,
My chin straps hung on my chest.

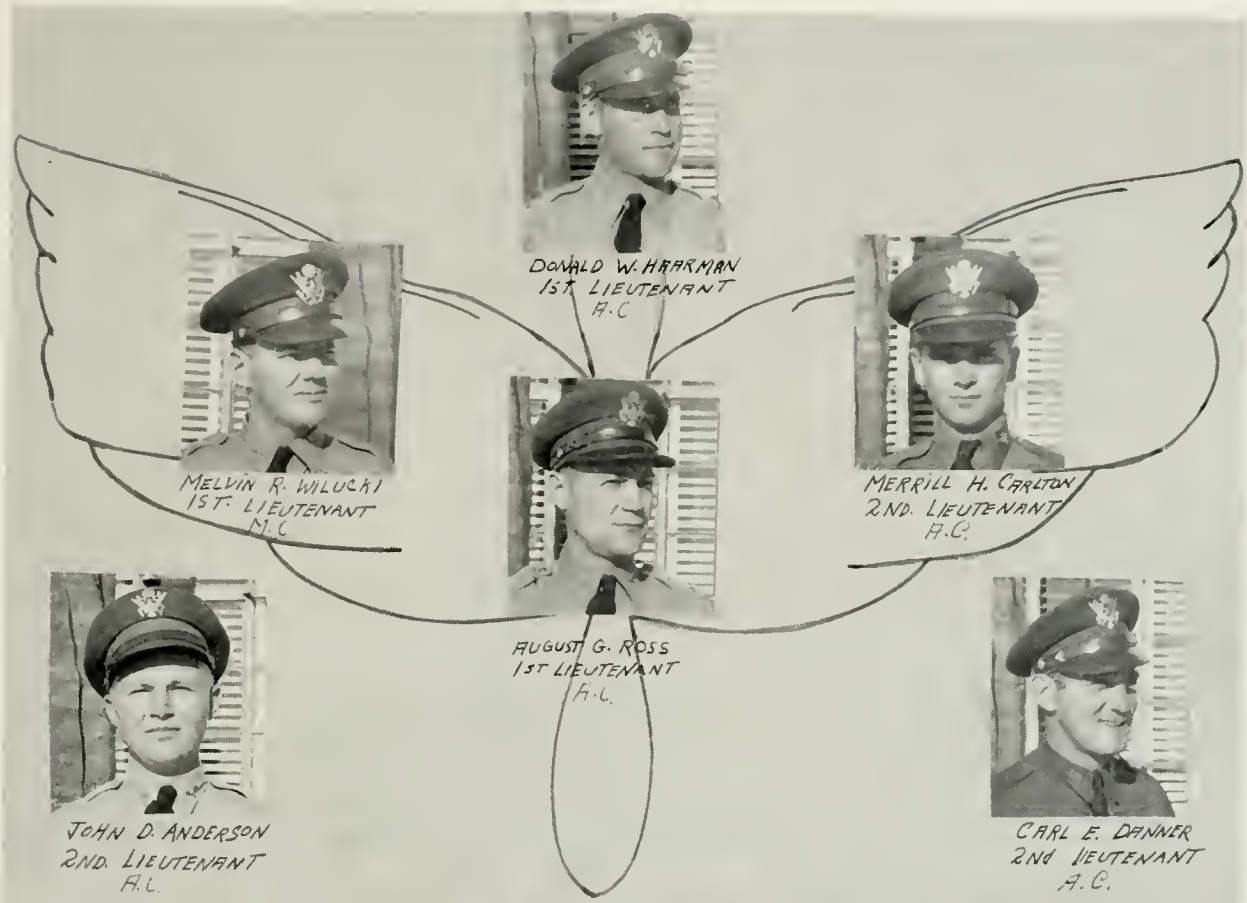
The talloned zippers on my jacket,
Whined like rifle bullets do,
And my goggles over blinded eyes,
Moved down an inch or two.

Believe me that old Kinner -
A beating she did take,
Twenty-five hundred RPM,
The tach was bound to break.

She's a good ship, old 100,
The best in all the land,
One of the tires on the landing gear,
Hung down like a rubber band.

So help me Hanna, it is the truth,
I'm trying to explain,
How the Ryan that I flew,
Became a high wing monoplane.

- M. H. Carlton
2nd Lieut., Air Corps


DONALD W. HARKMAN
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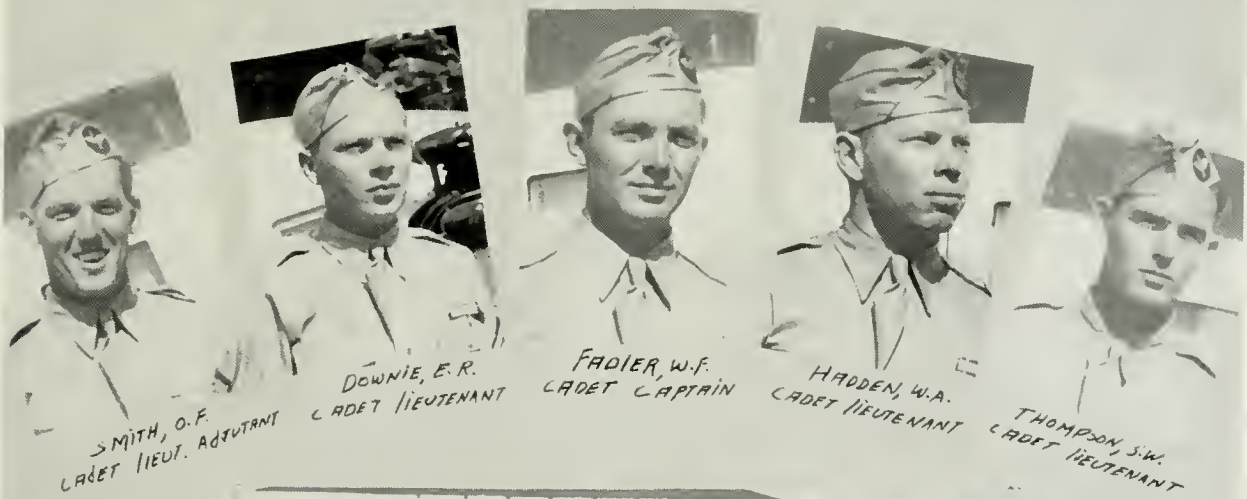
A.C
MELVIN R. WILUCKI
1ST. LIEUTENANT
M.C
MERRILL H. CARLTON
2ND. LIEUTENANT
A.C.
AUGUST G. ROSS
1ST LIEUTENANT
A.C.
JOHN D. ANDERSON
2ND. LIEUTENANT
A.C.
CARL E. DANNER
2ND LIEUTENANT
A.C.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DOWNIE, E.R.
CADET 1IEUTENANT
FADIER, W.F.
CADET CAPTAIN
HADDEN, W.A.
CADET 1IEUTENANT
THOMPSON, S.W.
CADET 1IEUTENANT

UNITED AIR LINES

CLASS
42-C

## AVIATION CADET OFFICERS

## CLASS 42-C

### AVIATION CADET CAPTAIN

William F. Fadler

### AVIATION CADET LIEUTENANTS

Orin F. Smith, Jr. (Adjutant)
Edward R. Downie
Will A. Hadden
Stanley W. Thompson

### AVIATION CADET SERGEANT MAJOR

Robert F. Koterba

### AVIATION CADET FIRST SERGEANT

J. Vern Willis

### AVIATION CADET SUPPLY SERGEANT

Robert R. Scott
Don W. Lusk, Jr. (Ass't. Supply Sgt.)

### AVIATION CADET PLATOON SERGEANTS

Bill H. Martin
John R. Wilson
Clarence G. Sites, Jr.

### AVIATION CADET SERGEANTS

Robert L. Carlberg
Clyde E. Schul
Allen A. Brill

### AVIATION CADET CORPORALS

Herman W. Lewis
Willard W. Millikan
Robert S. Dorsey
Bryce H. Ficken
Evans C. Thomas
Eugene G. Schlegel
Randall K. Acord
John E. Seale
Darrell R. Sherman

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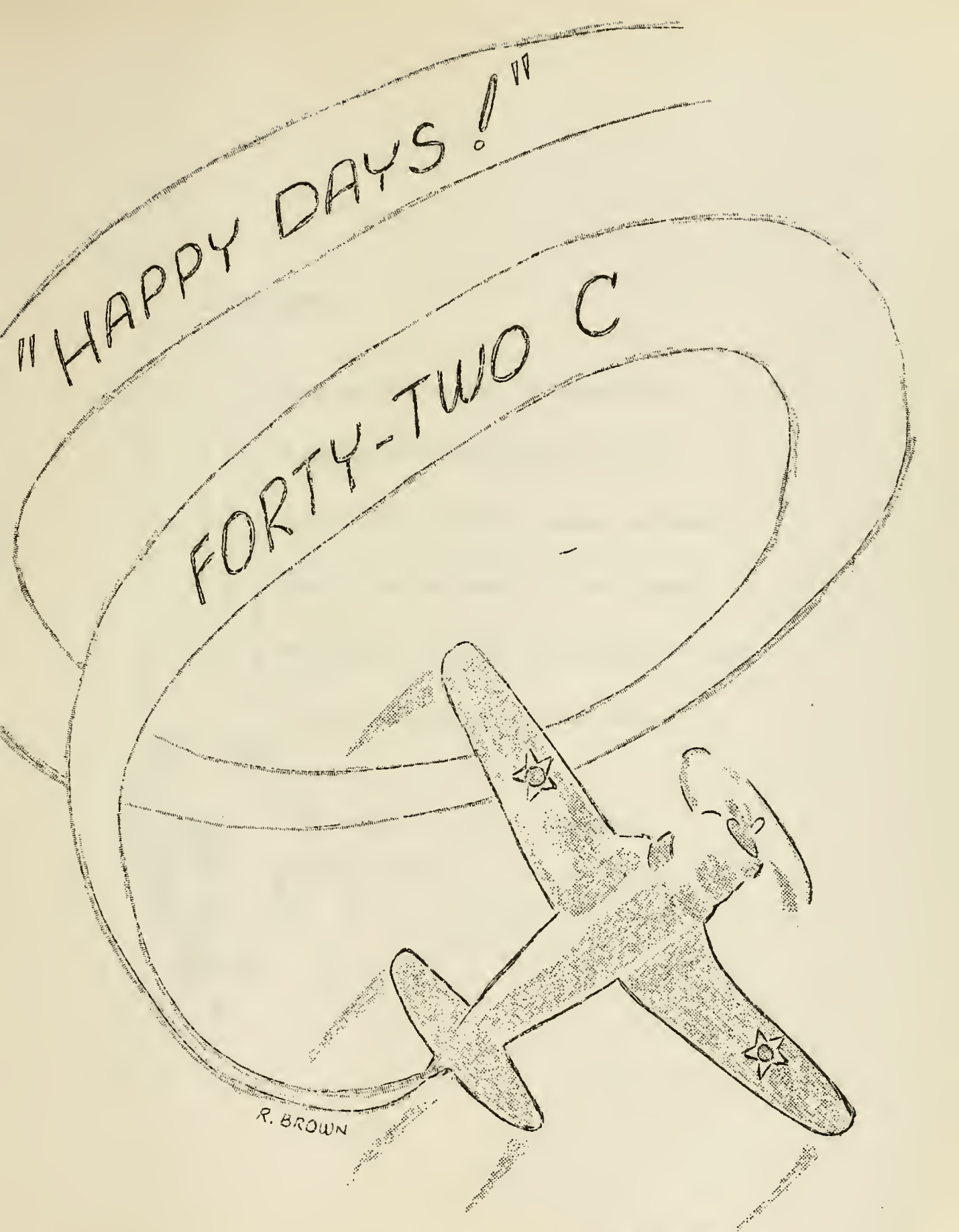
"HAPPY DAYS!"

FORTY-TWO C

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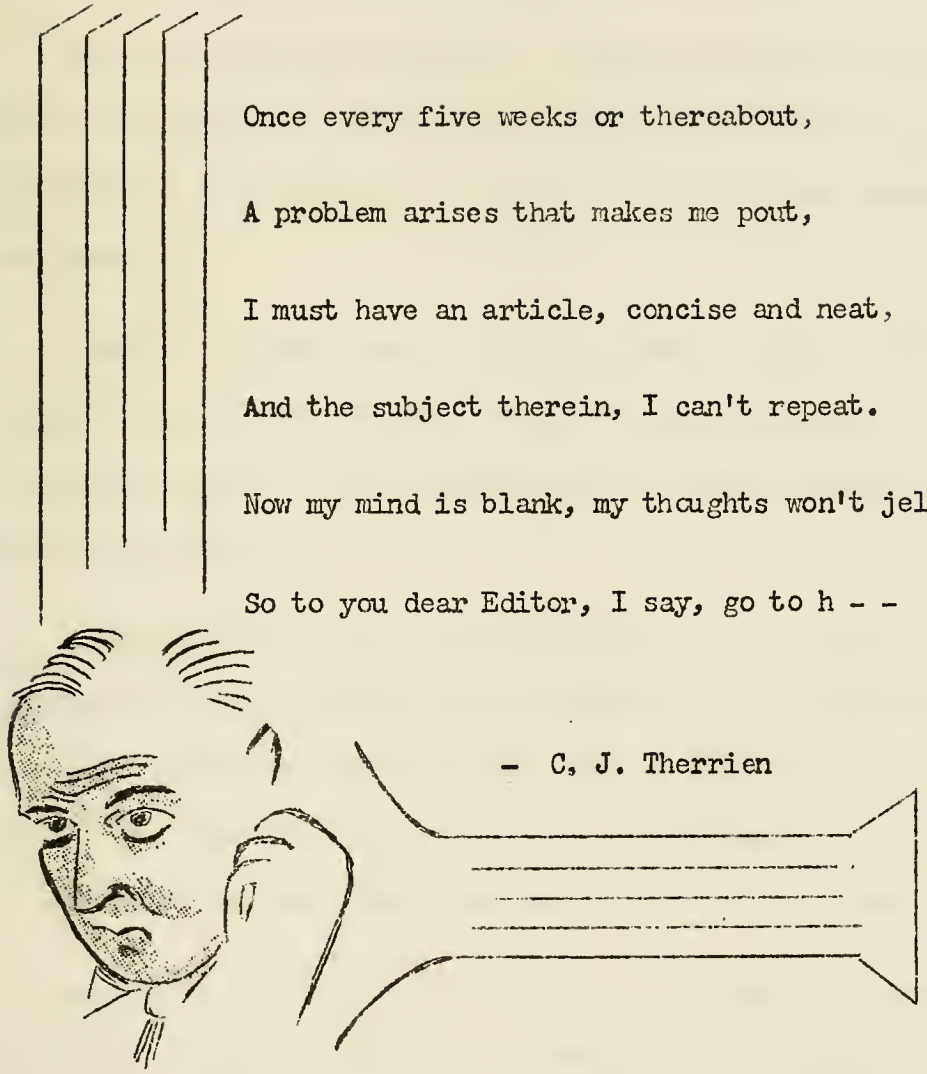
HAPPY DAYS
FORTY-TWO

TO THE EDITOR:



Once every five weeks or thereabout,

A problem arises that makes me pout,

I must have an article, concise and neat,

And the subject therein, I can't repeat.

Now my mind is blank, my thoughts won't jell,

So to you dear Editor, I say, go to h - -

- C, J. Therrien

# PBY-5A

As I sat at my desk wonder what to write about for the "Windsock" one of the instructors pointed out the window and said, "Look at that". A plane was taxiing to the line that we had not seen before.

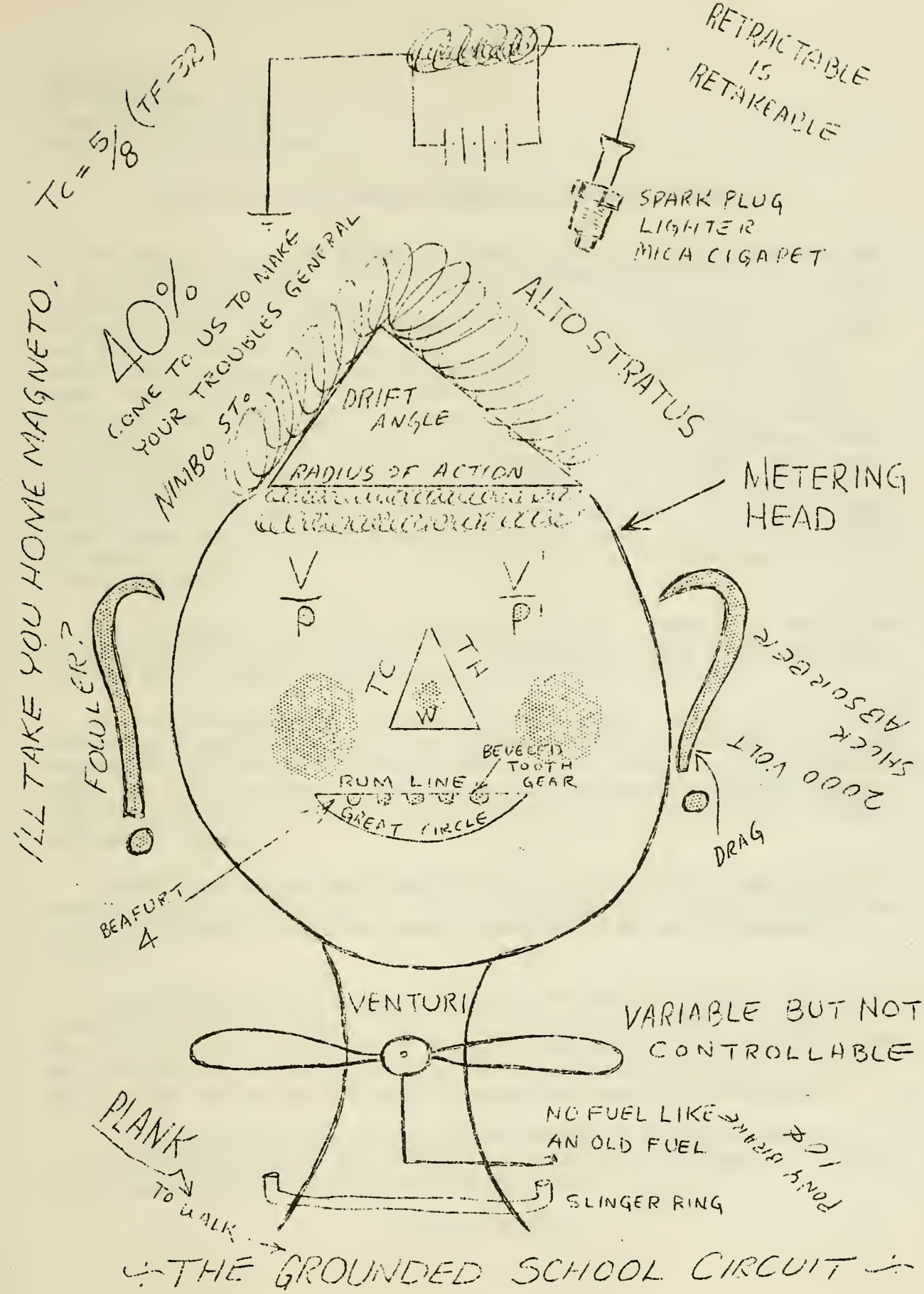
It was a high wing monoplane, cantilever construction, a gunner's pit in the nose, two side by side towards the back of the fuselage, and tricycle landing gears with the 3rd wheel well up towards the nose section.

After a very short run it left the ground, lifting itself to a height of some 150 to 200 feet where it stopped climbing to gain good flying speed and then climbed at a 35° angle making a left turn at the same time.

As the landing gear retracted the lines of the ship became more familiar. The rapid climb (after the short run), the Mae Wests, and the wheels retracting into the hull told us that the ship was a new PBY-5A - the amphibian model of the long familiar flying boat or Catalina, that has been so successful with the British.

And we here at Ryan Primary are proud to know that soon you of 42-C will be flying as pilots and navigators in pursuits, bombers, and observation ships, and that we here had a part in your training.

E. PYE


RETRACTABLE IS RETAKEABLE
$TC = 5/8 (TF - 32)$
SPARK PLUG LIGHTER MICA CIGARET
40%
COME TO US TO MAKE YOUR TROUBLES GENERAL
NIMBO ST°
ALTO STRATUS
DRIFT ANGLE
RADIUS OF ACTION
METERING HEAD
V/P
V'/P'
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TH
W
BEVELED TOOTH GEAR
RUM LINE
GREAT CIRCLE
FOWLER?
BEAFURT 4
SHOCK ABSORBER
2000 VOLT
DRAG
I'LL TAKE YOU HOME MAGNETO.
VENTURI
VARIABLE BUT NOT CONTROLLABLE
NO FUEL LIKE AN OLD FUEL
PONY BRAKE
PLANK
TO WALK
SLINGER RING
THE GROUNDED SCHOOL CIRCUIT

News Release
Public Relations Office
Headquarters, WCACTC
Moffett Field, California

# WCACTC TRAINING PLANES PAMPERED BY ATTENTIVE MECHANICS

No brood of new-born chicks ever received more motherly attention than do the training planes of the WEST COAST AIR CORPS TRAINING CENTER. Scores of WCACTC mechanics hover over the Training Center's airplanes with all the paternal jealousy of the most faithful Rhode Island Red mother; they groom each plane before it leaves the "coop" in the morning, and they check it again after it comes back. Thirty-five items are inspected in the first check, and fifty in the second. After it has been in the air for twenty-five hours, the WCACTC mechanic inspects his ship from propeller hub to tail rudder. The engine is given a complete check, as are propeller, fuel and oil systems, ignition and electrical circuits, instruments, and communication facilities. When the blue and gold trainer passes the fifty hour mark, the mechanic delves into the functions of one hundred different parts. Power plants, cooling systems, navigation instruments, and hydraulic systems, all receive a "going over". More thorough still, is the 100 hour check which covers 150 parts.

At 500 hours, the mechanic completely removes the motor and sends it to an air depot for thorough overhaul. If other parts of the plane show signs of wear, they are also replaced during the 500 hour inspection.

To train enlisted men to become competent airplane mechanics, the WCACTC sends those qualified to one of five Air Corps technical schools, or one of fourteen civilian contract mechanic schools. The courses last for twenty-two weeks, and cover everything essential in the maintenance of WCACTC planes. Under the present expansion program the schools will train 100,000 enlisted specialists a year.

"Specialists" is the word too, for before an enlisted man can qualify for mechanics school, he must show a general aptitude for that type of work, and must pass an examination which covers mathematical as well as mechanical problems.

Upon graduation from school, mechanics are given a temporary rating, and sent back to their home air fields. But their training doesn't end there. Once a year they are given an air mechanic examination to make sure that they are familiar with the very latest airplane developments. Grades in these examinations are used by officials in granting rations and promotions.

An air mechanic's base pay is $72.00 and $84.00 a month according to classification, but if it were tripled he could be no more proud of his job - an extremely important post in the nation's call to.....

"KEEP 'EM FLYING"

# FLYING HABITS

The primary phase of flight training which you of Class 42-C are now completing is, in many respects, the most important phase of your flying career. It is during this period that a foundation for the building of a competent pilot is laid, or vice versa. Your flight instructor is charged with the duty and problem, in conjunction with your applied efforts, to properly form this foundation, and to be positive that the completed job will be fundamentally sound, capable of supporting further construction (training).

"Habits" and the forming of "Habits", are to be considered and reckoned with to the N'th degree in flight training, particularly during the phase with which we are dealing. The "building in" of fundamentally sound, accepted flying habits must necessarily take place during primary training, inasmuch as they project themselves and radiate through the structure of subsequent training. Peculiarly, it seems, bad habits project and multiply much more readily than do good habits, and have always proven themselves much more difficult to eradicate.

In order to clearly indicate our subject objective, let us pick glides and landings and discuss the possible developable habits pertaining thereto. I believe that all of you fully realize (at least I hope you do by now) the all-importance of proper establishment of glides and the proper maintenance (speed control) after establishment, whether the flight path be straight or turning. Accuracy and good landings are a resultant of satisfactory glides in conjunction with proper approach pattern. The material as stated in the preceeding two sentences, definitely embrace <u>good</u> flying habits, very worthy of cultivation. (You of Class 42-C should know.)

To demonstrate in a more or less forceful manner the results obtained due to lack of good habits, or the presence of bad habits, or the lack of any habit (still pertaining to glides and landings) we now follow and describe by observation, a student plane from the start of glide to the point of contact with the field (impact in this case). TYPE OF APPROACH: 180 degree side (the control movements described are apparent to the observer). Throttle is pulled back, followed by <u>brisk</u> forward stick pressure in conjunction with a furtive glance at the field to the left. This action results in an established glide just slightly <u>above</u> cruising speed. Now the stick has started back - the maneuver thus far has resembled the first half of a mild loop - he has decided it's time to establish the base leg, since the field is just barely visible, well rearward. The stick is now moving ahead again and the turn is commenced. This turn to the base leg has resembled an inverted chandelle to the 90 degree position. He is now having his ups and downs on the base leg, seemingly operating on the basis that provided the minimum and maximum glide speeds attained average the normal glide speed, everything will equalize in the end. He is now on the final leg (resembling a series of hurdles) and has finally pulled himself (by last minute use of throttle) over the end of the field about ten feet in the air, and hovering like a captive balloon - Impact has now occurred.

(Continued Next Page)

FLYING HABITS - (Continued)

Our subject and all it implies, can now be condensed into a few simple but highly important words. Your instructors here at Primary have done their best to instill within your systems, good sound flying technique. Your instructors at Basic will continue to add to and to improve this technique and ability. The job will be easier for both yourselves and your instructors, provided you realize the value of flying habits which comprise a part of flying technique and ability.

There is another most important thought that should be included at the ending of any written material pertaining to flight training and this thought is embraced in the following sentence: "No matter how long you continue to fly, whether it be one year or twenty years, you are always learning, and should you reach a point when you feel there is nothing more to learn, the end is truly near."

And now for a last line - - -

It has been a pleasure to have worked with you that comprise Class 42-C. May I extend best wishes for your continued success not only from myself, but from all the flight instructors with whom you had contact (many of whom have more gray hairs now, than when you commenced training).

R. J. KERLINGER
Director of Flying

# "POP TO DODO"

"ON RELIEF"

ROOM INSPECTION

WELCOME DODO

"OH YEA!"

"CIVILIAN MANNERS"

"FROM TAPS 'TILL REVEILLE"

"WE HOPE!!"

THE BOMBER

"DROP A BOMB"

"RETREAT"

lieutenant Home

loitering

"AND NOW, GENTLEMEN"

LINDBERGH FIELD

lieutenant Cochran

lieutenant HARRIS

lieutenant Thompson

lieutenant Poole

Gibbs Flight Line

"MAYDAY"

Two of THE BEST

"GOSH! IT'S EASY"

"WHY, CAPTAIN!"

"DID YOU HEAR THE ONE—"

# Personalities

# *PERSONALS*

ACORD, RANDALL K.

First settled in the dust bowl at Clarendon, Texas on February 27, 1919. Attended school at Clarendon Junior College and later graduated in Diesel Engineering at Los Angeles. Used to run outside every time he heard an Air Plane, so thought he might like the Air Corps. His greatest ambition now, is to get his Wings.

*****

ALEXANDER, ELMO W.

Caught the first breath of ozone on the morn of May 13, 1918 on a farm, near Parker, Kansas. Graduated from Parker Rural High School in 1937. Enrolled at Ft. Scott Junior College 1937, snaprolled into Channte Junior College 1938, chandelled into Pittsburg Teacher's College, where he was enrolled in both Primary and Secondary C.P.T. Beyond all expectations, was finally graduated in 1941 with a B.S. degree in Education. Greatest Ambition: to be a Flying Officer in Uncle Sam's Army Air Corps.

*****

ARCHER, RIPLEY B.

Born in Texas, lived all over the State, concentrating in Houston and Austin. Spent four years at the University of Texas, studying Chemical Engineering. Got acquainted with flyers and flying, which inspired him to join the Army Air Corps. His ambition is now to obtain his Wings.

*****

BIGGER, CARL R.

Landed in San Juan, Texas on July 4, 1918. Graduated from Edinburg Junior College with Architecture Engineering - Major. Knocked around with several Construction Companies in Texas and Missouri, and finally ended up with U. S. Engineers before entering the Air Corps. Favorite sport - tennis. Chief Ambition - to become an efficient Army Flyer.

*****

BOLLMEIER, WARREN S.

Born September 5, 1919 in De Sota, Illinois, moved to Tecumseh, Nebraska in 1929. Attended Concordia Teacher's College from 1937-39, and Penn State Teacher's College 1940-41. In his younger days was a Model Airplane builder and has always wanted to learn to fly. He likes the Air Corps and hopes to become a Commissioned Officer in the United States Air Corps.

*****

BRILL, ALLEN A.

Born in Sedalia, Missouri in November 22, 1916. Graduated from Sedalia's Smith-Cotton High School in 1934. Went to Kansas City, Missouri in 1938 as an employee of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Favorite hobby, while in Kansas City, was his 12-piece dance band, "The Esquires". Partial to: Missouri in Indian Summer, hunting and fishing, brunettes, and most of all, United States Army Air Corps. Ambition: Those Wings!

*****

BUTLER, JAMES H.

Born in Hope, Arkansas May 28, 1918. Graduated from Hope schools in 1936. Attended Henderson State College at Arkadelphia, Arkansas. Taught school a year in Hope and realizing he was fast becoming a pauper, he began looking around for a little better means of support, President Roosevelt convinced him he should be in the Army Air Corps, by issuing him a polite but definite invitation to the Foot Army.

*****

CARNES, G. LAMAR

Made his entry into this world at Beaumont, Texas, August 19, 1920. Never thought about flying until entering the Air Corps as an Aviation Cadet. Prior to this venture he attended the University of Texas three years. His sole ambition in life now, is to become an instructor like Mr. J. K. Funk.

*****

COCHRAN, W.C., 2nd LT. C.A.C.

Born in Atlanta, Georgia, September 13, 1918. An "Army brat" by birth and proud of it. Early childhood spent underfoot around the "old man's" company, rather than playing fireman. Education commenced in Indiana and continued through Manila, North Carolina, Georgia, and finally New York. Has had two ambitions, (1) To go to West Point - acquired at the age of three. (2) To get into the Air Corps - acquired at the age of fourteen. Lucky enough to realize the first - Greatest Hope remaining is to realize the second.

*****

DORSEY, ROBERT S.

Born in the great state of Missouri on December 26, 1917. Spent 18 years in his birthplace, Caruthersville, Mo. Worked two years for Mo. State Highway Dept. After graduating from High School, enrolled at the Missouri School of Mines and graduated from that institution with a B.S. in Chemical Engineering. Primary C.P.T. put the "bug" in his head. Main ambition: To receive his wings then go back after "honeychile".

*****

DOWNIE, EDWARD R.

Born January 5, 1919 in San Antonio, Texas. Went to high school in San Antonio, studied Business Administration at Washington and Lee University, and the University of Texas. Was affiliated with Sigma Nu fraternity. Became Air minded in the Spring of 1941, and has two ambitions: Getting Silver Wings and getting back to Texas.

*****

FADLER, WILLIAM F., JR.

First looked at the sky on the morning of September 4, 1918, away down in old Missouri, where he started dusting off Text Books, which lasted for 12 years. Then decided to become a Lawyer, and kept going at full throttle for 4 years. While at the University of Arkansas, he was made a member of Kappa Sigma and completed the C.P.T. primary course, which let him to Ryan. Favorite sport - Flying, Favorite Topic of Conversation - Flying, Favorite Pastime - Flying, Chief Ambition - To become an Officer Pilot in the Army Air Corps.

*****

FICKEN, BRUCE H.

Was dropped out of the Stork's Bomb-bay over Salina, Kansas on December 15, 1918. He stalled his way through the local school system and deciding he needed a little higher education, attended Washburn College in Topeka, Kansas, for three ground-looping years. With one eye on the Draft board and the other on his girl, he became an Aviation Cadet. He is best known for his method of clearing the wires at Gibbs field. He is going back to Kansas to build the big ones for the boys to fly.

*****

HADDEN, WILL A. JR.

Breathed his first breath of fresh West Texas dust in Fort Stockton, Texas July 15, 1918. His first 22 years went the way of all flesh - discipline and education. Four years in Fort Stockton High left him choking with Latin conjugations and Geometry theorems. Military discipline at Schreiner Institute from 1936 to 1938 made little impression on him. Attended the University of Texas and got educated .. well, got a degree - and lost all sense of discipline. Decided that life (which is a game) begins at 23 in the Army Air Corps, so he gave up a law career to fly for Uncle Sam.

*****

MR. DORSEY TRIES TO SELL
CAPT FADLER A BIG IDEA...

HENDERSON, JACK B.

According to Army Air Corps, born at Winnaski, Vermont, but according to State records, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vermont, whose middle initial, when born, was 'M', changed by Army Air Corps to 'B', upon date of enlistment. Was born (this also being a moat question) on November 8, 1918 according to State records but, April 27, 1918 according to the Army. Enlistment with Unc' Sam made formal August 15, 1941, 3:20 P.M., Leavenworth, Kansas. Before this time Kansas State at Pittsburg, Kansas had the dubious honor of his presence as a student and bestowed upon him a degree in Business. Kappa Delta Kappa fraternity included him on their roster. Carried the Nick-name of "Happy" to Ryan, where his abode was in the Focal Point of the Barracks, room 24, and there in his usual form his name changed to "Clipper" referring, some say, to the manner in which he refused to allow anyone to fly the pattern sans' competition. Strongest conviction - there must be a way to grow hair on a billiard ball or feathers on a boiled egg.

*****

HOME, J.M., 2nd. LT. INF.

Born in May 1919 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Early acquired an interest in guns and airplanes with a leaning toward a career in the Navy via Annapolis and Pensacola. The perversity of fate, congressmen, and a competitive examination led to West Point where the Army Air Corps became a more desireable goal. Principal interest - Flying. Hobby - Guns.

*****

JOHNSON, NORMAN C.

Born at Norden, Nebraska in 1920. Graduated from Keya Paha County High School in 1937, and graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1941, after doing a vertical reverse from Law College to flying. Became affiliated with Delta Theta Phi. Got the flying urge back in 1937, and later took C.A.A. Primary and Secondary courses. Main ambition - Wings, and to get back to Nebraska.

KOTERBA, ROBERT F.

Stork power dived into Omaha, Nebraska on January 2, 1921. Spent all his years previous to joining the Air Corps in the fair city of Omaha. Went to South high school and when the school finally burned up he went to Creighton University. Ambition was to be a lawyer before the foot army started to creep up on him. Really likes the Air Corps and hopes to continue to fly for Uncle Sam for the rest of his life.

*****

LEWIS, HERMAN W.

Born in Clavis, New Mexico, April 4th, 1919. Attended New Mexico State and Highlands University for three years. Member of the Kappa Thata Fraternity. Spent most of three years playing football and entertaining a cute Brunette. Got the "bug" to fly while in high school. The one great desire was fulfilled when appointed to Ryan School of Aeronautics. His greatest ambition is to get the U.S.A.C. Wings - and the Wife.

*****

LUSK, DON W. JR.

Parachuted from a B.T. S-T-O-R-K over Silver City, New Mexico on February 11, 1921 and astounded Doctors, Nurses, and Parents by remaining alive to reach the ripe old age of 20 - just old enough to join the Army Air Corps. Slipped and skidded through 8 years of Grammar School and 4 years of High School in Silver City, then gave New Mexico A.&M. College at Las Cruces a break for 3 years. One and only ambition - The Army Air Corps. One and only hope - To get through the Air Corps.

*****

MARTIN, BILL H.

Cursed Texas with his arrival January 6, 1920 at Palmer, Texas (on-coon-creek). Attended High School in McKinney Texas and later ventured to the 40 acres of the U. of T. for 4 years of study in Petroleum Engineering. While there became a member of Beta Theta Pi. Got the urge to fly and traded oil for air May 30, 1941. Chief ambition, next to being a Flying Officer, is to get back to Texas and those beautiful woman !

*****

NUUTTILA, EDWIN O.

His big day occurred back in August 20, 1917 when an overburdened landbird made a forced landing in the village of Waukegan, Illinois. Attended the city schools and by some accident was turned loose to join the ranks of the unemployed in June, 1936. After two years of static progress in the monotonous atmosphere of clamoring machinery and spiritless fellow-workers, the lust for a career in aviation shook him. Following three years at the University of Texas persuing a course in transportation and a certain sweet young thing, the wings of the Air Corps caught him, a year before expected. Greatest ambition, at present, is to win his "Wings" and be stationed in Texas.

*****

PIERCE, RUSSELL K. JR.

Inhaled first lung full of oxygen at Fremont, in the beautiful State of Nebraska, on January 17, 1921. After 2 years of happy contentment, he was shanghied to Los Angeles, California by his folks for 11 years. Returned to 'Paradise' and finished high school at Fremont. Attended Midland College at Fremont for 2 years hoping to someday be a Chemical Engineer, but recieved an irresistible urge to fly so he joined the Army Air Corps. Says he would rather deliver the explosives than make them.

*****

POOLE, EDGAR T., JR., 2nd LT. INF.

Born in California in 1914 and shortly thereafter moved to Casa Grande, Arizona, where he attended high school. After 3 years in the Army he finally attained his ambition to attend West Point, where he spent 5 years. His ambition now is to become one of Uncle Sam's Pursuit Pilots.

*****

SCHLEGEL, EUGENE G.

Born in Rush Center, Kansas, later moved to Hays, Kansas. Attended Fort Hays State College at Hays. Majored in Physical Education, (That's what helped him so much in navigation!). Basketball, Women, and Sigma Tau Gamma Fraternity were his aims; his objectives ____? She wasn't bad though!! The C.P.T. Primary Course was what started the bug working. Ambition: "Those Silver Wings".

*****

SCHUL, CLYDE ELDEN

Nicknamed "Smiley", before entering the Army Air Corps. Born, rather unexcitingly, at Grenola, Kansas on August 29, 1917, near home. Graduated from Grenola Public High School, some time later, about 1934. Enrolled at Fort Scott Junior College Fort Scott, Kansas in 1936 and graduated in 1938, "so did a lot of other students". Spent the greater part of his time, in school and out, working around Automobiles till Spring of 194. when he decided they weren't fast enough. Enlisted in the Army Air Corps and now his greatest ambition is to fly an Aerocobra, later of course, now, to go to Basic anywhere, near Randolph Field.

*****

SCOTT, ROBERT R.

Corrected the stork for torque on November 1, 1920, and landed in Des Moines, Iowa. Graduated from North High in 1938 and rode through

SCOTT, ROBERT R. (Continued)
Iowa State College astride a Polo pony. Affiliated with Kappa Sigma Fraternity and a master of both Primary and Secondary C.A.A. To satisfy a long harbored ambition he renounced higher education and his B.S. in Engineering for the Air Corps. Likes the fair sex best, but admits flying is his greatest weakness. Chief ambition is to be a 'hot pilot' in the United States Army Air Corps.

*****

SEALE, JOHN E., JR.

Born November 7, 1918 in Kenedy, Texas. Moved to San Antonio, Texas at the tender age of 6 years, and has lived there since. Attended U.C.L.A. and the University of Texas, obtaining a B.S. degree in Geology at the latter. Joined the Air Corps because flying looked like fun. Chief ambition at present is to get a commission in the Army Air Corps.

*****

SHATTUCK, A. BRUCE

Born in Cairo, Nebraska, October 5, 1918. Moved to 'home town' of Grand Island, Nebraska after 9 months. Attended Grand Island High School, U. of S. Cal. and Doane College, Crete, Nebraska A.B.'41. Ambition: To fly to Argentina - and back.

*****

SHERMAN, DARRELL R.

Born January 19, 1917 in "there is no place like Nebraska". To be more specific, Valentine, Nebraska, but no one ever quite got the connection because he is a long way from a valentine. Has lived in Nebraska (Ahem!) all his life and hopes to get back someday. Attended high school at Sutherland, and University at Lincoln, Nebraska. Received private license through primary C.A.A. and from there to the Air Corps. He now hopes to, "Keep 'em Flying!"

*****

SITES, GORDON C. JR.

Born in the glorious city of Wichita, Kansas in 1921. He attended Wichita High School North, and was graduated from there in 1938, whereupon his footsteps turned to the path of Medicine. Attended the University of Wichita for three years. However, he heard about the famous 'Country Club' at Ryan Barracks in San Diego, California and decided to cast his lot with the grand group of fellows of the Class 42-C. His greatest ambition is to earn the privilege of wearing the 'Wings' of the United States Army Air Corps.

*****

SMITH, ORAN F., JR.

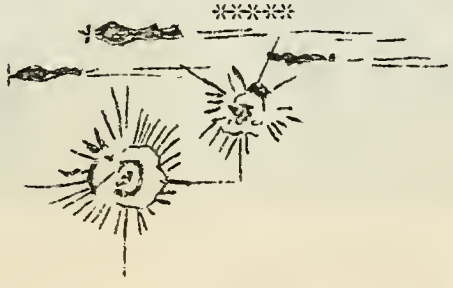
Texas presents a native son in Oran Smith, and you may be sure that he is mighty happy to be from Cleburne, Texas. He attended the University of Texas and became a member of Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. Later lived a year in Washington, D.C. Thinks the Army Air Corps is Tops. Would like to see Texas University's powerhouse team make the Rose Bowl this year.

*****

TALLY, LOUIS H.

Made first and only 3-point landing at Ft. Worth, Texas, March 3, 1921. Attended school at Weatherford, Texas. Typical Texas hayseed - fresh off the farm. Spent two years at Texas Christian University, Ft. Worth, and 1 year at Texas U. Got the urge to fly, quit school, and got off the farm, all at the same time. Got out his rabbit's foot and finally gained enough weight to pass the physical. Ambitions: To get those Silver Wings, and to see Texas U. beat Texas A. & M. at College Station.

*****



"GRIND" School
"WRECK" HALL
ADMINISTRATION
ROOM 27
WAITING FOR 50 HRS.
"I'M A LAMP POST"
"PRESENT ARMS"
"POLISH THAT BRASS, MR"
"POP TO", DODOS
"HEY! HOW'D THIS GET IN HERE?"
HOME, SWEET HOME
"THURSDAYS"
15
THE EDITOR
FLIGHT LINE
P.T. 19's & 20's
"ROUGH RIDERS"
PACKIN' A 'CHUTE
"PAY DAY"
PYLON 8's
MESS
"AT EASE"

"BIG DOG" LEWIS RETURNS TO RYAN IN 1945. AS INSTRUCTOR... FINDS ....

THOMAS, EVANS C.

First take off in Commerce, Oklahoma, August 28, 1917 - Flew an off tee pattern through school, with singing and making model planes his greatest love. Studied music at the Kansas City Conservatory of Music for four years and decided that since he was'up in the air' most of the time he might as well have a plane along with him. Joined the Air Corps and what with Singing and Flying believes himself one of the luckiest.

*****

THOMPSON, C.A., 2nd. LT. INF.

Born in Tacoma, Washington, August 18, 1916. Studied for Annapolis, but after three years of Prep Schools, ended up at West Point. Felt the urge to fly and came to Ryan for start of Air Corps Career. Particular interest - Sailing.

*****

THOMPSON, S. W.

Born 1920 in California. Luckily avoided taking out U.S. Naturalization Papers by attending Oregon State College. Read about Newton and after getting contradictory research under way in 37 H.P. Cub; by request of Farmers and C.A.A. Officials in radius of action of mighty Cub, joined Air Corps, to see how it looked from above - the trees, fenceposts, wires and tractors. 'Haven't had time to look as yet'.

*****

TRAGER, GEORGE K.

Born in Wichita, Kansas and was fortunate enough to be a native born Jay-Hawker. Nothing like Kansas. He was drafted to attend a small, insignificant - in size, but Magnifecent - in importance, Kansas Wesleyan University, Salina, Kansas. Took up C.P.T. and aged his instructor ten years. His chief brag is that he has the best looking girl in "God's Country", Kansas, where women really are good-looking.

*****

VARGAS, RUDY

Made a spot landing in San-Antonio, Texas, February 15, 1919. Attended Brackenridge high school there. Majored in English and Sociology at St. Mary's of Texas, from where he graduated in June, 1941, with Magna Cum Laude honors. His flying ambitions were started while watching the planes at Randolph and Kelly Fields and he now wants to go back there for the final phases of his training.

*****

WALDECK, RALPH R.

Born November 28, 1917 at Raymond, Illinois. Attended several grade schools in Illinois and finished high school at Arkansas City, Kansas. Took a years reprieve and went back to school to join the Arkansas City Juco's for two years. Next came two year's work in Kansas, Oklahoma, Illinois and Iowa. Finally settling down for two years as a mechanic and engine-room operator in an ice and ice-cream plant in Arkansas City. Along came C.P.T. instilling a strong urge to learn more about flying. Majored in Math, Science, History, Football and Basketball. After six months effort to secure an invitation to the "Ryan Country Club", was finally counted in as a member.

*****

WILEY, EUGENE M.

First inhaled the ozone February 2, 1921 at Kansas City, Missouri. He became interested in model airplanes at the age of ten. He used to build them, now he flies them (?) He hadn't thought of joining the Air Corps until Hitler entered the picture. He attended Paseo High School and Junior College, Kansas City, Mo., graduating in 1940. He enlisted in the Air Corps August 16, 1941 and is now flying Ryan's P.T.-21's.

*****

WILLIS, J. VERN

At 18:00 O'clock, April 27, 1918 the stork got hungry, while flying over Seward, Nebraska and decided to drop into the Willis residence for a bite to eat, when he departed he left an 8½ # bundle in the form of J. V. Willis. This youngster received his confidence maneuvers in the Seward Public Schools, then Slow-rolled into the University of Nebraska for 2 years, did a vertical reverse into Hastings College and stalled into Eta Phi Lambda, pulled out at 1700 R.P.M. and came out in the State of Nebraska Highway Department and cruised there for 2 years. Decided to give up the stiff neck, from watching the planes go by overhead, and wound up working for Uncle Sam in the Army Air Corps.

*****

WILSON, JACK M.

Born November 24, 1920 in Temple, Texas. Graduated from Temple High School in 1937, attended Temple Junior College for a year and advanced to Southwest Texas S State Teachers College. Spent the last two years atthe University of Texas majoring in accounting. Ambition is to get his Wings and to continue in the Army Air Corps of the United States.

*****

WILSON, JOHN R.

Born ( unfortunately) in the Southeast Corner of Heaven- Pittsburg, Kansas - enough years ago to be in the Air Corps now. Convinced that the 'Gold at the end of the Rainbow' is in the form of shoulder bars. Ambition: To get to Basic. Failing to make it means falling back on an A.B. in Chemistry from Kansas State at Pittsburg.

*****

U. S. FLYING CADETS

Theres a job to be done and no one will shirk;
Off with the coats and go to work.
The planes have been warmed and ready to fly.
Dodos have found the Country Club stuff was a lie.

Ground School has started and the work begins.
The food gets worse and the dodos get thin.
It is pop to in the morning and also at night.
It is out of bed and turn on the light.

There is right dress and hands on the hips.
Rough on the controls and plenty of slips.
The instructor gets mad and out of sorts
Your face gets red and you wish you'd never seen these parts.

There is work, work, and no time to rest.
But there's a lot to do and this is your test.
The going is rough but with no regrets
Cause you are one of Uncle Sam's Flying Cadets.

Avn/C Beard, R. E.

*******

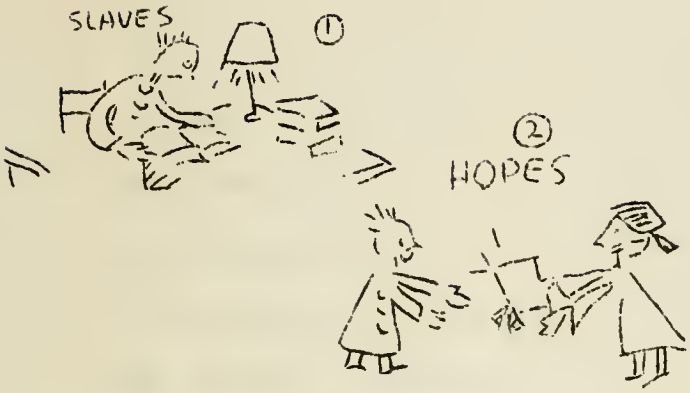
KEEP TRYIN'

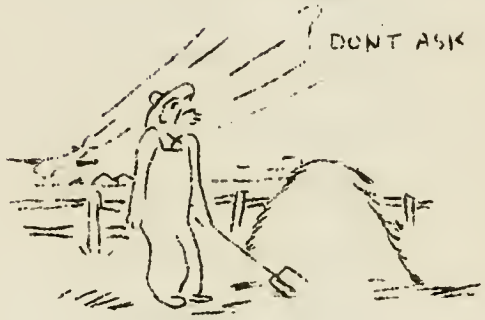
There once was a student at Ryan,
Who was unusually raunchy at flyin',
But upon his check He flew her like heck,
Which shows that we've got to Keep Tryin'.

Avn/C Waste, R. J.

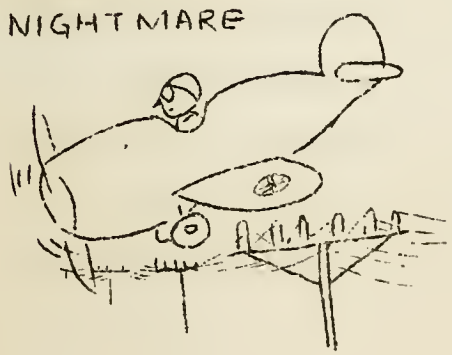
*******

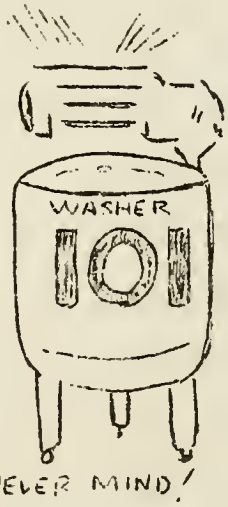
# AS WE LIVED--

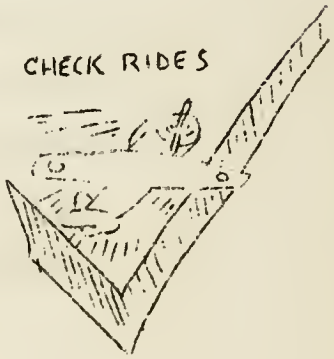

SLAVES
①
②
HOPES


DONT ASK

SHOTS
SWIM AT
SAN DIEGO CLUB
ALWAYS WELCOME
MAIL


GIBBS FIELD
NIGHTMARE


WASHER
NEVER MIND!


CHECK RIDES

ROSTER CLASS 42-D

1. Ashenbrener, Rudolph C.
2. Ashley, William E.
3. Azar, Richard N.
4. Barnes, Clayton J.
5. Beard, Ralph E., Jr.
6. Boyd, Joe E., Jr.
7. Brown, Roy C.
8. Browns, Albert P.
9. Burroughs, Raymond W.
10. Clemens, Francis N.
11. Clemens, Lewis E.
12. Danby, Jack E.
13. Dawson, Corry W., Jr.
14. Day, James H., Jr.
15. Growdon, Laurence A.
16. Hawks, Charles B., Jr.
17. Helmick, George H.
18. Hensley, Gaston M.
19. Hersh, Robert
20. Hinch, John Joseph
21. Holman, Alvin R.
22. Holstein, Eugene E.
23. Holstun, J. J.
24. Horton, Nathan T.
25. Howard, John H.
26. Hurford, Robert O.
27. Jackson, Woodrow P.
28. Keeton, Edgar L.
29. Kendrick, Ray B.
30. Leighton, Donald M.
31. Liechty, William R.
32. Lockie, Stanley M.
33. Melendez, Ismael F.
34. McCoy, Bennett L.
35. McGarry, Leon J.
36. Newman, Grover R.
37. Nichols, Theo
38. Pack, Willis G.
39. Pattillo, Leslie G., Jr.
40. Requa, Donald C.
41. Richardson, Wilbur W.
42. Shepherd, James C.
43. Springston, Everett V.
44. Stark, Victor G.
45. Stephens, James H.
46. Sumner, Hatton W.
47. Tollen, James R.
48. Turner, Billy M.
49. Virden, Lilius M.
50. Wahl, John A.
51. Woodward, Robert M.
52. Chapman, Walter S.

We, the class of 42-D, will strive to keep the splendid reputation handed down to us here at Ryan. Since the starting of this school, as a primary training center, it has been one of the best in the nation. We were very fortunate in having been sent here.

The members of 42-D came here from far and near and are now working for a common cause. Everyone has adjusted himself to the new environment and is planning to make the most of the wonderful opportunities offered.

We are proud to be here, and hope to keep 'em flying.

- Avn/C Ashley, W. E.

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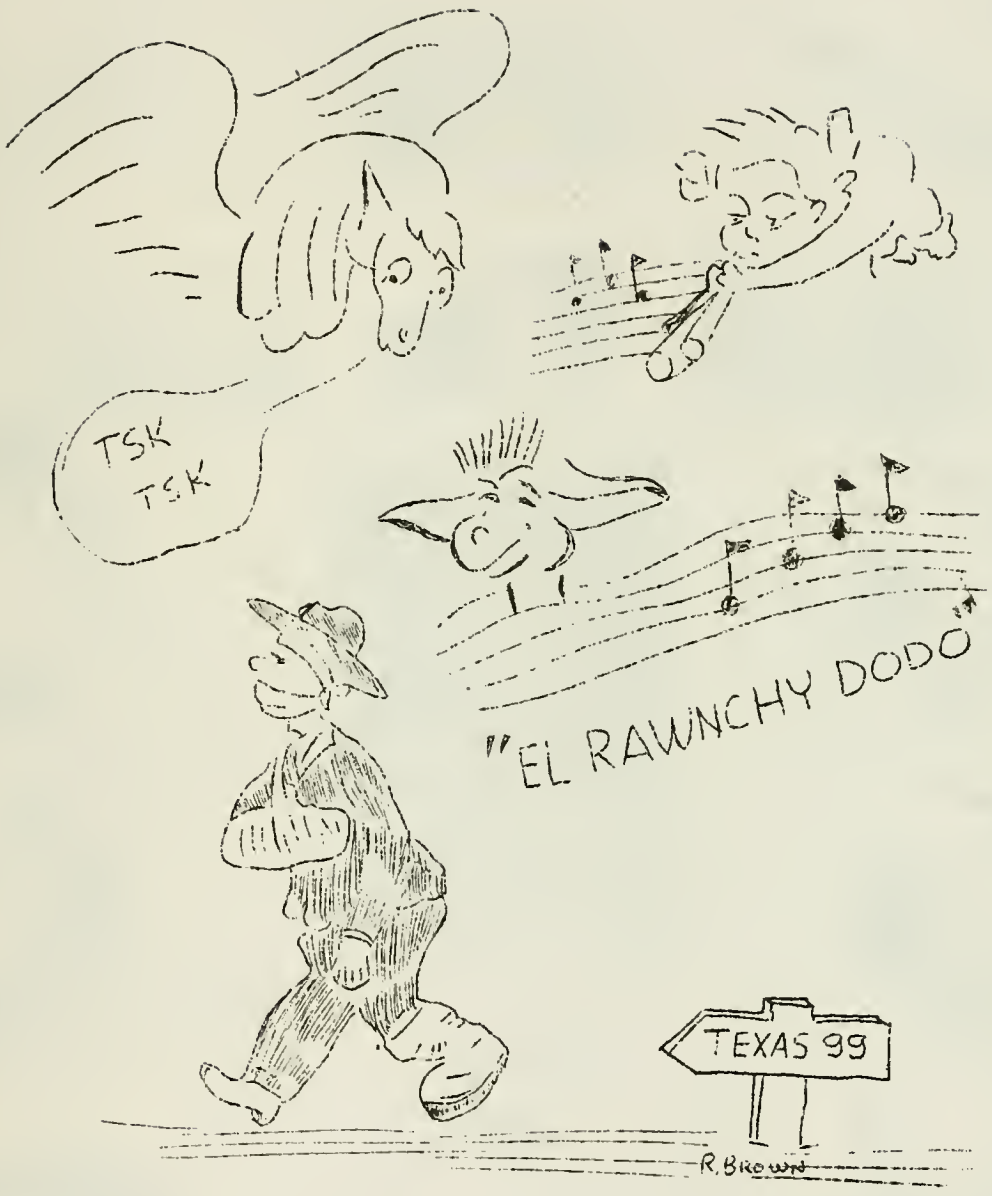
TSK
TSK
"EL RAWNCHY DODO"
TEXAS 99
R. BROWN

Gibbs Stage House
"B" Flight - Etc"
"Country Club?"
Tate, Johnson, Dale
107
"Miracle!"
"80" Stage
"Slow Rolls"
Mr. Bob
Personal Inspection
Lt. Downie
Adj Lt Smith
"Gibbs From 5000"
Lt. Thompson
Capt. Fadler
"Fill 'er Up"
"A" Runway
"Stripes"
89
Ground Speed - 10 m.p.h
"Ryan Pursuits"
"See, it's Simple"

## LIFE OF A DODO
## BEFORE GROUND SCHOOL

The bell sounds three times at a quarter
to five,
The O.D. shouts out - All dodos on the
line.
With mops, and brooms, and dust rags to
shine,
We raunchy dodos rush down on the line.

Into the Rec Hall to clean every speck,
Rest of you dodos - police the area like
heck.
We work very quickly, and back to our rooms
For personal inspection will come much too
soon.

It's back on the line, at attention we
stand,
Prepare for inspection, open rank, forward
march,
Eyes on a point, no looking around.
Make no excuse whatever the charge.

Inspection is over, say what a relief,
It's into the "Mess Hall" for a bit to eat.
Pop to at the table, right about face,
Soon one wonders if they eat at this place.

Back to your room, on the double this time,
For a last minute check before flight line,
Then down to the field - on out to the
plane,
For sooner then you think, you'll be flying
the thing.

- Avn/C Stephens, J. H.

************

## DODO SPIRIT

These first days on him are tough
As he shyly picks his way,
Through days without hours enough -
He's tired - full of dismay.
He "Pops to", "Vibrates", moans on high,
His one burning desire, "God help me fly!"

He may be weak from hunger,
And "on the double" up hill,
When he can't stand much longer,
He must stand fast until,
He's drilled by the table, eyes high,
Determined not complaining. "God help
me fly!"

(Continued Next Column)

He's "popped to" and then from there -
"S's" in the area, ducks raids from
the air,
"Red Light", "Green Light", keep always
alert.
"Polish the brass", "Rat Race", "gig"
for that dirt.
Then at ground school fights the sleepy
eye.
Glad only to think, "I may get to fly."

I wonder when at last he soloes,
And goes on and on for his wings
If he'll still have, like the dodos,
A spirit that everlastingly sings
In the face of the enemy, and weather
trying,
Just help me, God, help me, keep 'em
flying!

- Avn/C Leighton, D. M.

************

Dear Santa Claus:

I'm writing you a little early this year because I really would like you to think of me early. I've been a pretty good boy and I hope you won't forget me. I haven't asked for much in the past, but I'm really in trouble this year. I have been fortunate enough to become one of those poor dodos, so you know what I mean.

First of all, I want you to bring me one of those pocketbooks that always has just a little money in it. Don't forget to bring all of us dodos a chair that hasn't an edge. The edges get very uncomfortable at times. Bring all of us a marching book so that we can take our marching lessons inside. The sun gets very hot.

This isn't much so if you will do this for me I will always be -

A poor dodo

P. S. Please don't forget those
Silver Wings.

- Avn/C McCoy, B. L.

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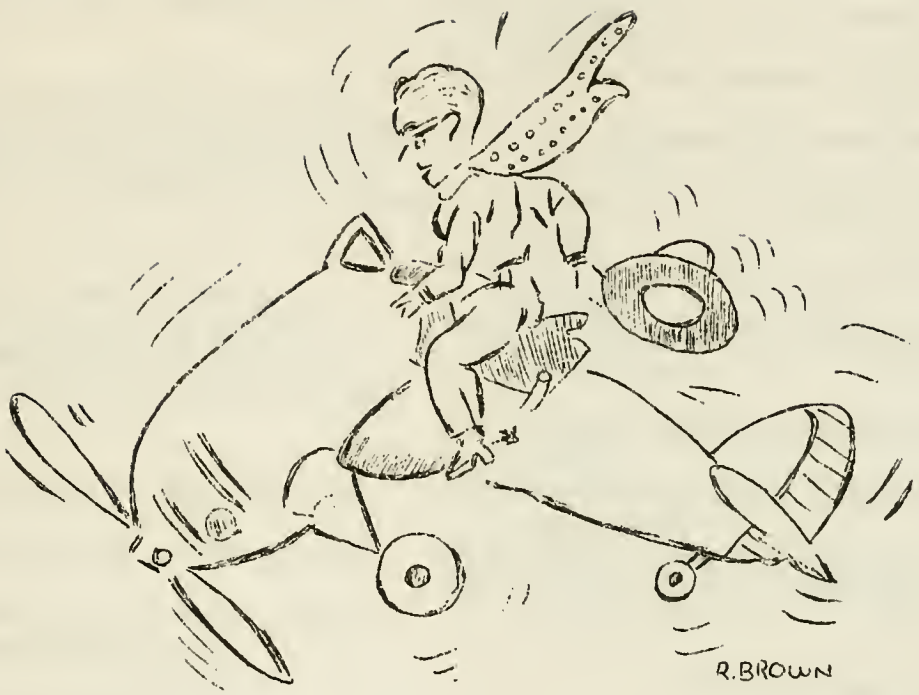



"TEXAN TECHNIQUE"

## THE FIRST FLIGHT

The first day, your instructor is met
He explains to you, what you will get
In this metal bird where you take a seat
With a stick in your hand and rudders
under your feet.

The next day you're on the flight line,
For your chute you'll have to sign,
You hop in the plane and check your belt
Then up in the air, a new adventure to be
felt.

The instructor says, "Now follow through"
Well - that's what you were supposed to do
You can't fly here and you can't fly there
You wonder what's the diff-if you're in the
air.

Now this we call a power on stall,
And you know darn well you're gonna fall.
You do it once then you do it twice
Till you notice your stomach ain't feelin'
so nice.

Your instructor looks back and goes down
quick,
Cause he sees that you're gettin' purty
sick.
He remembers that there was once a time
When he was on that flying line.

Next time he says, bring some gum
And if you don't mind, bring me some.
It helps a lot, you'll find out
To listen to him when you're in doubt.

Even though you've a lot to learn
And you know there's no time to burn,
If you'll listen and study, you'll find out
What this flying is all about.

- Avn/C Nichols, T.

************

## MY INSTRUCTOR

My instructor is a patient man,
He almost has to be.
I fly the plane like an old tin can
Yet he always bears with me.

- Avn/C Wahl, J.A.

************

## BIG DOG

Here is to Big Dog, Room Twanty-four,
The quietest man on the lower floor,
You never can tell when he is around,
Not a word, not a shuffle, or never a
sound.

He was a raunchy dodo, so they say,
Except on week-ends when he received
his pay,
Then it was off to the races, up at
Del Mar,
To show his good graces to Hedy Lamarr.

It is in the mess hall where he peddles
his slang.
I pity the poor dodo that gets under his
fang.
They sit there reciting with a reluctant
repose.
And all that good food passing under the
their nose.

And the half starved dodos relax at their
ease,
And grabble the scraps when he gets up
and leaves,
He is off to flag a plaza bus,
This shiftless, this worthless, this
ornery cuss.

- Avn/C Growdon, L.A.

************

## THE ARMY AIR CORPS

The Army Air Corps'
The place for me,
In fact, the only place
Where I would be.

For men who dare the heights
Where they feel free,
To "Keep 'em flying",
O'er land and sea.

Where earthly glory,
Casts to one's feet,
What nature's story
Does not repeat.

So with those silver wings,
Upon my breast,
I'll fly my winged steed,
O'er heaven's crest.

- Avn/C Helmick, G. H.

************

## A LONESOME DODO'S LAMENT

I stand at retreat as the day slowly dies;
I'm a dodo whose lonely for his Idaho skies.
Now I have a true love who is waiting for me,
Back in old Idaho, under a Cottonwood tree.
Her lips red as cherries - a sparkle in her eye,
Saying, "Come back to me, dodo, when you've learned
how to fly".

I went to my darling when I'd signed up to fly,
There were tears in her eyes when she whispered goodbye.
The last time I saw her by the Cottonwood tree,
She said, "Keep 'em flyin, keep 'em flyin for me".

There are sights here aplenty, in the city to see,
Though the moon on the sage would be more
pleasant to me.
But I'm not here to pine and I'm not here to sigh.
To hell with the women - I've come here to fly.

Avn/C Newman, G.R.

******

Avn/C Hurford, R. O.

Boys Town, California
October 1941

Dear Ma:

Well I'm here and it's really a nice place. All of us new members belong to the Dodo Club. I'm not sure just what it means but I guess it's some honorary title or sompthin'. It's funny, but about half of our class are brothers, or maybe cousins - at least they're all named McRaunchy.

Whenever we fall in, the upperclassmen want us to hurry - on the double. I suppose it's because they like to have us around so much, but it does get kinda tiresome.

They are all nice fella's though and drop in on us to visit all the time. They're all very anxious to help - especially to see we have nice table manners and things like that. Why last Saturday when I overslept they even insisted that I stay at the post and rest for two hours after dinner.

As special favors the upperclassmen give us gigs. I really don't know why they call 'em that, but as everyone seems to think they're purty funny I spose it's short for giggle. I ain't seen none yet, but I heard some of the guys braggin' that they had theirs.

The upperclassmen like to play games called Rat Race and Air Raid. They seem kinda silly, but I guess these fellas don't have much fun so it's alright.

Our quarters are real nice too. Next to the dining room they have a wreck hall, but so far there hasn't been any wrecks so it's just got a lot of tables and chairs in it. We new fellows always clean up around in the morning as the upperclass is pretty careless and the place would get pretty messy if somebody didn't take an interest in it.

Everyone is talking about gettin' some wings and I'm going to ask the man at the airport if he has any old ones layin' around, I can have. I don't know what I'll do with 'em, but if we're supposed to have some I want to get mine right away.

Flying is okay, but I sure miss the cows and horses.

Well, Ma, guess I'd better quit now - an upperclassman just came in and wants me to tell him what a Dodo is - I'd think these fellas would know this stuff by now, but I'll try to explain it to him the best I can.

Your lovin' son

STALLS

R. BROWN

## "POP TO"

To a civilian, "pop to" is meaningless, so if you happen to be a "civvie" just ask a dodo. This will be his reply.

"Sir, the position "pop to" is not one of ease. This position attempts to develop in a few short weeks the correct and proper bearing becoming an officer."

To attain the height in 'popping to" the dodo assumes an exaggerated position of attention. He proceeds to make himself uncomfortable by rubbing his shoulder blades against one another, and by tickling his liver with the unrestrained aid of his umbilical cord. He then inflates his chest to an extreme. At the same time he is irritating his adams apple with his chin in an often vain attempt to produce the minimum of four wrinkles. His eyes are set on a distant point far above his head. This position radiates the expression of a bird longing to sprout wings.

This, sir, is a dodo at "pop to".

- Avn/C Azar, R. M.

************

## COUNTRY CLUB?

Five o'clock
Get out of bed.
Come on dodo
Shake the lead.

Clean your quarters,
Sweep the floor,
Polish brass knobs
On the door.

Cleanliness
Hath no perfection
Take it from
The room inspection.

We don't mind that
But here's the rub
DamitPoptoWhatinellYouthinkthisis
A Country Club?

- Avn/C Hersh, R.

************

## I WISH

I wish I were a General,
Then I'd be at the top,
When anyone said, "pop to",
I wouldn't have to pop.

I wish I were a Colonel,
That would be all right,
Then no one could command me,
To stand up and recite.

I wish I were a Major,
That's pretty hard to beat,
Then I'd get my chance,
To sit right down and eat.

I wish I were a Captain,
Then I'd get the girls,
And they wouldn't call me "egg head"
'Cause I'd still have all my curls.

I wish I were a "Looie",
With a fancy Don Mustache,
Then I wouldn't clean the "Rec" Hall,
Or pick up all the trash.

I wish I weren't a Dodo,
Oh heck, what's the use!
Everything is all my fault
I guess there's no excuse.

- Avn/C Tollen, J. R.

************

## THE AVIATION CADETS

They will make the grade,
They figure they can,
They will be made,
And each will be a man.

It's a tough grade,
They know it well,
But they don't mind,
'Cause flying is swell.

They enjoy the life they live,
They love to fly,
To this art they want to give,
"Yes" to do or to die.

When they receive their wings,
And receive their commission,
The angels will sing,
They have fulfilled their mission.

- Avn/C Woodward, R. M.

************

# A M B I T I O N

Lieutenants, Captains, Majors and all,
Were at one time waiting to get their call.
They got it; they made it; by hard work you
know.
Thus begins the career of every dodo.

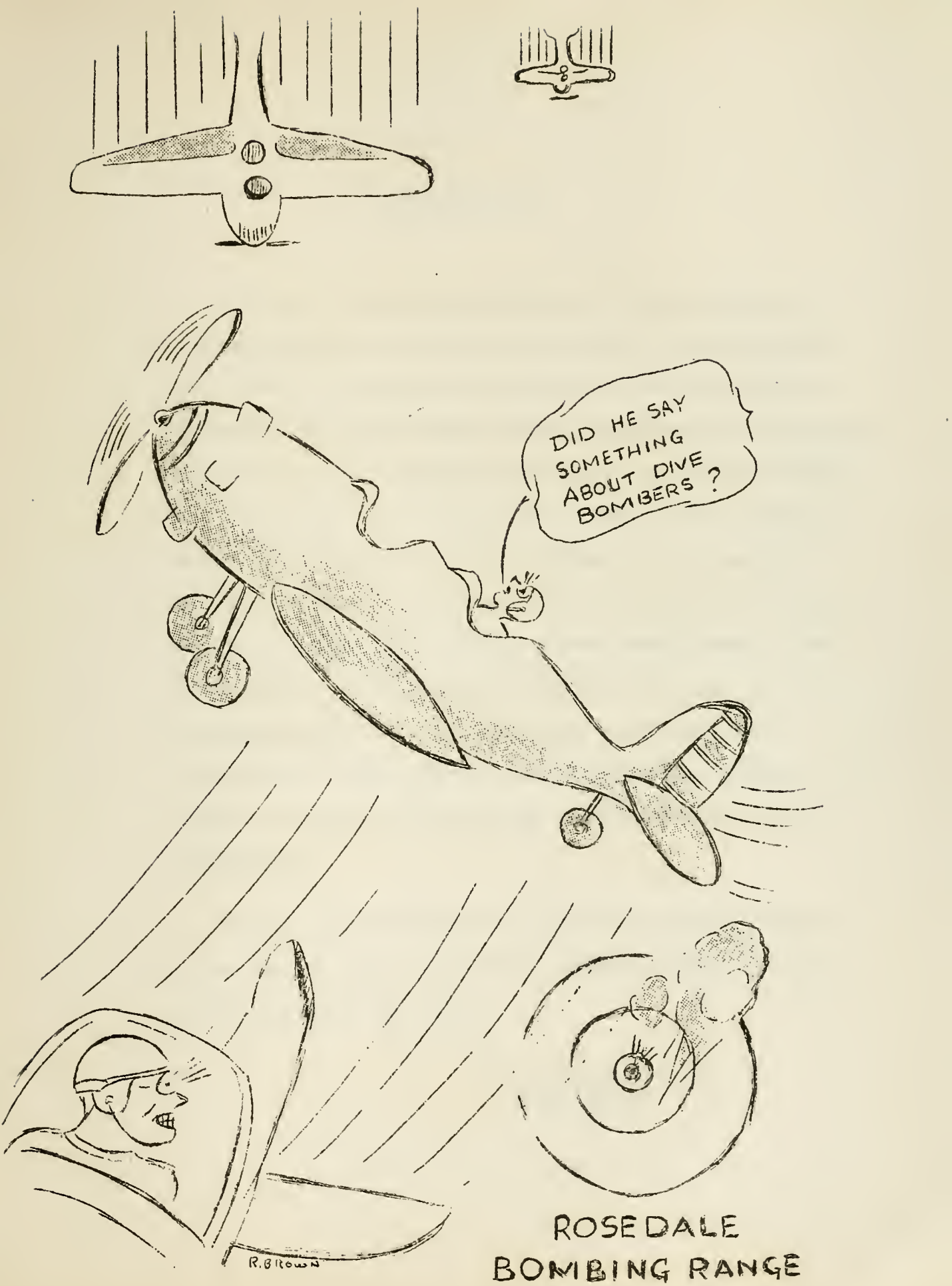
Some were athletes, burley and bold,
With praises galore and girlfriends untold.
Some led the band; some played the brass;
Others were scholars, at the head of their class.

Some were born poor, some were born wealthy,
But all must be bright, and all must be healthy.
All must be A-1, their physical to pass,
And then take the knocks of the fine upperclass.

Next comes the ground school, and very soon flying,
This calls for washouts which also means crying.
Ambition for flying lies deep in the heart,
Ability, however, is the important part.

Then after ten weeks of the very best training,
They're ready for Basic and fast they are gaining
Their greatest ambition of all earthly things,
That coveted emblem; a Lieutenant's Wings.

- Avn/C Holman, H. R.




ROSEDALE
BOMBING RANGE

# "C A R R Y  O N"

Ten short and fully packed weeks ago we stood gazing and wondering as to the outcome of our new life in the service and at Ryan. Now that those weeks have flown by we stand on another threshold. One which promises exciting experiences, new acquaintances, and the ever increasing unvailing of the secrets that make the better pilot. As to the past ten weeks, we wish to express sincere appreciation for the fine treatment we have received, and also make known our gratitude for the opportunity of attending what we believe and are told the Best Primary School in the United States. We also thank the people of San Diego and the many organizations that have contributed to make our stay a pleasant one. To the officers, who have given us a training program that money alone cannot buy, we offer deep heart felt appreciation.

To 42-D, we say "carry on" and keep the excellent record of Ryan ever in front. And with the thought of "Basic here we come" we say "Keep 'Em Flying".

Avn/C Fadler, W. F.
Cadet Captain

53 105